

The
Kieve
Annual

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2019

The Kieve Annual

2019

Published by and for the
staff and boys of Kieve



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2019 Annual Dedication



Captain Bill Chapman

At Kieve Wavus Education, part of our job is to help people see the world through the eyes of children. Every day is a gift and a time of wonder. Arriving at KWE's Bremen landing and walking down the dock to the sound of flapping flags and lobster boats and the smell of saltwater and seaweed is particularly magical. Since 2003, this has been Bill Chapman's office.

At the helm of Snowgoose III, Bill safely, expertly and exuberantly captained KWE and Audubon campers on unforgettable adventures all around Muscongus Bay. He loves pointing out seals soaking up the sun on rocky ledges, eagles nesting or flying above, and especially helping kids pull up lobster traps. It just never gets old, seeing what's inside a trap as it breaks the surface - almost like discovering buried treasure!

Captain Bill, we are forever grateful for your many years with us and we will miss you very much in your retirement.



KIEVE SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS - DIRECTORS

HENRY R. KENNEDY, Kieve Wavus Education Executive Director 1990-2019; Kieve Camp Council 1973-1980, Kieve Camper 1967-1972; Colby College; hrk@kwe.org; Summer Address: PO Box 169, Nobleboro, ME 04555; Winter Address: 24 Whitetail Rd., Cumberland, ME 04021

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SAM KENNEDY, Kieve Director 2019; Kieve Associate Director 2018; Kieve Camp Council 2005-2008; Kieve Camper 1995-2002; Kieve West 2003; Colby College; Harvard University Graduate School of Education; ssk@kwe.org; 905 West Neck Rd., Nobleboro, ME 04555

JESS ANDERSON, Kieve Infirmary Director 2002-19; The Leadership School Program Director 2012-19; Kieve Wavus Education Healthcare Manager 2012-2019; Kieve Camp Staff 1999-01; Kieve Girls Science Camp Staff 2000; Hamilton College; jess@kwe.org; Dresden, ME

REID ANDERSON, Kieve Wavus Education Director of Wilderness Tripping 2003-19; Kieve Wavus Education Director of Logistics and Risk Management 2016-19; The Leadership School Staff 2010-19; Kieve Camp Council 1998-02; Kieve Camper 1992-96; Hamilton College; reid@kwe.org; Dresden, ME

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TOM HARTENSTEIN, Kieve Asst. Camp Director 2008-19; Kieve Camp Council 1997-05; Kieve Camper 1987-89 & 1991-92; Barry University; Teacher, Riverside High School; Raleigh, North Carolina

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SAM KAPLAN, Kieve Asst. Camp Director of Junior Kieve Program 2011-19; Kieve Asst. Wilderness Tripping Director 2009-10; Kieve Camp Council 2006-08; KW West Camper 2004; Kieve Camper 1998-2001 & 2003; Bates College; Dean of Students, Upper School History Teacher and Hockey Coach, St. Paul's School, Baltimore, MD; Lutherville, Maryland

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BRIAN SPERRY, Kieve Asst. Tripping Director 2015 & 2018-19; The Leadership School Educator 2014-16 & 2017-19; Southern Utah University; West Point, UT

ADDITIONAL STAFF

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SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR VOLUNTEERS

ALAN BALDWIN, Pottery Studio; Kieve Camp Council 1966-72; 9/11 Volunteer 2002-2016; Vets Camp Volunteer 2009-14; artsakeframing@gmail.com; Nobleboro, ME
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TRUSTEES

JAMES D. BROWN, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida
W. MORGAN CHURCHMAN, Malvern, Pennsylvania
LYNLEY CIOROBEOA, Miami, Florida
WILLIAM COX, Friendship, Maine
CHRISTOPHER DOUGHERTY, Yarmouth, Maine
JOHN W. GEISMAR, Minot, Maine
PAMELA K. JENSEN, Princeton, New Jersey
LAURA W. KAPLAN, Katonah, New York
WILLIAM A. KNOWLTON, Boston, Massachusetts
LOUISE W. MCILHENNY, New Orleans, Louisiana
MATTHEW J. MCKENNA, New York, New York
CLIFFORD E. MULLER, Baltimore, Maryland

KATHRYN H. REDMOND, Princeton, New Jersey
MARK K. J. ROBINSON, Old Lyme, Connecticut
JAMES H. STUART, Nashville, Tennessee
R. DIXON THAYER, Unionville, Pennsylvania
KRISTIN VALDMANIS, Portland, Maine

EMERITUS

ROBERT W. BOWER, Cumberland Foreside, Maine
ALEXANDER K. BUCK, Cumberland Foreside, Maine
JOHN E. BURNS, Essex, Massachusetts
THOMAS W. HAAS, Durham, New Hampshire
DONALD A. KEYSER, Cambridge, Massachusetts
OLIVER A. PARKER, Beverly, Massachusetts
SUSAN R. RUSSELL, Alna, Maine
MICHAEL N. WESTCOTT, Damariscotta, Maine

KIEVE SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS - COUNCIL

QUENTIN "QUENT" P. ABRAMO, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - Allagash III, Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2013-17; Kieve Council 2019; Santa Clara University; Chatham, NJ
BRAXTON C. ANTILL, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Cunningham, Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015; Kieve Council 2019; Trinity College; Baltimore, MD
MARTIN 'MARTY' E. ARNOLD, [HBC, Second Session - North Bunkerhill I, First Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve CIT 2016; Kieve 2008-15; Kieve Council 2017-19; Champlain College; Columbus, OH
LAUREN M. BEGLEY, [Assistant Communications Manager, First Session - North Bunkerhill I, Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve Council 2016-19; Western Kentucky University; Lexington, KY
ALEXANDER 'ALEX' N. BENSLEY, [HBC, Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve Council 2017-19; Northeastern University; Boston, MA
BROOKS C. BIDDLE, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Glenayr, Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2009-16; Kieve Council 2019; United States Military Academy; Chevy Chase, MD
HOWARD 'WILL' W. BLISS, [HBC, First Session - North Harris, Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2008-14; Kieve Council 2016-19; St. Lawrence University; Canton, NY
SARAH A. BURGIN, [Female Staff, First Session - North Bunkerhill II, Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve Council 2018-19; Sewanee: The University of the South; Columbus, GA
JUSTIN B. CALLAHAN, [Counselor, First Session - Allagash I, Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2009-12 & 2014-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; University of Texas; Houston, TX
TAYLOR R. CASHMAN, [HBC, First Session - North Cunningham, Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2008-15; Kieve Council 2018-19; Washington and Lee University; Ruxton, MD
GEORGE S. COLE, [HBC, First Session - North Bunkerhill I, Second Introductory Session - JK - Courage,]; Kieve 2007-15; Kieve Council 2017-19; Middlebury College; Hopewell, NJ
MATTHEW 'MATT' F. CONLEY, [HBC, Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2006-08; Kieve Council 2016-19; Gettysburg College; Charlotte, NC
ANDREW 'ANDY' M. CONNER, [Counselor, First Session - Bank II, Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2009-11 & 2013-14; Kieve Council 2019; Trinity College; Bedford, NY

PETER ‘PETE’ B. COOKE, [HBC, First Session - Allagash I, Second Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2007-14; Kieve Council 2017-19; Mount Allison University; Newcastle, ME

GEORGE ‘ELLIS’ E. COOPER, [HBC, First Session - Bank II, Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2008-15; Kieve Council 2017-19; Elon University; Southampton, Bermuda

JEFFERY ‘JEFF’ J. COOTE, [HBC, First Session - Long Voyage I, Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2007-14; Kieve Council 2017-19; Boston College; Philadelphia, PA

BLAKE S. COTE, [Female Staff, First Session - South Harris, Second Session - North Glenayr, First Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty, Second Introductory Session - JK - Courage]; Wavus 2011-15; Kieve Council 2019; Washington and Lee University; Bedford, NY

SAMUEL ‘SAM’ D. CZAJA, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Townsend, Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2019; New York University; Rowayton, CT

QUINTEN ‘QUINN’ DELORENZO, [Ropes Course]; Kieve Ropes Council 2019; Fishburne Military School; Jefferson, ME

CHARLIE A. DEMUTH, [HBC, First Session - North Townsend, Second Session - North Glenayr, First Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve Council 2019; Dickinson; Towson, MD

WILL L. DEMUTH, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Cunningham, Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve Council 2019; Franklin and Marshall College; Baltimore, MD

BENJAMIN ‘BEN’ W. DIXON, [HBC, First Session - Long Voyage I, Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve CIT 2016; Kieve 2007-14; Kieve Council 2017-19; Colby College; Lake Bluff, IL

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PARKER B. DOTSON, [HBC, First Session - North Townsend, Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2008-14; Kieve Council 2016-17, 19; Hobart and William Smith Colleges; Beverly, MA

LIAM J. DUGGAN, [HBC, First Session - Allagash II, Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2007-15; Kieve Council 2017-19; University of Notre Dame; Boston, MA

AUSTIN P. FAIRCHILD, [HBC, First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve Council 2018-19; James Madison University; Madison, NC

EDWARD ‘EDDIE’ A. FISCHER, [HBC, First Session - Maine Trails III, Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2008-13; Kieve Council 2017-19; Carnegie Mellon University; Mendham, NJ

KATELYN R. FLUKE, [Female Staff, First Session - North Cunningham, Second Session - South Glenayr II, First Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve Council 2019; Lewis-Clark State College; Lewiston, ID

ANGELA ‘ANG’ FRANKE, [Assistant Infirmary Manager, First Session - North Harris, Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve Council 2019; James Madison university; Chantilly, VA

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CHARLOTTE ‘CHARLIE’ GOMPRECHT, [Female Staff, First Session - North Townsend, Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve Council 2019; Colby College; Owings Mills, MD

JOHN ‘JACK’ B. HALL, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Harris, Second Session - North Glenayr, Second Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance,]; CIT 1 2018; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2019; Tulane University; Stamford, CT

ROGER 'GRIFFIN' G. HALL, [HBC, Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve CIT 2015; Kieve 2008-13; Kieve Council 2016-19; University of Colorado Boulder; Los Angeles, CA

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' M. HANSEN, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Cunningham, Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2019; Bates College; Washington, DC

LINDSEY B. HARRISON, [Female Staff, First Session - South Cunningham, Second Session - South Cunningham, First Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve Council 2019; Episcopal High School; Charlottesville, VA

BOZEMAN 'BO' D. HAWKES, [HBC, First Session - North Harrington, Second Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve CIT 2015; Kieve 2011-14; Kieve Council 2016-19; Elon University; Boulder, CO

BRUCE C. HAYWOOD, [HBC, First Session - North Glenayr, Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2008-14; Kieve Council 2017-19; Wake Forest University; Franklin Lakes, NJ

JOHN 'JOHNNY' C. HOLLINGTON, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Bunkerhill II, Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2009-17; Kieve Council 2019; University School; Shaker Heights, OH

MICHAEL 'MIKE' T. HORNUNG, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - Maine Trails II, Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016; Kieve Council 2019; Saint Joseph's University; Dallas, TX

GEORGE H. JANVIER, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Bunkerhill I, Second Session - Long Voyage I, First Introductory Session - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2008-16; Kieve Council 2019; Christ School; Raleigh, NC

WILLIAM 'WILL' P. JANVIER, JR., [HBC, First Session - South Townsend, Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2006-12; Kieve Council 2016-19; University of North Carolina; Raleigh, NC

WILLIAM 'WILL' B. KABACK, [HBC, First Session - Maine Trails I, Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2009-14; Kieve Council 2016-19; Hamilton College; Clinton, NY

CONNOR E. KANIEWSKI, [HBC, Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve CIT 2016; Kieve 2010-15; Kieve Council 2016-19; Wake Forest University; Chicago, IL

PHILIP 'PHIL' KAPLAN, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Harrington, Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2012-17; Kieve Council 2018-19; Princeton Day School; Princeton, NJ

PATRICK E. KAVANAGH, [HBC, Second Session - North Glenayr, First Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; College of William and Mary; Newcastle, ME

MATTHEW C. KELLETT, [HBC, Second Session - Long Voyage I, First Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2008-16; Kieve Council 2017-19; Hobart and William Smith Colleges; Geneva, NY

GRAHAM H. KELLEY, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Cunningham, Second Session - South Glenayr II, First Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2012-17; Kieve Council 2019; Grace Church School; New York City, NY

ALEXANDER 'LEXI' R. KEMP, [HBC, First Session - Bank I, Second Session - South Glenayr II]; KW West 2013; Kieve 2008-09 & 2011-12; Kieve Council 2015-19; Bates College; Lewiston, ME

JOHN 'JACK' R. KENYON, [HBC, First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2007 & 2011; Kieve Council 2014, 2016-19; Vanderbilt University; Hopewell, NJ

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LARS T. LARSON, [HBC, First Session - Maine Trails II, Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve Council 2016, 2019; Virginia Tech; Davnville, VA

JOSEPH 'JAMES' J. LAWTON, IV, [HBC, First Session - North Bunkerhill II, Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2008-13; Kieve Council 2016-17, 2019; University of Virginia; Columbia, SC

FORREST A. LAZZARA, [Counselor, First Session - Long Voyage II, Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; University of Colorado Boulder; Boulder, CO

HENRY T. LEDYARD, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Harrington, Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2013-17; Kieve Council 2019; Hellgate High School; Missoula, MT

JOHN LEWIS, [Jr. Counselor, Second Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve Council 2019; Princeton Theological Seminary; Lutherville-Timonium, MD

WILLIAM 'BILLY' D. LEYDEN, [Counselor, First Session - South Glenayr, Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2010-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; Boston College; Rosemont, PA

THOMAS 'TOM' J. LINKAS, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Townsend, Second Session - South Glenayr II, Second Introductory Session - JK - Courage,]; Kieve 2010 & 2012 & 2014-16; Kieve Council 2019; Bates College; New Harbor, ME

TEDDY P. MACFARLANE, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Harris, Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve Council 2019; Dickinson College; Towson, MD

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ANDREW 'DREW' L. MARSHALL, [Jr. Counselor, Second Session - South Cunningham, Second Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2011-17; Kieve Council 2019; Elon University; Westport, CT

NIAL L. MCDONALD, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Harris, Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2014-16; Kieve Council 2019; NYU; Washington, DC

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LUCA T. PERPER, [Jr. Counselor, Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2011-15; Kieve Council 2018-19; Georgetown University; London, UK

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JOHN 'JACK' G. ROBERTS, III, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Bunkerhill II, Second Session - North Bunkerhill I, First Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2012-16; Kieve Council 2019; Westminster School; Chevy Chase, MD

ANDREW L. ROBINSON, [HBC, Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve Council 2016-19; Cornell University; Ellicott City, MD

ABIGAIL 'ABBY' M. ROCKEFELLER, [Female Staff, Second Session - South Glenayr, Second Introductory Session - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve Council 2016, 2019; Rhodes College; Owings Mills, MD

CHRISTIAN B. RODRIGUE, [Counselor, First Session - Bank II, Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2009-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; Colorado State University; Falmouth, ME

CARTER H SEDNAOUI, [HBC, First Session - Long Voyage II, Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2011; Kieve Council 2018-19; Sewanee: The University of the South; Fishers island, NY

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CAMERON 'CAM' U. STAFFORD, [Counselor, Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2009-15; Kieve Council 2018-19; Tulane University; Bedford, NY

STEPHEN 'PARKER' P. SWENSRUD, [Counselor, First Session - North Harris, Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2012-16; Kieve Council 2019; University of Denver; Bethesda, MD

MASON SWINDELL, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Townsend, Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve Council 2019; Elon University; Towson, MD

JOHN 'CONNER' C. THOMAS, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Townsend, Second Session - Allagash II, First Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2011-15 & 2017; Kieve Council 2019; Clemson; Richmond, VA

MILES M. THOMPSON, [Jr. Counselor, Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve Council 2019; University of Pennsylvania; Princeton, NJ

MICHAEL R. TIRONE, [HBC, First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2012-15; Kieve Council 2018-19; Bowdoin College; New York, NY

EDWARD 'TEDDY' H. TRUEX, VI, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - Long Voyage I, Second Session - North Townsend, Second Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance,]; Kieve 2011-16; Kieve Council 2019; Dartmouth College; Sudbury, MA

GILL B. WALKER, [Counselor, First Session - Bank II, Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2009-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; The University of Alabama; Montgomery, AL

DUNCAN M. WALSH, [HBC, First Session - Allagash III, Second Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2009-16; Kieve Council 2018-19; Wake Forest University; San Francisco, CA

AUGUSTUS 'GUS' WILLIAMS, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - North Bunkerhill I, Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve Council 2019; Wheaton College; Bristol, ME

NINA E. WILSON, [Female Staff, First Session - North Glenayr, Second Session - North Townsend, First Introductory Session - JK - Courage]; Kieve Council 2019; Sewanee: The University of the South; Lake Bluff, IL

KEELAN H. WOODARD, [HBC, First Session - Allagash I, Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2012-15; Kieve Council 2017-19; Colorado College; Denver, CO
AARON T. ZHAO, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Glenayr, First Introductory Session - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve Council 2019; Duke University; Bethesda, MD
HAYES F. ZIERDEN, [Jr. Counselor, First Session - South Bunkerhill, Second Session - South Bunkerhill, Second Introductory Session - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2013-17; Kieve Council 2019; Walker; Marietta, GA

SUMMER CAMP FOR BOYS – CAMPERS

IAN J. AARTS, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Hoboken, NJ
GRAHAM L. ABRAMO, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2013-19; New York, NY
HUNTER ADAMO, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; Locust Valley, NY
LUCIEN ADAMS, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Brooklyn, NY
BENJAMIN ‘BENNY’ L. ADLER, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2016-19; Santa Monica, CA
SAM H. ALDERMAN, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
LUKE C. ALESSI, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Weston, MA
JUSTINIAN ‘J.J.’ T. ALEXOS, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2016-19; Lake Forest, IL
CHARLIE D. ALFOND, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; New York, NY
JAMES ‘CLAY’ ALLEN, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2019; Birmingham, AL
WILLIAM ‘WIL’ S. ALTMAN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Sullivans Island, SC
MAX ANDERSON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Wilson, WY
COLYER ‘COLE’ ANDERSON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Nashville, TN
MYLES L. ANDERSON, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2014-19; Rumson, NJ
THOMAS ‘TOMMY’ D. ANDERSON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; London, UK
NOAH ANGELICO, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2019; Cortlandt Manor, NY
CLAYTON W. ANNIS, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015 & 2018-19; Morristown, NJ
JOHN R. ANNIS, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015 & 2018-19; Morristown, NJ
WALKER C. ANNIS, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Morristown, NJ
ASHER ARON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
THOMAS G. ASHTON, III, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Haverford, PA
DAVIS AWAMLEH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Bremen, ME
JOHN W. BAKER, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2019; Summit, NJ
BENJAMIN ‘BEN’ N. BALSLEY, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Rowayton, CT
TOWNSEND ‘TEDDY’ W. BANCROFT, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; Greenwich, CT
MARSHALL ‘WALKER’ W. BARTLETT, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

NICHOLAS ‘NICK’ S. BAZARKO, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2016-19; Princeton, NJ

BENJAMIN BEANLAND, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Concord, MA

ANDREW ‘ANDY’ R. BECKERLEGGE, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Easton, CT

JACK H. BEGIN, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2015-19; Chelsea, ME

TRISTAN BERIOT, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2018-19; London, UK

GEORGE W. BETSILL, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Winnetka, IL

TEDDY M. BIGGINS, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

HARRISON V. BLACK, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Sun Valley, ID

WILLIAM W. BLAGDEN, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2017-19; Sarasota, FL

JON ‘SANDER’ BLOCK, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Miami, FL

RYAN ‘COBEY’ C. BLUMENTHAL, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2011-19; Baltimore, MD

KIERAN S. BLUNNIE, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-19; Darien, CT

SAMUEL ‘SAM’ BOHLEN, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Cranston, RI

DECATUR J. BOLAND, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Park City, UT

ANDREY BOLZ, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2017-19; Munich, Germany

REESE R. BOMMER, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Rye, NY

SAMUEL ‘SAM’ K. BORGGAARD, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2017-19; Marblehead, MA

JAMES ‘STOKES’ S. BOSTWICK, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; New York, NY

LUKE BOUDOUVAS, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2016-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

MICHAEL S. BRACKETT, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2013-19; Sudbury, MA

ZACHARY ‘ZACH’ R. BREEDEN, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Moon Township, PA

WILLIAM ‘BEAU’ B. BRIDGEN, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; San Francisco, CA

CHARLES ‘CHARLIE’ BRIGGS, IV, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Palm Beach, FL

GEORGE BROWN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT

JAMES ‘TUCKER’ T. BROWN, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Baltimore, MD

TIMOTHY ‘TIMMY’ A. BRUDER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Devon, PA

JAMES A. BUCHAN, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Rye, NH

ANGUS W. BUCK, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Freeport, ME

MAXIMUS ‘MAX’ C. BUONO, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2017-19; Powhatan, VA

BROOKS BURDEN, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Palm Beach Gardens, FL

CARTER BURDEN, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Palm Beach Gardens, FL

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' M. BURKE, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Annapolis, MD

THOMAS 'TOMMY' A. BURTON, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2013-19; Chatham, NJ

NICHOLAS 'NICK' BUTTS, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2019; Colorado Springs, CO

THOMAS 'ALI' A.P. BUZACOTT, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2014-19; Washington, DC

ASCHER B. CAHN, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Chicago, IL

NATHAN CAMPBELL, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Princeton, NJ

HENRY 'HANK' J. CANTLIN, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Ardmore, PA

JOSEPH 'JOE' CARGILE, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Needham, MA

LUKE W. CASTEEN, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-15 & 2017-19; Earlysville, VA

JAVIER 'JAVI' CASTILLO, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

JOHN C. CASTLE, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

JOHN C. CATALDO, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; Boxford, MA

HENRY CHADBOURNE, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Rockport, MA

LUKE CHAPDELAINE, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Wenham, MA

THEODORE J.V. CHAVAROT, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013-19; London, UK

MARC 'CHANCE' C. CHOCOL, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016 & 2018-2019; Lake Forest, IL

DANIEL Q. CIBBARELLI, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Princeton Junction, NJ

NATHANIEL A. CIMRAL, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2011-14, 2016 & 2019; West Linn, OR

RODRIGO CISNEROS, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016 & 2018-19; Aspen, CO

JAKE R. CLARKE, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Nantucket, MA

LUKE A. CLARKE, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2014-19; Nantucket, MA

CHARLIE COLLINS, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Greenwich, CT

JACOB 'JAKE' A. CONNAUGHTON, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Falls Church, VA

DAVID CONNOLLY, [Kieve First Session and Kieve Second Session - South HarrisNorth Harrington]; Kieve 2019; Essex, CT

LUKAS S. COOLIDGE, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Tallinn, MA

JAMES COUNSELMAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Hingham, MA

REED E. COUNSELMAN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Hingham, MA

ROGER 'WALTON' W. COURNOYER, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Kenilworth, IL

BOWEN 'BO' COX, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Newtown Square, PA

HADYN F. COX, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2019; Baltimore, MD

JAMES A. CREELMAN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Weston, MA

HENRY C. CRISLER, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Princeville, HI

OWEN A. CRONIN, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2015-16 & 2018-19; Middletown, CT

ETHAN ‘CHOPPER’ D. CROSS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2015-19; Farmingdale, ME

CONOR CROTTY, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Rye, NY

HENRY C. CURRAN, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Wiscasset, ME

JAMES A. DAHLKE, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Lyme, CT

ASHER G. DANIEL, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT

BRENDAN P. DAVEY, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2017, 2019; Greenwich, CT

LUCAS DE CLERCQ, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

WILLEM DE CLERCQ, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

LUCAS DE LA VEGA, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2019; New Canaan, CT

ALEXANDER ‘ALEC’ DEFUSCO, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

AIDAN S. DEL COL, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Laguna Beach, CA

AUSTIN C. DEL COL, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Wellesley, MA

PETER A. DEL COL, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Wellesley, MA

ALEXANDER ‘ZANDER’ M. DELUCA, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2013-19; Princeton, NJ

ANDREW M. DELUCA, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2013-19; Princeton, NJ

LUCAS T. DENGEL, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Charlottesville, VA

WILLEM T. DENGEL, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Charlottesville, VA

GRANT DEROSA, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Marblehead, MA

GRANT DESUTTER, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Wellesley, MA

GERALD ‘GERRY’ M. DICUNZOLO, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; New York, NY

SIMON T. DIMATTEO, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2013-19; Saco, ME

HENRY B. DIXON, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Dillwyn, VA

WALLER B. DIXON, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Dillwyn, VA

WILLIAM ‘WILL’ B. DIXON, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2017-19; Fairfield, CT

MAXFIELD ‘MAX’ DOERWALD, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Santa Fe, NM

QUINN T. DONOVAN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Lake Forest, IL

FRAZIER D. DOUGHERTY, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2013-19; Yarmouth, ME

LIAM J. DOUGHERTY, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Glen Head, NY

QUINN H. DOUGHERTY, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Glen Head, NY

PATRICK 'PATCH' P. DUFFY, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-19; Manchester Center, VT

WILLIAM 'WILL' M. DUFFY, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Rowayton, CT

ANDREW T. DUGAS, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Ellicott City, MD

TYLER A. DUGAS, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Ellicott City, MD

NICOLAS 'NICO' A. DUPONT, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

BROOKS M. EGAN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Mill Valley, CA

JONATHAN B. ELKINS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2013-19; Baltimore, MD

SAMUEL 'SAM' M. ELKINS, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Baltimore, MD

WILLIAM 'LUKE' L. ELKINS, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; Brookline, MA

JUAN F. ELMUFDI, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2018-19; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

ZACHARY 'ZACH' ENGLAND, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT

EDWARD 'TEDDY' R. EPKER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Dedham, MA

REMY J. ERDMAN, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2013-19; Gladwyne, PA

BRENNAN R. ESCOBAR, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-19; Short Hills, NJ

BRYSON R. ESCOBAR, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013-19; Short Hills, NJ

JUDE ESKANDAR, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; Swampscott, MA

DANIEL M. EVANS, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Derry, NH

SLATER FAIRFIELD, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Hingham, MA

LUCAS FALEZAN, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-16, 2018-19; London, UK

REED W. FALKENRATH, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2014-19; Darien, CT

JACE P.L. FALVEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2019; Los Angeles, CA

JAMES 'J.D.' D. FARKAS, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2013-19; Chatham, NJ

RYAN V. FARKAS, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Chatham, NJ

WILLIAM 'WILL' I. FARKAS, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Chatham, NJ

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' C. FENWICK, IV, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2013-17, 2019; Cockeysville, MD

DUDLEY S. FERGUSON, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; San Francisco, CA

HENRY M. FERGUSON, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New Canaan, CT

JAMES B. FERGUSON, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; San Francisco, CA

WILLIAM H. FERGUSON, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2014-19; San Francisco, CA

MICHAEL 'MIKEY' FEURTADO, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Greenwich, CT

WILLIAM 'WILL' R. FEURTADO, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Greenwich, CT

ISAAC A. FIGINI, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2015-19; Washington, DC

ALAN M. FINE, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Spring City, PA

JONATHAN 'JON' A. FLAHERTY, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2017-19; Carabaset Valley, ME

THOMAS C. FLICKINGER, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Wilmington, DE

PARKER K. FLYNN, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Greenwich, CT

PEARCE J. FOLEY, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; Wayne, PA

ELLIOTT 'ELI' M. FORANT, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; New York, NY

HUNTER FORD, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

JOHN 'JACK' B. FORD, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

RENDER E. FORD, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

RYAN K. FORSYTH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Rye, NY

WILLIAM 'WILL' C. FRANK, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Hingham, MA

BENJAMIN 'BEN' J. FREDERICK, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Lutherville, MD

CALDER FREDERICK, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Far Hills, NJ

ARMAND FREMY, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2019; London, UK

CARL FREMY, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; London, UK

BEN R. FRIEND, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; West Newton, MA

LIAM FROSTIC, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Bozeman, MT

HENRY GANEM, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

AUGUSTUS 'AUGGIE' C. GARDINER, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; New Canaan, CT

RICHARD 'HUGH' H. GARDINER, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; New Canaan, CT

SAMUEL 'SAM' T. GARDINER, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; New Canaan, CT

BENJAMIN 'BEN' GARDNER, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Weston, MA

JOHN 'GRAYDON' G. GARNETT, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Washington, DC

PETER D. GARRISON, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014-19; Aiken, SC

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' GATES, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Fairfield, CT

MIGUEL EDUARDO GAVIRIA, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; Yonkers, NY

THOMPSON W. GERAGHTY, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Chicago, IL

LUCA GHEDINI, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Westport, CT

OTTO GIBERSON, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Damariscotta, ME

JACK S. GIFFIN, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Greenwich, CT

HUGH C. GILBANE, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Chestnut Hill, MA

DOUGLAS S. GILLESPIE, JR., [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2013-19; New Canaan, CT

JOHN 'JACK' M. GILLIES, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Locust Valley, NY

CHARLES R. GILLIGAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Bedford Hills, NY

HENRY GILLIGAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Bedford Hills, NY

BRETT GLASER, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2019; Lighthouse Point, FL

GEORGE N. GLOMB, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2014-16 & 2018-19; Wyndmoor, PA

JAMES J. GLOMB, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2014-16 & 2018-19; Wyndmoor, PA

ANSEL Y. GOODE, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2017-19; Freeport, ME

GRENVILLE 'MAC' M. GOODER, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; New York, NY

LAURENCE 'LORNY' B. GOODYEAR, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2014-19; New Canaan, CT

CHARLIE J.R. GOSK, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Darien, CT

ANDREW J. GOULD, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; Beverly, MA

MAXIME GRAMBLAT, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; Paris, France

RHYS GREEN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

COOPER C. GREENE, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2012-19; Nashville, TN

WAKEMAN GRIBBELL, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Boston, MA

JOHN GRIFFIN, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Durham, NC

TOMAS O GRIFFIN, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2018-19; Maimi Beach, FL

GRIFFIN GRUBER, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; San Francisco, CA

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' W. GRUNOW, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Darien, CT

ABRAHAM 'ABE' GUILFORD, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2018-19; Damariscotta, ME

HAMILTON 'HAMMY' HADDEN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Larchmont, NY

ALVIN HAKIZIMANA, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Gorham, ME

GAVIN L. HAKIZIMANA, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Gorham, ME

GARRETT J. HALL, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2013-14 & 2017-19; Far Hills, NJ

SAMUEL 'SAM' D. HALL, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-16 & 2018-19; Stamford, CT

COLLIN W. HANDY, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2014 & 2018-19; Maidens, VA

DAWSON T. HANDY, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Maidens, VA

LUKE G. HANSEN, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Chicago, IL

BRADY S. HARWICK, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2016-19; Darien, CT

ANDREW HATCH, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Seattle, WA

JACKSON J. HATCH, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Seattle, WA

SPENCER C. HATCH, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Seattle, WA

HUNTER HATHAWAY, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New Cumberland, PA

GRAYCEN D. HAYES-BEGLEY, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2011-19; South Portland, ME

HARPER HAYNE, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; New York, NY

NICHOLAS E. HAYNE, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2016-19; Berwyn, PA

RYAN A. HAYNE, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Berwyn, PA

WILLIAM 'LIAM' R. HAZELTINE, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Seattle, WA

JOHN HEANEY, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Millbrook, NY

CHARLES W. HENRY, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2017-19; Westport, CT

KRISTOFER 'LOGAN' L. HENYON, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2014-19; Earlysville, VA

LUCAS HERNANDEZ, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Bogota, Columbia

HENRY S. HERRICK, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; San Jose, CA

ROBERT HERRICK, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; San Jose, CA

HOLDEN HIRSCH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Santa Fe, NM

JAMES HOBELMANN, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Baltimore, MD

JAMESON J. HOCHER, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2017-19; West Palm Beach, FL

COLE HOCKLANDER, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2018-19; Fort Lauderdale, FL

HENRY G. HOFFNER, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014-19; Weston, CT

JOHN 'JOHNNY' J. HOFFMAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; Wellesley Hills, MA

CAMPBELL L. HOLLIDAY, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2013-14, 2016-17 & 2019; Washington, DC

HENRY R. HOLT, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2015-19; Worden, IL

BENEDIKT HOPFEN, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Munich, Germany

FERDINAND HOPFEN, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Munich, Germany

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' T. HORGAN, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Portsmouth, NH

ANDREW C. HOWARD, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Denver, CO

BRENDAN S. HOWARD, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2014-19; Darien, CT

COLIN B. HOWARD, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Darien, CT

PETER R. HOWARD, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Denver, CO

JAMES E. HUGHES, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-19; Morristown, NJ

BRETT HUMPHREY, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Darien, CT

GEORGE ‘MARSHALL’ M. HYMAN, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; Washington, DC

LUCAS A. IMLAH, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Old Greenwich, CT

YANN ISHIMWE, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2019; Portland, ME

CHARLES ‘CHARLIE’ P. IVERSON, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Rye, NY

FINNEGAN ‘FINN’ V. JACOBS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2013-19; Hunt Valley, MD

WILLIAM ‘WILL’ JAKOLA, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Chicago, IL

JOHN ‘J.R.’ JANEDIS, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Locust Valley, NY

THEODORE ‘TEDDY’ JANEDIS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2019; Locust Valley, NY

ANDREW D. JAROCH, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013-19; Darien, CT

MATTHEW JAROCH, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Darien, CT

ALFRED ‘QUINN’ JAZYNSKA, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Washington DC, DC

MAX S. JIANG, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2018-19; Kinnelon, NJ

JAMES JOHNSON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Nashville, TN

ROBERT ‘WELLS’ JOHNSON, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Fairfield, CT

RYAN JONES, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Pittsburgh, PA

BRADY H. JORDAN, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Rowayton, CT

DAVIS J. JORDAN, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2014-19; Rowayton, CT

CHARLES ‘CHARLIE’ JUHAS, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Dublin, Ireland

PETER ‘LYON’ L. JUHAS, JR., [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Dublin, Ireland

EVERETT R. JUNE, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Bozeman, MT

JACKSON R. JUNE, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Bozeman, MT

BENJAMIN ‘BEN’ J. KALLEN, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Newington, CT

OLIVER L. KALLEN, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Newington, CT

JACK W. KARTSONIS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Narberth, PA

GRANT KAUFMANN, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2016-19; Cambridge, MA

WILLIAM ‘WILL’ G. KAUFMANN, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2014-19; Cambridge, MA

HARVEY KELLEHER, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Portland, OR

THEODORE ‘TEDDY’ A. KELLEHER, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Portland, OR

COLEMAN KELLER, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017, 2019; Lake Forest, IL

JACK KELLER, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Lake Forest, IL

TAYLOR R. KELLETT, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Radnor, PA

ELIAS KELLY, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Yarmouth, ME

HAGEN KELLY, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Yarmouth, ME

STEPHEN 'STEVE' KILROY, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Rye, NY

ANDREW KIM, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Bethesda, MD

BRANDT W. KISER, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Darien, CT

BENJAMIN 'BEN' B. KISILYWICZ, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Narragansett, RI

THOMAS S. KISILYWICZ, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Narragansett, RI

READ P. KITCHEL, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

WILLIAM 'BILLY' L. KITCHEL, IV, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2013-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

TRUETT KNIGHT, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Houston, TX

CASSIDY KOCH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

KINGSLEY KOCH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

JACOBY 'COBY' N. KOEHLER, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2014-19; Chapel Hill, NC

BENJAMIN 'BENJI' KOVEN, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Santa Monica, CA

CHARLES 'DRAY' D. KRAHMER, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2012-19; Duxbury, MA

JETT L.R. KREMER, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Atlanta, GA

HENRY KURTZMAN, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2019; Madison, NJ

ALEXANDER 'SANDY' S. LACASSE, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Lake Forest, IL

FINNEGAN 'FINN' C. LACASSE, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Watertown, CT

THEODORE 'TEDDY' LACASSE, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2016-19; Lake Forest, IL

NELSON A. LAMB, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; West Palm Beach, FL

WILL LAMONT, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; Dallas, TX

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' K. LARKIN, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Providence, RI

DASHIELL 'DASH' K. LARMER-BEECH, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Bangkok, Thailand

PHINEAS 'PHIN' K. LARMER-BEECH, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Bangkok, Thailand

CHARLIES 'CHARLIE' S. LAU, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Westport, CT

JOHN 'J.P.' P. LAZAR, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Chicago, IL

ALEXANDER 'ALEX' S. LAZARRE, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Chicago, IL

WILLIAM 'MAX' M. LAZARRE, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014-19; Chicago, IL

BEDE LEVIN, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Piedmont, CA
OLIVER 'OLI' H. LEVIN, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Piedmont, CA
AMANUEL 'MANO' A. LEVINE, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Longmont, CO
ELLIOT A. LEVINE, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Shanghai, China
ANDERSEN 'ANDERS' LEWIS, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Chestnut Hill, MA
JONATHAN 'BARRON' LEWIS, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Chicago, IL
EDWARD C. LILY, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017, 2019; New York, NY
LOOMIS 'LUKIE' LINCOLN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Lake Forest, IL
CAMERON 'CAMMIE' P. LINDSEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Dayton, OH
RYAN J. LITTLE, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-17, 2019; New Canaan, CT
JOHN 'JACK' V. LONERGAN, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2013-19; London, UK
WILLIAM 'WILL' LORENZ, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; South Freeport, ME
JOHN 'GEORGE' LOVERRO, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Riverside, CT
SIORUS LOXTON, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Brooklyn, NY
FINN LUKIANOFF, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
MURPHY LUKIANOFF, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
ZUNIAN LUO, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2017, 2019; Weston, MA
RYAN R. LYNCH, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Lake Forest, IL
PAUL 'FINN' F. LYNESS, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2017-19; Sharon, MA
BAKER M. MACKEY, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Weston, MA
HENRY MACLANE, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT
LEVERETT 'LEV' MACPHERSON, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Houston, TX
GABRIEL/GABE' MAIOLO, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2016-19; Westport, CT
GRIFFIN J. MAKOVSKY, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2013-19; Norwalk, CT
RAINER D. MALHOTRA, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; Bala Cynwyd, PA
LUCA G. MANIKO, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Washington, DC
TYLER J. MARGITAN, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2016-19; Whitefield, ME
WILLIAM 'BILLY' D. MARIN, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2014-19; McLean, VA
NICHOLAS 'NICK' A. MARSHALL, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2014-19; Gladwyne, PA
BYRNE A. MATTHEWS, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2016-19; New Canaan, CT
COALTER B. MCCALL, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014-19; New Orleans, LA

ANDREW ‘DREW’ MCCAULL, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Norwich, VT

FINNEGAN ‘FINN’ MCCLERNAN, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2016-19; Towson, MD

FINN MCDONALD, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2019; Washington, DC

BENJAMIN ‘BEN’ MCDONNELL, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; Old Chatham, NY

JAMES ‘JAMIE’ T. MCDONNELL, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2014-17, 2019; Old Chatham, NY

PETER MCGOWAN, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Sun Valley, ID

CONOR V. MCINNIS, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2017-19; Washington, DC

ETHAN S. MCINTOSH, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Bethesda, MD

RHYS J. A. MCINTOSH, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Bethesda, MD

DEAN MCKNIGHT, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Brooklyn, NY

CHARLES ‘CHARLIE’ MCLELLAN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

COLIN A. MCNAMARA-BORDEWICK, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; Boston, MA

GRAYSON C. MCNEELY, JR., [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2014-19; Manakin-Sabot, VA

MITCHELL ‘MITCH’ MCQUILLAN, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2019; Southbury, CT

ALEXANDER ‘XANDER’ O. MCTEAGUE, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; Boston, MA

RYAN MCWILLIAMS, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; St Davids, PA

BENJAMIN L. MEGLIN, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Durham, NC

DEVAN ‘DEV’ S. MEHRISH, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013-16 & 2018-19; New York, NY

PETER T.C. MENNEN, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Cornelius, NC

ANDREW ‘DREW’ R. MERRIMAN, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; McLean, VA

JAMES L. MICHAELSON, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Brooklyn, NY

AUGUST MICHALKE, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2019; Munich, Germany

JACK W. MILLER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Greenwich, CT

HENRY M. MISHKIN, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; New York, NY

COLIN M. MITCHELL, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

WESLEY W. MITCHELL, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

OLIVER R. MIZE, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Charlotte, NC

ANDREW ‘DREW’ MOOR, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; New Canaan, CT

LEO MOORE, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Millburn, NJ

DARREN R. MORRIS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2015-19; London, UK

HENRY MORRISON, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Mill Valley, CA
NATHAN MUKUNTHAN, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Kenilworth, IL
SIMON MUTUNZI, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Westbrook, ME
WESLEY 'WES' R. NAAKE, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2016-19; Denver, CO
ANDREW F. NABER, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails III]; Kieve 2014-19; New York, NY
ALISTAIR C. NALLE, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Dobbs Ferry, NY
PHAREX F.D. NDJOKO, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2017-19; Humble, TX
PHILIP C. NEMEC, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Fairfield, CT
BENNETT NEVILLE, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Morristown, NJ
LACHLAN C. NEVILLE, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Morristown, NJ
THATCHER S. NEVILLE, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; Morristown, NJ
WILLIAM 'LAUGHLIN' L. NEWTON, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Dallas, TX
CHARLES 'CHARLIE' S. NICCOLINI, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; Baltimore, MD
JAMES G. NICCOLINI, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Baltimore, MD
JASPER R. P. NORMAN, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013 & 2015-19; Gloucestershire, UK
DYLAN O'CONNOR, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Darien, CT
WILEY O'CONNOR, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT
ELLERY OLSON, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Cambridge, MA
PARKER OLSON, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; Cambridge, MA
BRENDAN O'MALLEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Los Angeles, CA
AIDEN F. O'NEILL, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Portland, OR
TIERNAN M. O'REGAN, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Georgetown, MA
STEPHEN 'MAC' M. O'REILLY, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; Grosse Pointe, MI
WILLIAM M. OSHRIN, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
BENJAMIN 'RUSH' R. OSTER, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2017-19; Owings Mills, MD
HENRY C. OSTER, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Princeton, NJ
JON 'J.D.' D. OSTER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Owings Mills, MD
WILLIAM 'WILL' R. OSTER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2018-19; Princeton, NJ
CALEB S. PACKARD, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; Chestnut Hill, MA
ROWAN L. PACKARD, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Chestnut Hill, MA

EZRA B. PADGETT, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014 & 2016-19; Whitefield, ME

THEO PAEPER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2018-19; Beverly Hills, CA

TYLER PAIK, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

BENJAMIN J. PARK, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; Winnetka, IL

RYAN A. PARK, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Winnetka, IL

JAMES 'JAMIE' L. PATERSON, [Kieve First Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2016-19; Stamford, CT

ALEXANDER 'ALEX' J. PATRICELLI, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2013-19; Lake Oswego, OR

OLIVER 'OLLIE' PEPPER, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Ambler, PA

TEO PERCHER, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Brooklyn, NY

HOLDEN M. PETTINELLI, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Chicago, IL

ANDREW O. PETTKER, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; New York, NY

ALEXANDER W. PASECKI, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

BARRETT N. PICKETT, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

JOHN 'JACK' O. PICKETT, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

PORTER G. PIERCE, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2016-19; Yarmouth, ME

BEARETT 'BEAR' K. PINGREE, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Kittery Point, ME

ARTHUR 'ARTIE' L. PONTE, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015, 2017 & 2019; London, UK

JAMES M. POPE ROBBINS, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Los Angeles, CA

ALEXANDER 'ALEX' POTTER, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2016-19; Mapleville, RI

VASILIS 'NARINN' N. POZIOS, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2016-19; Grosse Pointe Woods, MI

JOHN PRITCHARD, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

HARRIS G. PROCTOR, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Philadelphia, PA

HOLDEN PRYMAN, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; New Canaan, CT

COLTON D. PULSIFER, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2019; Barrington, RI

JONATHAN 'JACK' S. PYLE, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-17, 2019; Eugene, OR

RYAN A. RABE, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Corte Madera, CA

AIDAN M. RANEY, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Lexington, MA

WILL RAVEIS, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Fairfield, CT

OWEN REARDON, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Darien, CT

LUKAS RECTOR, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Palm Beach, FL

COLIN A. REGAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; Vienna, VA

THOMAS H. REGAN, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2013 & 2015-19; Vienna, VA

GAVIN S. REID, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; New Canaan, CT

HENRY C. REIFSCHNEIDER, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2019; Waynesville, OH

AUGUSTUS RENZI, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Essex, MA

LUKE J. RENZI, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Essex, MA

ELLIOTT RESNICK, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Falmouth, ME

BENJAMIN 'BENJI' REUTER, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Mexico City, ME

HENRIK F. REUTHER, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2019; Cheltenham, Worcestershire

WILLIAM D. REYNOLDS, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; Winnetka, IL

JAY RHOADS, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Malvern, PA

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' K. RHODES, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2017-19; McLean, VA

JAMES D. RIDDIFORD, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; East Falmouth, MA

ANDREW B. RITTENBERRY, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2014-19; New Canaan, CT

AUBERON 'AUBIE' D. ROBBINS, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2015-19; Paris, France

BROOKS C. ROBINSON, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2014-19; New Canaan, CT

LAWRENCE 'LUKE' C. ROBINSON, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015-19; New Canaan, CT

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, VI, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Baltimore, MD

FRANCO 'KEY' RODRIGUEZ PASTOR, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

MARTIN 'MARTY' RODRIGUEZ PASTOR, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

JACK T. ROEDER, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2017-19; Ross, CA

NOE ROGIVUE, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2019; Zurich, Schweiz

JEROME V. ROSCOE, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; New Canaan, CT

GRAYDON 'GRADY' ROSS, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Greenwich, CT

GRAYSON K. ROSS, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Boylston, MA

THAYER H. ROSS, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2019; Greenwich, CT

TAE S. ROSSMASSLER, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Middlesex, VT

IAN D. ROTHFELD, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Washington, DC

DRAKE ROYALL, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Dallas, TX

WALKER ROYALL, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Dallas, TX

JACK RUBIRALTA, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Barcelona, Spain

JACKSON RUTHIG, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2019; Naperville, IL
SAMUEL RWAGANJE, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash II]; Kieve 2019; Westbrook, ME
SHEMA S. RWAGANJE, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Westbrook, ME
GEORGE H.B. RYCKMAN, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2014-19; New York, NY
JAMES G. RYCKMAN, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY
BLAISE SAAD, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Roslyn Harbor, NY
PETER G. SACERDOTE, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Boston, MA
LUCAS SAJDAK, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Hyannis, MA
STELLAN SALVNER, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2016-19; Princeton, NJ
TRISTAN SALVNER, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2016-19; Princeton, NJ
BENJAMIN 'BENNY' R. SANFORD, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2014-19; Woodacre, CA
PETER 'PETE' M. SANFORD, [Kieve First Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Woodacre, CA
CHARLIE SAUNDERS, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Morristown, NJ
THOMAS W. SCHLATTER, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Essex Fells, NJ
RAINER T. SCHMITZ, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Houston, TX
GRANT SCHOENTHAL, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Princeton, NJ
CUTLER 'CUTTY' T. SCHULTZ, [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Medina, WA
JACKSON 'JACK' T. SCHULTZ, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Medina, WA
DAVID L. SCHWARTZ, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; San Carlos, CA
HAYDEN K. SCHWARZ, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Brooklyn, NY
HAYES M. SCHWARZ, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; San Carlos, CA
JOHN 'MAC' SCOTT, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
OLIVER C. SCOTT, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
REMY SCOTT, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY
MATTHEW R. SCUDIERE, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2019; Boston, MA
JOHN 'JACK' H. SCULLY, JR., [Kieve First Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Bedford, NY
WILSON M. SEARBY, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Washington, DC
CONNOR G. SENSENICH, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2018-19; Summit, NJ
PARKER T. SEYMOUR, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2016-19; Newburyport, MA
JOHN 'JOHNNY' R. SHANAHAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Wellesley, MA

MILES C. SHANNON, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2018-19; Sinking Spring, PA

MARK O. SHAPIRO, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; St. Louis, MO

VINCENT A. SHEA, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2013-19; Brookline, MA

BUCHANAN 'CANNON' D. SHELDON, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Ross, CA

HENRY J. SHIELDS, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Westport, CT

THEODORE 'THEO' SHIELDS, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2016-19; Westport, CT

DESMOND 'DESI' SICO, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2018-19; Cape Neddick, ME

GRAHAM M. SILVERMAN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

J. 'DASH' SILVERMAN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

MATTHEW SISSER, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; New Canaan, CT

THEODORE 'TEDDY' SKALA, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Bernardsville, NJ

WILLIAM H. SKIFF, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Newcastle, ME

SEAN M. SLINGSBY, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2019; Palos Verdes Estates, CA

WILLEM 'WILL' J. SLOOTMAKER, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2014-19; Swarthmore, PA

HENRY T. SMIDA, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Haverhill, MA

ALEXANDER 'SANDER' P. SMITH, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2016-17, 2019; Annapolis, MD

ALSTON H. SMITH, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

SEAN M. SMITH, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT

STEPHEN L. SMITH, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Augusta, GA

TAGUE K. SMITH, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Duxbury, MA

BREWSTER 'BREW' W. SMYERS, [Kieve Second Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; Marblehead, MA

WHITMAN 'WHIT' SMYERS, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2016-19; Marblehead, MA

EDWARD 'HALLSEY' H. SOUDER, JR., [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Chicago, IL

ELIA 'E' SOUTHERN, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Bronx, NY

BOB SPINNA, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2018-19; New York, NY

MALCOLM K. STANTON, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Newton, MA

MATTEO STEWART, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

HENRY J. STIMPSON, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2018-19; New Canaan, CT

MATTHEW J. STIMPSON, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2018-19; New Canaan, CT

STOFER R. STINEMAN, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Chicago, IL

FOREST R. STORER, [Kieve Second Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Damariscotta, ME

EDWARD ‘TEDDY’ H. STUART, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Nashville, TN

JOHN M. STUART, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Nashville, TN

DYLAN J. SULLIVAN, [Kieve First Session - Bank I]; Kieve 2015-19; New York, NY

EOIN M. SULLIVAN, [Kieve Second Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2015-19; Bethesda, MD

WILL M. SULLIVAN, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2015-19; New York, NY

DAVID L. SUMMERVILLE, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2019; Arlington, VA

SAMUEL ‘SAM’ B. SUTER, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2016-19; Austin, TX

DILLON A. R. SUTKO, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2012-14 & 2016-19; Arlington, VA

LAIRD H. TANSILL, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2016-19; Portland, OR

BRADY B. TAUBE, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

RIGGS TAYLOR, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2019; Agoura Hills, CA

ESTEBAN E. TEJERA, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2019; Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

PETER ‘PETIE’ E. THELANDER, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2015-19; Bristol, ME

BENJAMIN ‘BEN’ THIBAUT, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Brookline, MA

LUKE H. THIBAUT, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash III]; Kieve 2014-19; Brookline, MA

CAMERON P. THOMPSON, [Kieve First Session - Maine Trails II]; Kieve 2011-19; Winter Park, FL

CHASE M. TILSON, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2013-19; North Andover, MA

JULIAN P. TOOMEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; Denver, CO

PATRICK H. TOOMEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Ridgewood, NJ

ROBERT ‘WILL’ W. TOOMEY, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Denver, CO

THOMAS B. TOOMEY, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2017-19; Ridgewood, NJ

HALLOWELL ‘WELLS’ M. TUCKER, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2018-19; New Orleans, LA

THEODORE ‘THEO’ TURITZ, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Winnetka, IL

PAUL A. TURNER, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; London, UK

JOHN ‘JACK’ TUROWSKI, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Perseverance]; Kieve 2019; Darien, CT

RUSSELL L. TUSSING, IV, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2019; La Grange, IL

NATHANIEL ‘NAT’ TWINING, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr II]; Kieve 2019; Brunswick, ME

WILLIAM ‘WILL’ M. UNETICH, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Chicago, IL

ALEXANDER ‘ALEX’ W. UNRUH, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2012-19; Bryn Mawr, PA

NICHOLAS 'NIC' P. VALDES, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Victoria, TX

IAN A. VALDMANIS, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2015 & 2018-19; Portland, ME

MICHAEL S.-W. VAN PANHUYS, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2018-19; Edina, MN

BRAVO H. VANDENHOECK, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2018-19; Brooklyn, NY

NICHOLAS 'NICK' L. VANDERBILT, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; New York, NY

CHARLES 'CHASE' E. VAUGHN, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Stevenson, MD

WILTON 'BO' B. VAUGHN, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Stevenson, MD

WILLIAM 'WILL' VEALE, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Chadds Ford, PA

ADITYA VISWANATHAN, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Bethesda, MD

FELIX 'FIFF' J. G. F. VLACK, [Kieve Second Session - Maine Trails I]; Kieve 2014-19; Brooklyn, NY

MITCHELL 'MITCH' VLCEK, [Kieve First Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2019; Eliot, ME

JAMES M. WAGG, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Lewiston, ME

BROOKS M. WALKER, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-15 & 2017-2019; Altadena, CA

THEODORE 'THEO' L. WALSH, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2014-19; San Francisco, CA

GRIFFIN T. WARREN, [Kieve Second Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Beverly, MA

HUGH J. WEIDINGER, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Locust Valley, NY

LUKE C. WEIKSNER, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Riverside, CT

NICK WEIL, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2018-19; Westport, CT

JAMES T. WELSH, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2018-19; Morristown, NJ

CHASE WELTY, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Sea Bright, NJ

RYAN P. WERNKE, [Kieve First Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Indianapolis, IN

TANNER N. WERNKE, [Kieve First Session - North Bunkerhill I]; Kieve 2017-19; Indianapolis, IN

CHARLES 'CHARLIE' T. WEST, [Kieve Second Session - South Townsend]; Kieve 2016-19; Pennington, NJ

HENRY W. WEST, [Kieve Second Session - South Harris]; Kieve 2015-19; Pennington, NJ

FELIX WESTON, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; New York, NY

ASHER J. WILKENING, [Kieve Second Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Baltimore, MD

ELI WILKENING, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2019; Baltimore, MD

MATTHEW S. WILKERSON, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Courage]; Kieve 2019; Cumberland Foreside, ME

LUKE A. WILMERDING, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2018-19; Philadelphia, PA

IAN G. WILSON, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2016-19; Brooklyn, NY
LEVERETT WILSON, [Kieve Second Session - Bank II]; Kieve 2015-19; Wenham, MA
MADDOX S. WILSON, [Kieve First Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; Marietta, GA
ZANE WILSON, [Kieve First Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Marietta, GA
CHARLES ‘CHARLIE’ WINDER, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Jamaica Plain, MA
ANDREW F. WINDSOR, [Kieve First Session - North Glenayr]; Kieve 2018-19; Mt. Lebanon, PA
WILLIAM ‘WILL’ S. WINDSOR, [Kieve First Session - North Cunningham]; Kieve 2016-19; Mt. Lebanon, PA
JACOB WINFIELD, [Kieve Second Session - North Harris]; Kieve 2019; East Aurora, NY
CONRAD P. WIRCH, [Kieve Second Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2017-19; Somerville, MA
HENRY E. WIRCH, [Kieve Second Session - North Bunkerhill II]; Kieve 2016-19; Somerville, MA
CAMDEN WITKOS, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2018-19; Cohasset, MA
CAMERON B. WOOD, [Kieve Second Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Far Hills, NJ
LACHLAN J. WOOD, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2018-19; Far Hills, NJ
MATHEW J. WOOD, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Far Hills, NJ
MURPHY T. WOOD, [Kieve Intro I - JK - Loyalty]; Kieve 2019; Lake Forest, IL
GRIFFIN S. WOODARD, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage III]; Kieve 2017-19; Denver, CO
EVAN A. WORTMAN, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2014-19; Bernardsville, NJ
BRUCE T. WRIGHT, [Kieve First Session - Allagash I]; Kieve 2015-19; Bethesda, MD
EDWARD ‘OSCAR’ WRIGHT, [Kieve First Session - South Glenayr]; Kieve 2019; Bethesda, MD
STEPHEN M.C. WRIGHT, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2013-19; Johnstown, OH
VERNON H. C. WRIGHT, II, [Kieve First Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Johnstown, OH
THEODORE ‘TEDDY’ WYATT, [Kieve Intro II - JK - Kindness & Respect]; Kieve 2019; Hudson, NY
DUTTON ‘DUTT’ YOST, [Kieve First Session - South Bunkerhill]; Kieve 2019; New Harbor, ME
BANKS W. YOUNG, [Kieve Second Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; Berwyn, PA
GUNNAR F. YOUNG, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage I]; Kieve 2012-19; Berwyn, PA
KARL ‘BECKHAM’ B. YTTERDAHL, [Kieve Second Session - Long Voyage II]; Kieve 2013-19; Glen Ellyn, IL
JULIEN A. ZAMA, [Kieve First Session - North Townsend]; Kieve 2018-19; Redondo Beach, CA
DUCO ZHAO, [Kieve Second Session - South Cunningham]; Kieve 2019; Newton, MA
RANDALL S. ZIERDAN, [Kieve First Session - North Harrington]; Kieve 2014-19; Franklin, TN



JUNIOR KIEVE COURAGE - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Graham Silvermann, Key Rodriguez-Pastor, Harvey Kellher, Javi Castillo, Matthew Wilkerson, Davis Awamieh; Middle (L to R): Aiden O'Niell, Henry Crisler, Remy Scott, Lucas Hernandez, Cassidy Koch; Back (L to R): Nick Speranza, Nina Wilson, George Janvier, Nicholas Giandrea



JUNIOR KIEVE PERSEVERANCE - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Luca Ghedini, Colin Mitchell, Holden Hinsch, Ryan Rabe, Henry Morrison; Middle (L to R): Hunter Hathaway, Kingsley Koch, Alston Smith, Joe Cargile, Ben Beanland, Max Doerwald, John Castle, Andrew Dugas; Back (L to R): Aaron Zhao, Graham Kelley, Lindsey Harrison, Marty Arnold



JUNIOR KIEVE LOYALTY - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Henry Ferguson, Matthew Sisser, Dash Silvermann, Charlie McClellan, Marty Rodriguez-Pastor, Charlie Briggs; Middle (L to R): Jack Stuart, Murphy Wood, Quinn Donovan, Will Lorenz, Lukie Lincoln; Back (L to R): Connor Thomas, Matthew Kellett, Matteo Perper, Blake Cote



JUNIOR KIEVE KINDNESS & RESPECT - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Thomas Creelman, E Southern, Parker Olson, Mac Scott, Ryan Forsyth; Middle (L to R): Anders Lewis, Grayson Ross, Mac O'Reilly, Leo Moore, Will Lamont, Maxime Gramblat, Will Raveis; Back (L to R): Katelyn Fluke, Jack Roberts, Patrick Kavanagh, Charlie Demuth



SOUTH GLENAYR - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Benedikt Hopfen, Benji Koven, Liam Dougherty, Charlie Juhas, Andrew Hatch, Henry Smida, Peter Anderson, Oscar Wright, William Oshrin, John Pritchard, Stokes Bostwick; Back (L to R): Billy Leyden, Aaron Zhou, Colin Redmond, Eleanor Smith, Brooks Biddle



NORTH GLENAYR - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Campbell Chocol, Hagden Kelly, Thomas Ashton, Dudley Ferguson, James Michaelson, J.R. Janedis, Barron Lewis Jr., James Ryckman, Andrew Windsor; Back (L to R): Nick Giandrea, Nick Menice, Nina Wilson, Bruce Haywood, Eric Mehrberg



NORTH TOWNSEND - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Teddy Stuart, Finn LaCasse; Middle (L to R): Coleman Keller, Stofer Stineman, Cannon Sheldon, John Griffin, Mikey Fertado, Julien Zama, Sander Block, Teddy Kelleher, Baker Mackey; Back (L to R): Charlie Gomprecht, Mason Swindell, Charlie Demuth, Parker Dotson, Sam Czaja



SOUTH BUNKERHILL - FIRST SESSION

Front: Ollie Pepper; Middle (L to R): Benji Reuter, Lukas Rector, Zach Breeden, Henry Shields, Blaise Saad, Cam Witkos, Everett June, Jack Gillies, Dutt Yost, Nathan Mukunthan, Hugh Weidinger; Back (L to R): George Maguire, Ella White, Peter Knowlton, Hayes Zierden, Matteo Perper



SOUTH CUNNINGHAM - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Jack Roeder, Zane Wilson, Lukas Coolidge; Middle (L to R): Grady Ross, Truett Knight, Henry Curran, Lyon Juhas, Aditya Viswanathan, Lev Macpherson, Drew Merriman, Alughlin Newton, Bo Cox, Jake Connaughton; Back (L to R): Lindsey Harrison, Braxton Antill, Austin Fairchild, Graham Kelley, Charlie Hansen



SOUTH TOWNSEND - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Ryan Park, Brett Humphrey; Middle (L to R): Ryan Lynch, Elias Kelly, Jack Scully, Spencer Hatch, Holden Pettinelli, Cutty Schultz, Parker Flynn, Oliver Mize, Ben Friend, Ellery Olson; Back (L to R): Zephyr Pascador, Will Janvier, Tom Linkas, Connor Thomas, Isabelle Kitchel



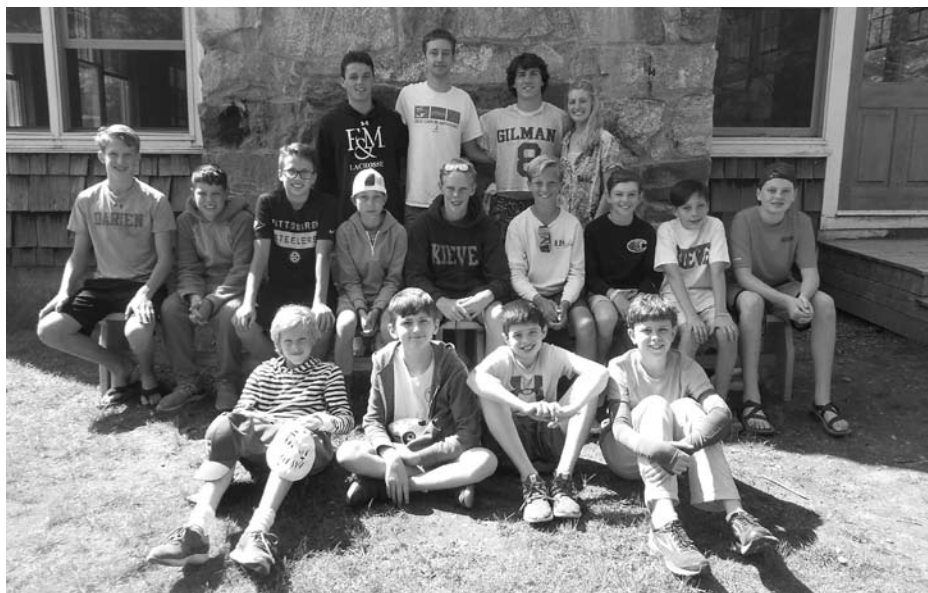
NORTH BUNKERHILL I - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Walker Bartlett; Middle (L to R): Tanner Wernke, Rainer Malhotra, John Baker, Jackson June, Hadyn Cox, Matthew Scudiere, William Reynolds, Stellan Slavner, Teddy Bancroft, Henry Mishkin, Hunter Adamo; Back (L to R): Mac Muller, George Cole, Lauren Begley, George Janvier, Gus Williams



NORTH BUNKERHILL II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Robert Herrick, Charlie Lau, Edward Lilly; Middle (L to R): Andrew Pettker, Harper Hayne, Henry Stimpson, Sam Alderman, Wesley Mitchell, Charlie Collins, Oli Levin, Abe Guilford, Read Kitchel, Ben McDonnell; Back (L to R): Walt Geraghty, Sarah Burgin, Johnny Hollington, James Lawton, Jack Roberts



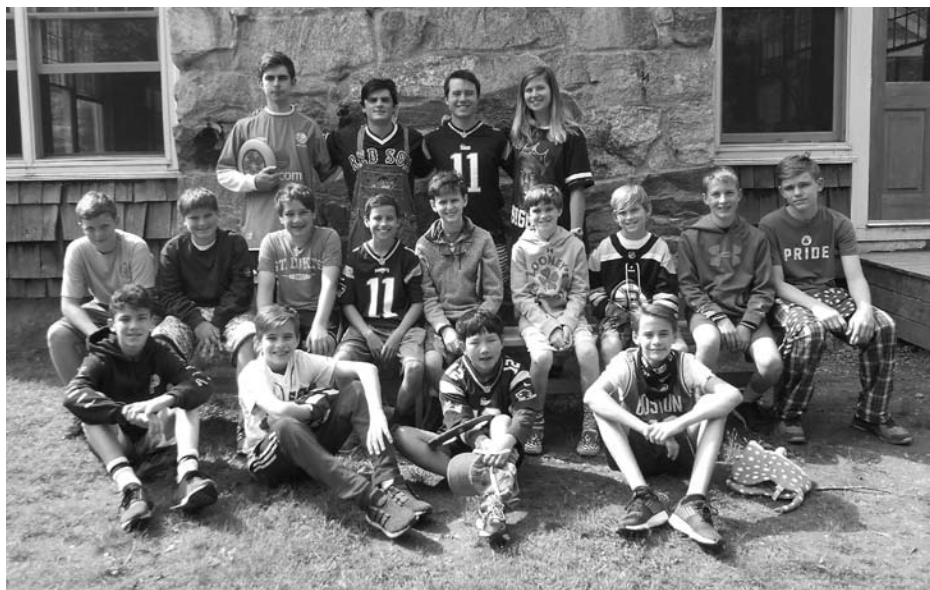
NORTH CUNNINGHAM - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Philip Nemec, Will Windsor, Jack Keller, Tyler Dugas; Middle (L to R): Colten Trepp, Ryan McWilliams, Ryan Jones, Thomas Flickinger, Ferdinand Hopfen, Jack Schultz, Jackson Hatch, Chance Choccol, Will Duffy; Back (L to R): Will Demuth, Thomas Krush, Taylor Cashman, Kate Fluke



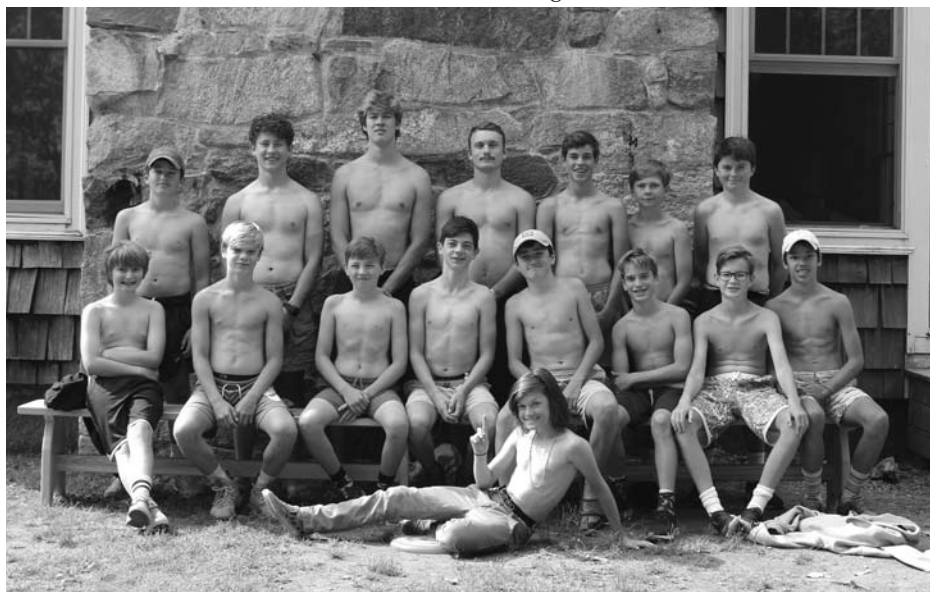
SOUTH HARRIS - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Jude Eskander, Drew Moor, Jack Rubiralta; Middle (L to R): John Cataldo, Andrew Gould, David Connolly, Brady Jordan, Bede Levin, JP Lazar, Colin Howard, Ryan Wernke, Benjamin Park, Alex Lazzarre; Back (L to R): Michael Pilkington, Teddy Macfarlane, Blake Cote, Jack Hall



NORTH HARRIS - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Lucien Adams, Ben Gardner, Ansel Goode, Ben Frederick; Middle (L to R): Quinn Jazynka, Henry Herrick, Holden Prymas, Peter Sacerdote, Mac Gooder, Tucker Brown, Maddox Wilson, Wakeman Gribbell, Beau Bridgen; Back (L to R): Niall McDonald, Will Bliss, Parker Swensrud, Ang Franke



NORTH HARRINGTON - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Decatur Boland; Middle (L to R): James Welsh, Henry Reifschneider, Theo Shields, Randall Zierden, Matthew Stimpson, Thayer Ross, James Ferguson, Will Fertado; Back (L to R): Marshall Hyman, Phil Kaplan, Bo Hawkes, Henry Ledyard, Ben Balsley, Luke Robinson, Brendan Davey



BANK I - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Michael Tirone, Oliver Scott, Clay Allen, George Ryckman, Coalter McCall, Matteo Stewart, Henry Kurtman; Back (L to R): Lexi Kemp, Max Lazarre, Luke Elkins, Henry Hoeffner, Dylan Sullivan, Sander Smith, Griffin Hall; Not Pictured: Zack Hawkes



BANK II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): William Blagden, Esteban Tejera, Taylor Kellet, Mitch Vleck, JJ Alexos, James Buchan, Tae Rossmassler, Juan Elmufdi, Charlie Horgan, Tristan Salvner; Back (L to R): Ellis Cooper, Gill Walker, Charlie Rodrigue, Andrew Connor



ALLAGASH I - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Jack Kartsonis, Evan Wortman, Jett Kremer, Darren Morris, Jerome Roscoe, Bruce Wright, David Summerville, Quinn Dougherty, Teddy Janedis, Reese Boomer; Back (L to R): Michael van Panhuys, Colton Pulsifer, Keelan Woodard, Pete Cooke, Justin Callahan, Finn McDonald



ALLAGASH II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Tyler Paik, Chopper Cross, Charles Henry; Middle (L to R): Will Dixon, Brendan Howard, Max Buono, James Glomb, George Glomb, Davis Jordan, Jamie Paterson; Back (L to R): Liam Duggan, Jack Kenyon



ALLAGASH III - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Jonathan Elkins, Pete Sanford; Back (L to R): Duncan Walsh, Drew Jessup, Alex Potter, Simon DiMatteo, Douglas Gillespie, Cooper Greene, Finn McCleran, Charlie Fenwick, Finn Jacobs, Quentin Abramo



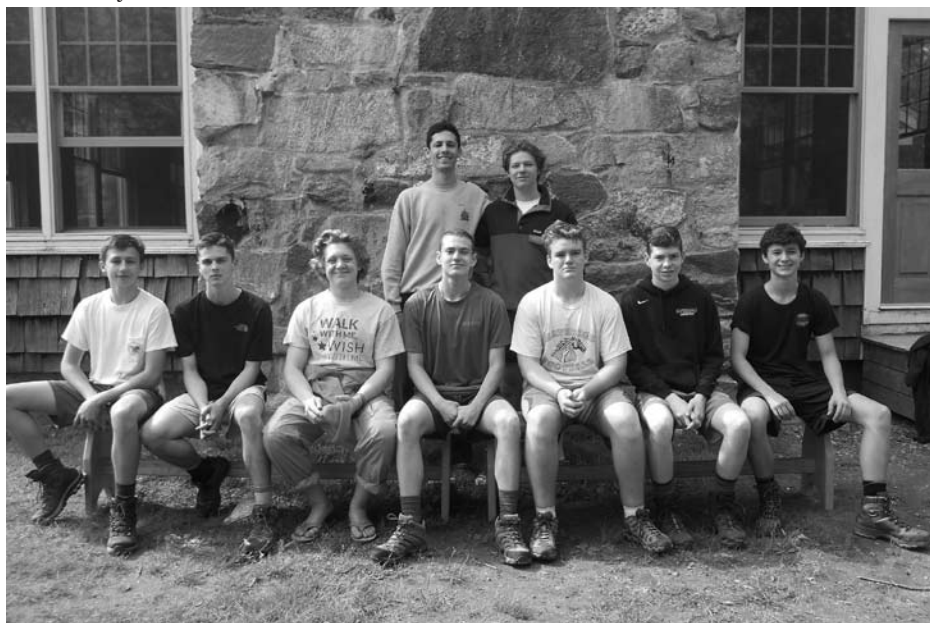
LONG VOYAGE I - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Jamie McDonnell, Ben Meglin, Noe Rogivue; Middle (L to R): Stephen Smith, Remy Erdman, Nick Valdez, Graham Abramo, Gabe Fertado, Chase Tilson, Stephen Wright, Sam Elkins, Nick Butts, Brett Glaser; Back (L to R): Ben Dixon, Jeff Coote, Teddy Truex, Wes Dixon



LONG VOYAGE II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Charlie Rhodes, Charlie Gosk, Byrne Matthews, Niall Slack-Watkins, Alistair Nalle, Reed Falkenrath, Benny Sanford, Wes Naake, Vernon Wright, Andrew Rittenberry; Back (L to R): Carter Sednaoui, Forrest Lazzara



MAINE TRAILS I - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Brooks Robinson, Colin McNamara-Bordewick, Graycen Hayes-Begley, Cobey Blumenthal, Sam Hall, Will Sullivan, William Ferguson; Back (L to R): Will Kaback, Graham Nielson



MAINE TRAILS II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Benny Adler, James Hughes, Kieran Blunnie, Cameron Thompson;
Back (L to R): Mike Hornung, Lars Larson



MAINE TRAILS II - FIRST SESSION

Front (L to R): Zander DeLuca, Billy Marin, Billy Kitchel, Andrew Naber, Andrew DeLuca, Nick Marshall, Frazier Dougherty, Myles Anderson; Back (L to R): Hayden McKee, Eddie Fischer



JUNIOR KIEVE COURAGE - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Blake Cote, George Cole, Tom Linkas, Wes Dixon; Top Middle (L to R): George Brown, Peter Mennen, Murphy Lukianoff, James Johnson, Luke Alessi, James Pope Robbins; Bottom Middle (L to R): Calder Frederick, Theo Turitz, Augustus Renzi, Chase Welty, Grant Schoenthal



JUNIOR KIEVE PERSERVERANCE - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Teddy Truex, Ella White, Jack Hall, Asher Daniel, Wiley O'Connor, Brady Taube, Alec DeFusco, Griffin Gruber, Duncan Walsh; Middle (L to R): George Loverro, Jack Turowski, Thomas Schlatter, Rhys Green, Jay Rhoads; Bottom (L to R): Henry MacLane, Henry Ganem, Hunter Ford, Teddy Skala



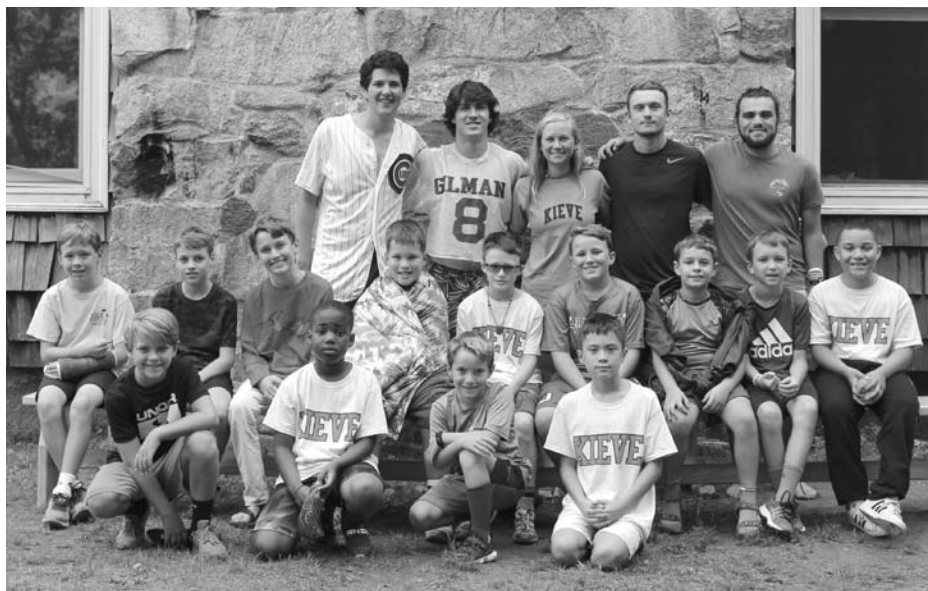
JUNIOR KIEVE LOYALTY - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Hayes Zierden, John Lewis, Sean Smith, Andrew Kim, Walker Annis, Bennett Neville, John Heaney, Brooks Egan, Walker Royall, Reed Counselman, Isabelle Kitchell, Pete Cooke; Bottom (L to R): Will Altman, Asher Aron, Zach England, Conor Crotty, Ben Thibault, Hugh Gilbane



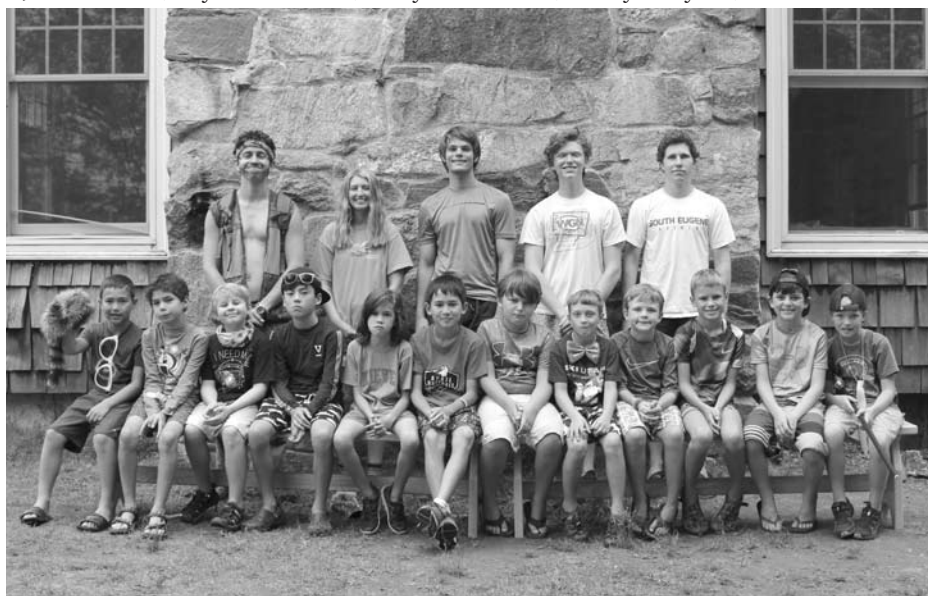
JUNIOR KIEVE KINDNESS & RESPECT - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Drew Marshall, Zephyr Pascador, Hayden Schwarz, Tommy Anderson, Luke Weiksner, Mathew Wood, Charlie Gates, Wells Tucker, Dean McKnight, Bo Hawkes, Max Andersen, Abby Rockefeller, David Schwarz; Bottom (L to R): Teddy Wyatt, Hammy Hadden, Wells Johnson, Drew McCaull, Hayes Schwarz



SOUTH GLENAYR I - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): James Nicollini, Alvin Hakizimana, Peter Howard, Steve Kilroy;
 Middle (L to R): Chase Vaughn, Felix Weston, Willem de Clerq, Ethan McIntosh,
 Asher Wilkening, Tague Smith, Alan Fine, Finn Lukianoff, Sam Bohlen;
 Back (L to R): Wes Dixon, Taylor Cashman, Abby Rockefeller, Henry Ledyard, Nick Menice



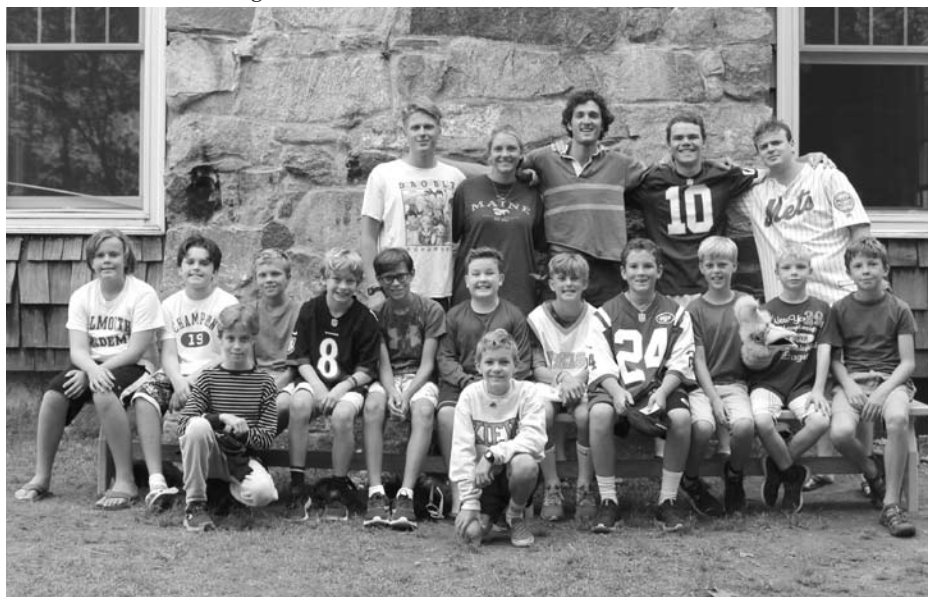
SOUTH GLENAYR II - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Matthew Jaroch, Elliot Levine, Ben Kallen, Jace Falvey, Phin Larmer-
 Beech, Rainer Schmitz, Jack Griffin, Nat Twining, Desi Sico, Willem Dengel, Grant
 DeRosa, Sandy LaCasse; Back (L to R): Lexi Kemp, Kate Fluke, Tom Linkas, Graham
 Kelley, Charlie Hansen



NORTH GLENAYR - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Alexander Plasecki, Gerry DiCunzolo, Luca Maniko; Middle (L to R): Henry Oster, Henry Dixon, Bear Pingree, Otto Giberson, Rush Oster, Charles Gilligan, Brooks, Burden, Dylan O'Connor, Forest Storer; Back (L to R): Jack Hall, Thomas Krush, Patrick Kavanagh, Charlie Demuth, Blake Cote



NORTH TOWNSEND - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Dash Larmer-Beech, Luke Chapdelaine; Middle (L to R): James Riddiford, Nico duPont, Liam Frostic, Bo Vaughn, James Hobelmann, Cameron Wood, Will Veale, Jack Pickett, George Bestill, Henrik Reuther, Paul Turner; Back (L to R): Jeff Coote, Nina Wilson, Gus Williams, Aiden Redmond



SOUTH BUNKERHILL - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Peter McGowan, Charlie Larkin, Charlie Winder; Middle (L to R): Carl Fremy, Charlie Alfond, Harrison Black, Julian Toomey, Ryan Farkas, Jake Clarke, Angus Buck, Conrad Wirch, Andrew Howard, Nick Vanderbilt; Back (L to R): Will Bliss, Isabelle Kitchel, Teddy Macfarlane, Hayes Zierdan, Phil Kaplan



SOUTH CUNNINGHAM - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Will Jakola, Owen Reardon, Jamie Dahlke; Middle (L to R): Malcolm Stanton, Carter Burden, Walton Cournoyes, Liam Hazeltine, Luke Wilmerding, Duco Zhao, Lachlan Neville, Will Unetich, Hank Cantlin, Lucas Dengel; Back (L to R): Will Demuth, Lindsey Harrison, Ben Dixon, Drew Marshall, Matteo Perper



SOUTH TOWNSEND - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Zephyr Pascador, Eleanor Smith, Justin Callahan, Parker Dotson, Quentin Abramo; Middle (L to R): Cameron Lindsey, Tiernan O'Regan, Teo Percher, Teddy LaCasse, Patrick Toomey, Narinn Pozios, Laird Tansill, Brady Harwick, Thomas Toomey, Lucas de Clercq, Brendan O'Malley; Bottom (L to R): Charlie West, Auggie Gardiner



NORTH BUNKERHILL I - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Marty Arnold, Griffin Hall, Jack Roberts, Charlie Gomprecht; Middle (L to R): Ryan Little, Tomas Griffin, Gavin Hakizimana, Shema Rwaganje, Teddy Epker, Andy Beckerlegge, Timmy Bruder, Nick Weil, Aidan Raney, Rodrigo Cisneros; Bottom (L to R): Will Skiff, Charlie Iverson, Jack Miller, Will Toomey



NORTH BUNKERHILL II - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Aubie Robbins, Theo Peaper, James Counselmann, Will Oster; Middle (L to R): Oliver Kallen, Luke Hansen, Slater Fairfield, Will Frank, Henry Wirch, Petie Thelander, Isaac Figini, JD Oster, John Rockefeller; Back (L to R): Christian Rodrigue, Brooks Biddle, Ella White, Will Kaback



NORTH CUNNINGHAM - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Luke Renzi, Eoin Sullivan, Rhys McIntosh, Garydon Garnett; Middle (L to R): Ian Aarts, Lucas Imlah, Mano Levine, Elliott Resnick, Jack Ford, Ryan Hayne, Henry Chadbourne, Austin Del Col, Wilson Searby; Back (L to R): Sarah Burgin, Mason Swindell, Will Janvier, Parker Swensrud



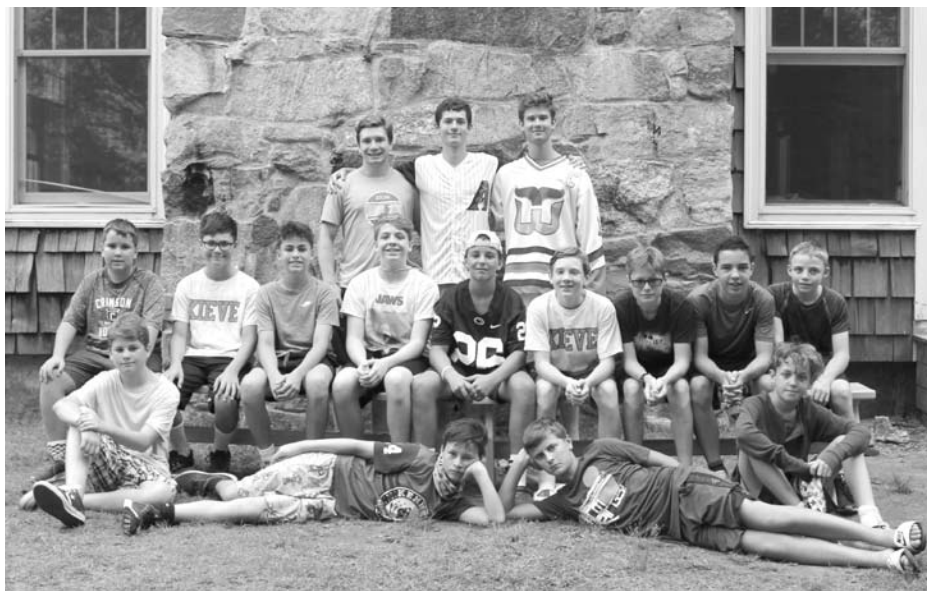
SOUTH HARRIS - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Will Smyers, Henry West, Logan Henyon; Middle (L to R): Ben Kisilywicz, Russell Tussing, Nathan Campbell, Dawson Handy, Miguel Eduardo Gaviria, Charlie Saunders, Rowan Packard, Miles Shannon, Lorny Goodyear, Grayson McNeeley; Back (L to R): Andy Conner, Colin Redmond, Braxton Antill, Ang Franke



NORTH HARRIS - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): Lauren Begley, Liam Duggan, Mike Hornung, Cam Stafford; Middle (L to R): Henry Gilligan, Simon Mutunzi, Grant DeSutter, James Wagg, Siorus Loxton, Jacob Winfield, Jon Flaherty, Luke Clarke, Lucas Sajdak; Bottom (L to R): Brandt Kiser, Coby Koehler, Johnny Shanahan, Pharex Ndjoko



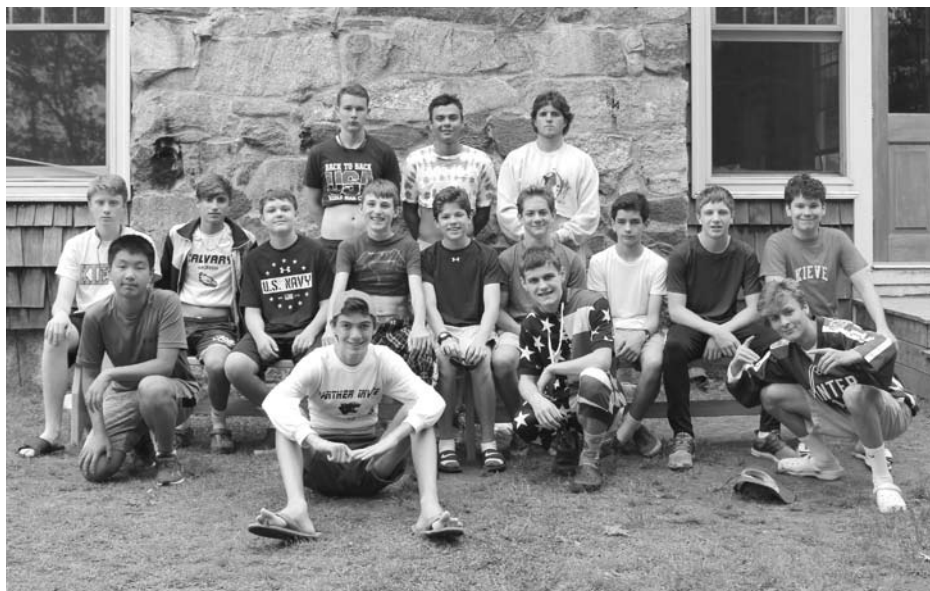
NORTH HARRINGTON - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Artie Ponte, Will Farkas, Waller Dixon, Ian Valdmanis; Middle (L to R): Johnny Hoffman, Bob Spinna, Colin Regan, Xander McTeague, Banks Young, Riggs Taylor, Grant Kauffman, David Connolly, Eli Wilkening; Back (L to R): Eric Mehrberg, Michael Pilkington, Miles Thompson



BANK I - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Pearce Foley, Brew Smyers; Middle (L to R): Ezra Padgett, Peter Garrison, Parker Seymour, Thatcher Neville, Luke Boudouvas, John Annis, Render Ford, Barrett Pickett, Clayton Annis, Nicholas Hayne, Tyler Margitan; Back (L to R): Mac Muller, Connor Vaniewski, Johnny Hollington



BANK II - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Zunian Luo, Will Sloomaker, Porter Pierce, Hugh Gardiner; Middle (L to R): Leverett Wilson, Cole Hocklander, Connor McInnis, Jackson Ruthig, Ian Rothfoll, Sam Suter, Armand Fremy, Bavo Vandenhoeck, Ian Wilson; Back (L to R): Billy Leyden, Keelan Woodard, Carter Sednaoui



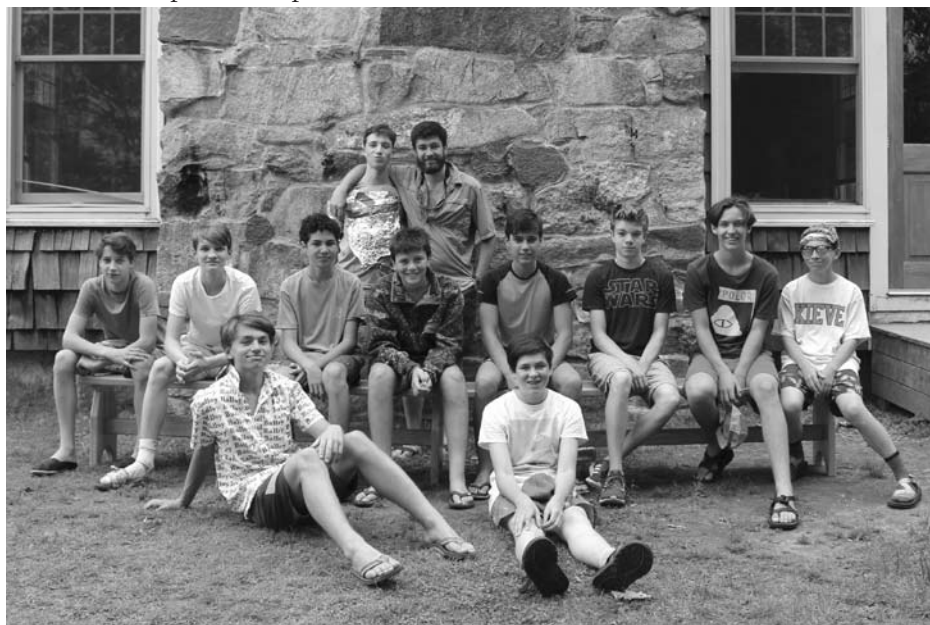
ALLAGASH I - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Daniel Evans, Charlie Burke, Griffin Warren, Yann Ishimwe; Middle (L to R): JD Farkins, Nelson Lamb, Connor Sensenich, Garrett Hall, Jack Pyle, Ascher Cahn, Luke Casteen, Jameson Hochoer, Tommy Burton; Back (L to R): Gill Walker, Forrest Lazzara, Bruce Haywood



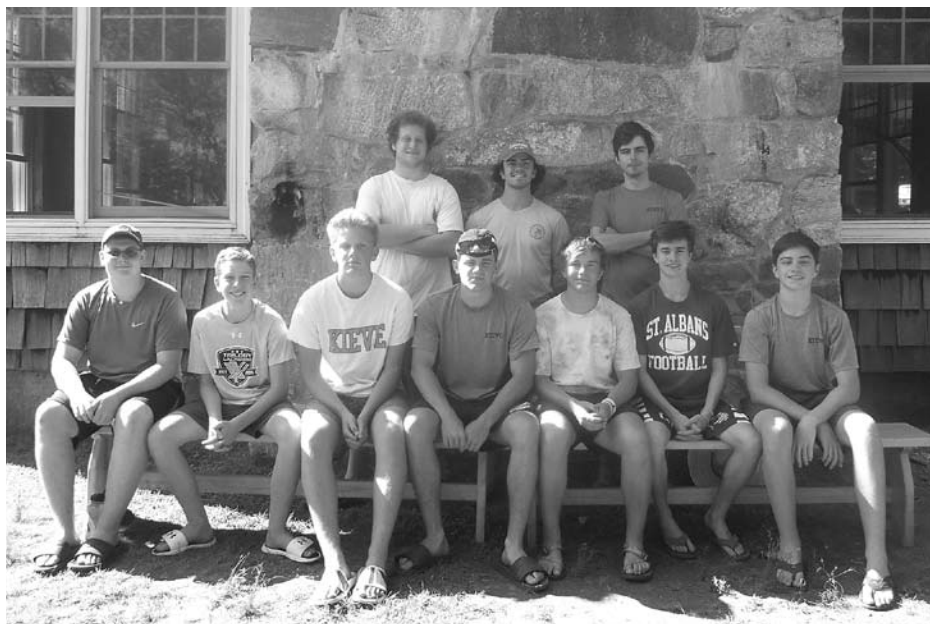
ALLAGASH II - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Samuel Rwaganje, Andrew Jaroach, Jasper Norman, Owen Cronin, Alex Patricelli, Theo Chavarot, Noah Angelico, Devan Mehrish, Bryson Escobar; Back (L to R): Ellis Cooper, Nick Speranza, Connor Thomas



ALLAGASH III - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Halsey Souder, Thompson Geraghty; Middle (L to R): August Michalke, Eli Forant, Sean Slingsby, Lucas De La Vaga, Tristan Beriot, Luke Thibalt, Aidan Del Col, Daniel Cibbarelli; Back (L to R): Luca Perper, Eddie Fischer



LONG VOYAGE I - SECOND SESSION

Top (L to R): George Janvier, Matt Kellett, Niall McDonald; Bottom (L to R): Finn Lyness, Peter Del Col, Sam Borggaard, Will Kaufmann, Gunnar Young, Campbell Holliday, Brooks Walker



LONG VOYAGE II - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Gabe Marlo, Thomas Kisilywicz, Charlie Grunow, Harris Proctor, Max Jiang, Beckham ytterdahl, Theo Walsh, Nick Bazarko; Back (L to R): Sam Czaja, Lars Larson



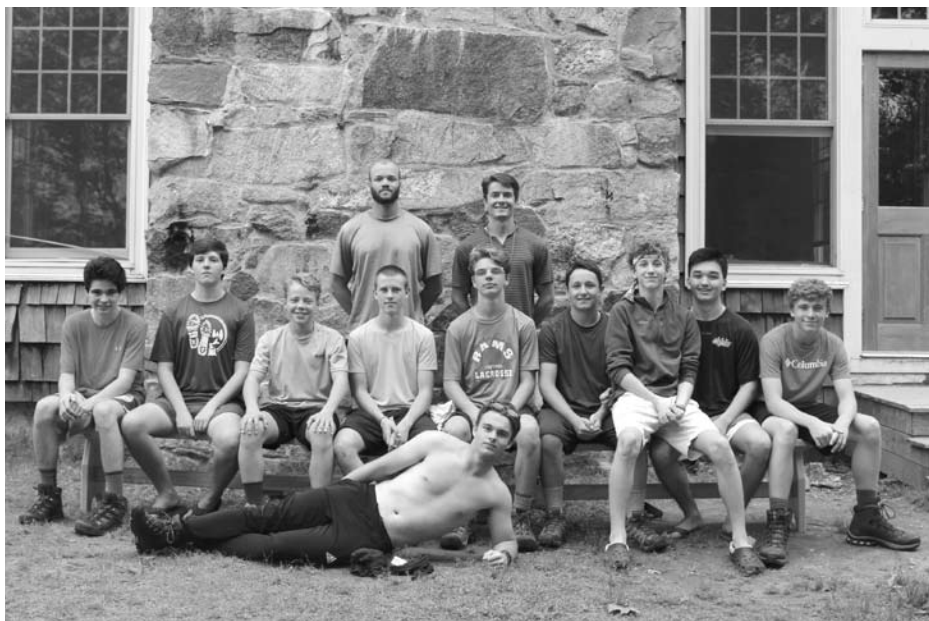
LONG VOYAGE III - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Mitch McQuillan, Vincent Shea, Dillon Sutko, Griffin Woodward, Collin Handy, Henry Holt, Lachlan Wood, Griffin Malkovsky; Back (L to R): Matt Conley, Nick Giandrea



MAINE TRAILS I - SECOND SESSION

Front (L to R): Alex Unruh, Mark Shapiro, Felix Vlack, Caleb Packard, Charlie Niccolini, Gavin Reid, Sam Gardiner, Nate Cimral; Back (L to R): Hayden McKee, Alex Bensley



MAINE TRAILS II - SECOND SESSION

Front: Jack Lonergan; Middle (L to R): Brennan Escobar, Patrick Duffy, Lucas Falzan, Andrey Bolz, Jack Begin, Dray Krahmer, Michael Brackett, Ali Buzzacot, Thomas Regan; Back (L to R): Andrew Robinson, James Lawton



First Session OD Reports

Day 1 – June 18th – Sam Kennedy

And they're off! Counselors have been rolling in since the first days of June for training. We've been lifeguarding, paddling, CPR-ing, and learning about each other, ourselves and our kids. Everyone is chomping at the bit for KIDS, KIDS KIDS! to arrive!

The first day of the session is always packed with nervous energy. And today was no different. The Foursquare court was bumping by lunchtime and Round Top delivery in the afternoon helped hold us over until THE BUS arrived. There was some traffic down south so the bus didn't get in until 7 pm. But then all was right with the world: spaghetti and Super Counselor at dinner. Charlie Richardson led Simon Says for the evening activity. It feels awesome to have Kieve come alive again for the summer of 2019.

Day 2 – June 19th – Pete Cooke

June 18th, 2019, marks the first full day of Camp Kieve and the first day I spent on Earth. At Kieve, I witnessed a rare and wondrous culture awaken from hibernation.

The day started with a camp-wide congregation around a seemingly sacred rock—many of the taller, hairier looking individuals (counselors I came to learn) waved their hands until the small ones moved from the dark granite. Standing on the rock before the almost three hundred strong crowd, I looked upon eyes eager to push forward into the day. I reciprocated the excitement, offering a welcome and the advice that such a beautiful place ought to be explored and enjoyed to its fullest.

The energy reached a peak with the promise of moving downhill to share a family-style breakfast inside Pasquaney, incidentally the building in which I parked my spaceship, the Discover 1069. With so many friends already gathered at PQ, I thought it appropriate to introduce Kieve to a group of aliens from my home galaxy (Jack Roberts, Parker Swensrud, Brooks Biddle, Sam Czaja).

For Test Duty, the aliens ate their

species' favorite snack of Lornadoons off of their faces by means of only moving their face muscles. Indeed, it was a fun show that also gave us all clean Buck bathrooms.

After nourishing ourselves, the camp broke into small groups to complete tasks all over campus. I saw campers and counselors alike disposing of trash, beautifying spaces, and organizing activities for the day. Their ethic of care towards their work directed to even the smallest piece of micro trash gave me the impression that even the ground itself at Kieve must hold great value.

Afterward, the camp amassed again in one group, this time before a camera. Immediately, the entire campus knew that this moment was an opportunity to be remembered. Everyone conjured their most colorful clothing, assembled their goofiest costumes, and flipped their favorite jerseys to have their player over their heart. After the camera swiveled nearly 180 degrees and snapped several frames, the photographed, a little sweaty and cramped, stood up from their positions, congratulating others on their laugh-provoking costumes and poses seen across the bend.

Next, for the purpose of unification, the camp ironically divided itself into two groups: veteran campers and kids new to Kieve. For the kids returning to camp, they walked down the familiar, beaten paths of Kieve's campus in search of "open-hill" activities or relaxed in the shade of PQ's awning like lions accustomed to the day's heat.

Meanwhile, the greenest of the campers faced the blue of lake Damariscotta. Throwing themselves off the peninsula's main dock, the new campers braved the rite of passage known as the "Island Swim," well aware of the three hundred yards of physical exertion ahead of them. Here, I knew, even the smallest of splashes were all the consequence of the largest of leaps. To meet these courageous jumps were always the reassuring cheers and smiles of counselors and older campers, already on their way to becoming leaders.

Back at my place of stay in Allagash I, veterans warmly dapped up the new guys upon hearing of their trials (it was not a matter that some did not make it to the island).

All of the activity around Swim Island attracted the attention of my alien friends, who soon visited the island, where they discovered a vast Lornadoon deposit. Intent upon destroying the island to harvest the treats, the aliens attracted the attention of the interplanetary robot community, who deem all Lornadoons sacred as to honor Mother Oven, the Lornadoon oven who became the first ever machine to discover consciousness (Gill Walker, Christian Rodrique, Carter Sednaoui, and Matteo Perper). The tension between the two groups grew to be too much for the community to handle, so the people rested for an hour.

The conflict, however, remained unresolved. Everyone present knew that only the evening's activity was able to assuage the troubling politics of Swim Island. Capture the flag, apparently a panacea for even intergalactic, economy-driven incidents of heresy, eased the camp into the ritual of lowering the flags flapping over the promontory; Jerome Roscoe and Bruce Wright lowered the flags this day.

Upon ending the first day at Kieve, the community envisioned the future and the challenges we all faced. Undaunted and secure in our brothers' arms, we all took comfort in the loyalty experienced even in the first revolution before the sun.

Day 3 – June 20th – Matthew Kellett

Today started out just like any other day. Everyone gathered around the flag at 8 am ready for the first normal day of the session. At flag, I informed the campers that it would have to be a relatively low key day, as we had some special celebrity guests visiting who were trying to get away from some wild issues going on in Hollywood. Our guests included Lil Dicky, Post Malone, Justin Bieber, Seth Rogen, and Lady Gaga. To get the ball rolling, I called up brothers Zander and Andrew DeLuca from Maine Trails III to help in raising the flag, just as promised on our bus ride to camp on Tuesday.

The campers were then dismissed and sent to breakfast where they had their credentials checked on the guest list by the bodyguards assigned to look after our celebrities before entering Pasquaney.

During breakfast, we paid homage to our more musically inclined guests with a playlist of their top hits bumping through the speakers. To say the least, Bieber's throwback "Baby" certainly got the electricity flowing throughout the room. Following breakfast, our celebrities each made a quick announcement introducing themselves.

We then moved onto Test Duty which consisted of the famous "Kieve's Got Talent" in which three teams of two counselors showed off their special talents. The winner, by a landslide, was Peter Knowlton with a BEAUTIFUL rendition of "A Whole New World" from Aladdin, paired with George Maguire's spectacular interpretive dance.

After campers finished up their duties, we all gathered at the picnic tables to assign morning activities and announce the G-Swim schedule. While we were gathered, a wild fan came charging down the hill screaming, "I LOVE YOU, BIEBER," and tried to get too close to the stars. Our bodyguards quickly jumped into action as they dragged the fan away and secured the area.

Following activities, we all went down to G-Swim for a quick dip. As we wrapped up, the first skit theme was, what if our celebrity guests went on Kieve trips? What would that look like? The one thing we learned is that Justin Bieber would be an absolute drama queen... The second skit was, if Kieve had a reality TV show, what would it be like? The inside jokes were endless and each skit was completely different from the last.

Lunch came around, and everything was relatively normal except Seth Rogen was nowhere to be found... We decided not to worry as odds are he just needed a nap as it had been a busy day for him helping in the woodshop. Everyone then went down to rest hour and a surprise Lil Dicky concert was announced, to take place immediately after. One problem... Lil Dicky went missing too after rest

hour... Something was up for sure but it was probably best to stay calm and wait it out.

After activities, we had to change the plan due to rain. Instead of G-Swim, we decided to do a fun egg drop with the whole camp as each cabin made containers designed to protect their eggs during the long fall from the balcony inside Buck. Everything was going well until we started to wrap up. All of a sudden, two masked men wielding a bat and a frying pan ran out and kidnapped Lady Gaga! Of course, I began panicking knowing her manager would not be happy with me...

After the incident at the egg drop, we decided it would be best to go straight to dinner rather than wander around camp as the celebrity kidnappers were running wild. During dinner announcements, campers Bowen Cox and Rainer Malhotra received special shout-outs from "The A Box" for helping clean up after meals and activities without anyone having to ask. Good job boys!!

After announcements, I had to deliver some bad news... Seeing as all of our celebrities except for Bieber and Post Malone had been abducted, it wasn't going to be safe for us to have an EA tonight. Just as I was dropping the news to everyone, the masked kidnappers came running in and this time took our only remaining celebrities! Just as I thought all hope was lost, a third masked man handed me a note. The note explained that they were kidnapping celebrities for their talents to start a new show. However, if we could create a list of spectacular camper talents for them to use instead, they would set all of the celebrities free to go home. In order to create this list, the whole camp played a giant game of "Best of the Best" in which campers were given prompts such as smelliest shoes, and best joke to present to the camp. Everyone had a blast, and yes, we did create a perfect list leading the kidnappers to release all of our celebrities.

Following the game, we all headed up to flag to wrap up the night. I shared some words of wisdom, explaining that no matter what troubles you may be facing, whether it is kidnappers trying

to steal your talent, or even school work related stress during the year, we all have our wonderful Kieve family who will always be there to lift us up and make our day better. I called up my brother, Taylor Kellett, and past camper, Ryan Wernke, to help me in lowering the flag. We then joined each other in singing the Kieve song before making our way back to our cabins. Quick thanks to all who helped make this a fantastic day.

Day 4 – June 21st – Patrick Kavanagh

The day began late with a jolly "g'day" by none other than everyone's favorite adventurer, Steve Irwin. Today Kieve went "down under" to see if we had what it takes to survive in the Australian Outback; campers were challenged to cheer louder and earn as many quals as they could to prove their resilience. Into the drizzling, gray sky, Edward Lilly and Henry Stimpson raised the flag. With that, table boys followed by cabins were sent down to breakfast.

The voices of Australian singers filled Pasquaney as camp feasted on French toast. During announcements, we said goodbye to Long Voyage I as they embarked on a journey into the Outback – in this case the Maine equivalent. Steve introduced to camp the koala. During announcements, the New Zealanders, Peter Knowlton and George Janvier, were disappointed to discover today was all Aussie. For Test Duty, counselors fought for spelling victory in an Australian-slang spelling contest. Forrest Lazzara, Justin Callahan, and Charlie Gomprecht were our spellers, but Charlie earned herself a cleaning of the Buck bathrooms. Campers were then dismissed for duties and activities.

We were fortunate enough to have a sleep-in, so morning G-Swim was canceled, and we went straight to lunch. Steve then introduced the kangaroo to camp and explained how aggressive they could be! The day began to fly by despite the rain and we were suddenly at afternoon G-Swim where the raft-skit was to portray a Kieve cabin in the Outback.

At dinner, the final Australian animal, the crocodile, was introduced to the camp. During announcements, our Kiwis

were back... and they were angry. Upset that New Zealand is overpowered by Australia, they released the animals from the cage! I, Steve Irwin, needed help finding them; and the only way to do that was through a big game of Escape to Freedom!

After the EA, we met as a camp back on the rock to reflect on the day. The boys were reminded that Kieve is a place to take controlled risks and challenge yourself. Abe Guilford and Wesley Mitchell lowered the flag and we sang the Kieve song. With that, another amazing Kieve day ended.

Day 5 – June 22nd – Will Janvier

This morning the camp was greeted at flag by a rap performance from semi-famous C-list rapper VA. Everyone was then informed that the rap game of Kieve was in shambles, and a tournament would be held between six counselors who would perform raps at every meal to advance to the finals.

The campers spent their rest hours preparing a musical performance for the evening activity Air Guitar. For Air Guitar, each cabin has their chance to show Kieve anything involving campers' talents, musical ability, or impressive skills that may not have otherwise had a spotlight to show to the entire camp. Some notable performances included Allagash's tribute to Michael Jordan, the Bank cabins combined for a compilation of dance moves, and North Glenayr's important message of not to pee in the pool.

After the performance the campers enjoyed the final rap battle in which Crazy-J of the Woodshop was declared the Kieve King of Rap, and the only thing that could follow was the traditional Man-Ritz Skit. The campers all came out and showed their abilities with plenty of laughs and some truly amazing moments.

Day 6 – June 23rd – Lauren Begley

Today, Camp Kieve turned Hawaiian! The day started off hot and sunny which set the theme of the day just right. Today is all about relaxing, nice weather, hammocks, beach balls and everything

tropical. Matthew Scudiere and John Baker raised the flag on this beautiful day.

As we went down to a pancake breakfast, we listened to Hawaiian music and threw pancakes from hammocks. The campers were all able to grab a lei from the front of PQ to join in on the fun. The campers loved listening to a "Hawaiian Rollercoaster Ride" and dancing on chairs.

After counselors made their announcements, the Test Duty was a game of limbo. Ella White, Brooks Biddle, Austin Fairchild, Sarah Burgin and Phil Kaplan were the competitors and Brooks Biddle lost! He had to do the Plinko chart and had to clean Buck Bathrooms. After that, we said peace and a bowl of hair grease to South Townsend, North Cunningham, North Harrington and Allagash I.

Next, the campers went down to get clean and ready for inspection. Once the chapel bell rang, the campers went down after choir practice. James Lawton gave a wonderful speech about why he loves Kieve and how he has to keep returning.

After an intense inspection, we had a rolling lunch of chicken, watermelon and corn. The winners of sweetest and loudest, and inspection were revealed earning their inspection bands or cake. The inspection winners also got to engage in the goofy inspection dance with Walter and Tommy.

After a lovely rest hour, the kids came up for afternoon activities. They were ready for some water activities to cool off from the hot day. During G-swim, the raft skit topic was the best Kieve style luau. The kids created skits involving pig roasts, hula dancing, chants, and tiki torches.

While we rolled into dinner, we had our typical hot dog and hamburger dinner. After some hang-ten and chiller announcements, it was revealed the evening activity was a big luau at Harriet House. The campers threw on their swimsuits and ran down to Harriet House. The campers enjoyed 4-square, slip and slide, Hawaiian Kool-Aid drinks, Frisbee and hula hooping. The kids were able to mix their Kool-Aid drinks to create



their own unique combination. The kids cooled off from the day with the slip 'n slide.

All of camp walked up to flag together. We circled up around flag and were reminded of the unique paradise/vacation that Kieve offers. We are so lucky to enjoy a place like Kieve. We all reflected on what Kieve provides for us and how we are able to have such a fun but relaxing time at summer camp. Henry Mishkin and Rainer Malholtra lowered the flag with the Kieve song on another successful camp day.

Day 7 – June 24th – Mike Tirone

The day brought clear skies and temperature in the mid to low 70s. The theme of the day was 1926 day which had all the counselors wearing the original white “K” tank top. At flag I set the year by stating ringing off recent news of the time, Ford model T is the bestselling car, the stock market is bulling, and Calvin Coolidge was the current president. I had Zack Hawkes and Sander Smith of Bank I raise the flag. At breakfast I played the top hits of the time (1920s) and for Test Duty I put on display an arm-wrestling tournament. The test duty was meant to resemble “Old Kieve” games that involved skill and brute strength.

For the first G-Swim I had two counselors do a canoe tilt and the skit was “what counselors do on their day off during 1926.” After lunch I picked two teams of three for a tug-o-war. The under-dog won. Rest hour commenced and ended without a hitch. The weather stayed constant from the morning and cooled into the afternoon.

At the final G-Swim I asked rafts to make a skit about “how Kieve was created,” since Kieve was founded in 1926. The final activity for the day was a wood chuck. This was where counselors would chuck wood and who ever threw the wood the farthest was crowned the winner.

The EA was ultimate sport which were a bunch of sports are open and campers can go to which ever they want. The day ended with two North Glenayrians, James Michaelson and Blaise Saad, lowering the flag.

Day 8 – June 25th – Marty Arnold

Today was international catfish day, so naturally the morning opened with the discovery of a new species – the so dubbed catfish. After this announcement, Ben Fredrick and Tucker Brown raised the flag and the camp headed down the hill to a breakfast of scrambled eggs and bacon. At morning announcements, a drawing of the catfish was revealed and the search for the catfish began.

Additionally, in a four-person piggy back, four cabins announced that they would be leaving on trip. Another two trips announced their departure for a total of six cabins leaving camp this morning. We sang happy birthday to a camper leaving on one of these trips.

Bruce also began a theme of conspiracy theorist announcements claiming non-belief in the newly discovered catfish. After breakfast Matteo Pepper lost a lip-sync battle against Graham Kelly and George Janvier for Test Duty. The fun music and energetic dancing were not effective in attracting a catfish to morning activities.

Morning activities progressed smoothly and ended with one G-swim at 11:30. The raft skits were of what the first reaction to a catfish might have been. Raft 4 came in first with a skit about whether it would be called a catfish or a fish-cat.

Lunch was hard and soft shell tacos served with lettuce, cheese, guacamole, and salsa. Lunch announcements began with Charlie Richardson’s clue for to find today’s O’Henry Bar. Peter Knowlton spoke with his intergalactic magic box to announce a new bead to be earned at today’s archery tournament. Finally we caught a glimpse of the cat-fish, attracted by a shiny spoon.

Afternoon activities were interrupted by rain clouds rolling in which cancelled G-Swim. Instead the cabins met in Buck for a jump rope game led by Cam. Dinner was outside as the rain died down.

Announcements concluded with a climactic argument between the conspiracy theorists and the believers in the mystical catfish. The argument ended with the announcement of an EA of Color Wars. Color wars ended in an honest to god Kieve Tie at 28-28 points.

The night ended with a message on the power of community and the flag was lowered by Thomas and Duddly from North Glenayr.

Day 9 – June 26th – Bo Hawkes

Hear, hear! A warm, southerly wind gently caressed the Kieve flag as it was hoisted up the flagpole. With waking campers gathered around the rock, President Hozeman Bawkes announced his retirement from politics. This news shocked many campers, but also came as a delightful surprise to those frustrated with the current regime (all zero of them hehe).

Once the flag was up and everyone packed themselves into Pasquaney for breakfast, it was time to introduce the candidates running to take over Bawkes' position. Several counselors announced how they would improve camper lives around Kieve, but it was George Cole's "family man speech" that impressed. With the candidate introductions over, Test Duty consisted of counselors attempting to freehand draw the paddle and thistle to the best of their ability. Marty Arnold proved himself as the clear winner of Test Duty after beautifully crafting a Picasso-esque piece.

After morning activities and G-swim wrapped up, it was time for lunch. Lunch was a delicious serving of chicken and potatoes, with fruit on the side. As soon as campers and counselors finished off their plates, another round of candidate speeches began. The highlights included George Janvier demonstrating his ability to connect with the hearts and minds of voters and Taylor Cashman appealing to the Maryland demographic.

Once lunch and rest hour concluded, it was time for afternoon activities and G-swim. Blessed with a sunny day, campers enjoyed Election Day activities to the best of their abilities. Even the hard working, blue collar Connecticut voters were able to indulge in a bit of fun. G-swim ran smoothly as well, as campers were excited to hop in the water before dinner.

Dinner was important on this day, as it signaled the conclusion of candidate speeches. Sarah Burgin made an

impressive final push, but it was not enough to upend the brothers Janvier and their courageous campaign. The announcement of Janvier becoming president led into a huge game of gold rush. Gold rush was only fitting, as Janvier had promised a new, financially fruitful life within the confines of Camp Kieve.

As soon as campers tracked down all of the gold rocks on campus, each cabin returned to PQ for a helping of Round Top ice cream. With full bellies, campers then made the trek up to flag. Bawkes concluded the evening by reminiscing on how each and every camper exceeded his expectations for the day, and how the counselors helped bring Election Day together. With that, the final day of the Bawkes regime came to an end.

Day 10 – June 27th – Colin Redmond

On the morning of Thursday, June 27th, Camp Kieve walked up to flag at 8 in the morning with great anticipation for the arrival of the Junior Kieve campers who would be staying with us for a short ten days. This day made for a perfect, low-key yet impactful theme that would be known as "imaginary friend day." A necessary staple of our camp is being true to yourself and not pretending to be something else, and that is what imaginary friend day is really all about. Flag began with counselors talking to themselves (their imaginary friends) and taking time to introduce Tobias, the imaginary co-OD.

Everyone silently laughed as we stood in silence for 15 seconds while we pretended Tobias was introducing himself. Breakfast sausages were the main food on the menu that morning and it seemed as if table boys were getting refills at the window every two minutes. Everyone danced a bit too as the morning's playlist was filled to the brim with the Kieve classics. After breakfast, announcements were pretty standard other than the few counselors who introduced their imaginary friends. The odd announcements were well received by everyone and we all had some laughs.

For Test Duty we did what's called a

veggie-off where contestants hear an adjective and a certain vegetable which they then must act out. The “applause-o-meter” decided that Mason Swindell would be the loser and end up having to clean the Pasquaney men’s bathroom. For the rest of the morning, campers went to their assigned activities while the JK campers began to arrive.

During the morning general swim, in order to come in, each raft had to act out what a river trip would be like with an imaginary friend in your canoe. Every skit was hilarious and kept the good vibes flowing all the way through lunch. Campers scarfed down their chicken salad or steak and cheese sandwiches in what again felt like an incredibly quick meal. This gave everyone ample time to throw a frisbee or play at box sports before Indian circle. Indian circle ended up being a little more exciting than the rest as we chanted “we got JK...!” over and over. Counselors were also introducing their imaginary friends, and as activities were announced, the counselors did a great job of incorporating the theme of being weird and silly. After announcements were over, everyone headed back down to their cabins for a well-deserved rest hour.

The afternoon included activities such as “mystery bus” and “s.u.p. polo,” which only occur a few times each session. The vibes at camp were good and all the way through the afternoon swim JK campers kept coming in one by one, being welcomed by all counselors and most campers. At the afternoon swim, each raft had to compete in a Kieve classic, the smallest splash competition. The winning raft had an imaginary friend “jump” into the water to make the smallest splash possible which had almost everyone laughing. This led us into dinner, which was slower than lunch and much calmer.

After dinner, counselors started making announcements about how they recently got in an argument with their imaginary friend who has now run away because of it. This included a lot of drama and even Tobias, the co-OD, ended up sprinting out of Pasquaney in a bout of anger and frustration.

This was the perfect set-up for the evening activity which would be a big game of paparazzi. The objective was to locate the five counselors scattered throughout the campus who were posing as imaginary friends. It was North Cunningham that ended up finding all the counselors, allowing them to spin the wheel deciding what their prize would be. This was the first time the famous wheel was ever used, and to shock everyone, it landed on “whole camp treat.” As everyone was going crazy over the coming treats, fingers started to point towards a double rainbow which doubled the level of rowdiness that we were already at. The moment was truly surreal and something most people their might never forget.

After that crazy occurrence, everyone walked up to flag with a smile on their face, ready to end the day. At flag, the final remarks were all about how important it is to always be true to yourself. Kieve is like its own little world when you’re a camper, and what’s on the outside can be pretty harsh at times. This is why it’s so imperative that we are all always helping to create an environment in which people can be who they are, no matter how its viewed in society. It is sacred place for these kind of reasons, something that we sometimes take for granted.

Day 11 – June 28th – James Lawton

Friday, June 28 is Toy Story Day! At morning flag, Woody the cowboy (Parker Dotson) greeted the entire camp, expressing how excited he was to be at Kieve and have an opportunity to introduce his toy friends to everyone. Suddenly, he realized that his human best friend Andy was approaching, and he froze into inanimate mode. Andy Lawton stepped out onto the rock, relieved to find Woody waiting for him. Andy greeted his camper friends and explained that he was hanging out at Kieve for the day and thought it would be a great idea to bring along his toy friends. They were just too cool and fun to keep all to himself, and he felt that the joy that his toys brought him should be shared with all of Kieve. Ben McDonnell and Read Kitchel of North Bunkerhill II

raised the flag to officially start the day.

After a delicious breakfast of French toast, Andy brought the campers to attention for counselor announcements. During announcements, Andy introduced the other toys hanging around Kieve for the day. Mr. Potato Head (Nick Speranza), Hamm a.k.a. Mr. Evil Dr. Pork Chop (Bruce Haywood), Jesse (Blake Cote), Bo Peep (Nina Wilson), Rex (Aaron Zhao), and Slink (Mason Swindell/Billy Leyden) were all in attendance. Suddenly, Andy's mom walked into Pasquaney to present Andy with a new toy—a Buzz Lightyear action figure (Charlie Demuth). Ecstatic, Andy turned on Buzz for the first time. With the light of life in his eyes, Buzz exclaimed, “To infinity and beyond!” as Andy stepped outside to take care of some chores for his mom.

With Andy gone, the toys came to life and greeted Buzz for the first time. Woody was very skeptical of Buzz, perhaps because of a worry that the space explorer would steal his best human friend. Before Buzz and Woody could have a real conversation, Andy stepped back into the room and the toys froze. Andy then announced cabin duties, followed by Test Duty. Test Duty involved Sarah Burgin, Matt Kellett, Walter Geraghty and Will Janvier. Each contestant listened to a Disney song of their choice through a pair of headphones, and then danced and sang their own rendition for the camp. An applause-o-meter determined Walter as the man for Test Duty. With breakfast concluded, camp moved on to complete their duties before breaking for morning activities.

At G-Swim, Andy asked the rafts to act out what the toys do when he is gone. The skits were very creative. Some groups reenacted a dance party, others raided the Buck snack room or went to activities, and one group hit the gym to beef up. By the time G-Swim was over, everyone was ready for a hefty lunch.

After everyone got their fill of tasty sandwiches, veggies and ‘taters, drama between the toys unfolded. Andy showed off Buzz’s flight capabilities and was obviously more fired up about hanging out with Buzz than with his old toys. Remembering that he had chores to do,

he retreated into Pasquaney.

Once again, with Andy gone, the toys came to life. This time, Woody confronted Buzz. Woody exclaimed that Buzz was stealing his friend, and that he’s been around for way longer than Buzz. Woody noted that it’s not fair that Andy spends so much time with Buzz, despite everything that he has been through with Woody. Jesse came to Buzz’s defense, and said that it’s only natural that Andy would be obsessed with his newest toy. Woody replied: “Oh, you’re with him now?” very upset. Buzz retorted to Woody that it’s no surprise that Andy likes Buzz better, because he’s simply a better toy. Just when there was about to be a fight, Andy came back and the toys go into freeze mode. Andy asked his frozen friends if they were getting along, and was suspicious when he noticed that he did not leave his toys in their current positions. Andy clearly needed some time to think, so he dismissed the entire camp to rest hour.

After a beautiful afternoon full of a mix of sporty, chill and aquatic activities, it was time to cool off at afternoon G-Swim. This time around, the skit theme was a rendition of a brand new, innovative toy. The afternoon skits were just as creative as the morning and again, everyone was ready for a delicious dinner. After filling up on chicken drummies, mac and cheese and veggies, evening announcements commenced.

A real sense of tension developed between Woody and Buzz, and the two toys exchanged verbal jabs while their toy friends were forced to choose sides. Andy realized the gravity of the situation, and realized that a conflict like this could only be settled one way—with a giant game of capture the flag! Miraculously, the game ended in a Kieve tie. Around the rock, Abe Guilford and Henry Stimpson of NBHII lowered the flag to officially bring the day to an end.

Day 12 – June 29th – Peter Knowlton

It was a grey and cloudy morning on June 29th, the perfect weather for Counter-Revolution Day. As cabins made their way up to the top of the hill, I was happy to see that most counselors



were wearing red. When everyone was gathered at flag, I recounted the story of John Goodman's OD day many years ago, when the evil Tsar Phifer ruled over a chaotic and unequal Kieve. Goodman and his revolutionaries overthrew the Tsar, and instilled new order into the camp. It was now my duty as Peter Noltokov, Premier of the Kieve Union and Leader of the Revolutionary Party, to uphold Goodman's legacy and the order the Party had created.

Under the Party's rule, all activities were assigned rather than signed up for, there were duties after every meal, and quals were shared equally among all campers rather than earned individually. After my campers Ollie Pepper and Everett June raised the flag, everyone was sent down to Pasquany for breakfast. A red banner with a crossed golden paddle and thistle, mimicking the hammer and sickle in the Soviet flag, hung over the Kieve symbol. The inside walls were lined with propaganda posters for the Revolutionary Party, using Goodman's image as a Lenin-like idol. The breakfast playlist consisted of songs referencing Russia, the Soviet Union, and the Cold War era as a whole, including the very popular Soviet National Anthem.

Once breakfast was done and all counselors were done reading the sheet, I ran announcements alongside my KGB agents, George Maguire and Patrick Kavanaugh. We had an Oh Henry Bah update and a Grill Fairy Dance, however the majority of announcements were counselors vehemently praising the Party and its actions. Only one counselor dissented, and that was George Janvier. He was quickly taken away to the swamp by my KGB agents, and the other counselors began chanting "Gulag" as he left.

After I read off the duties, I called up our Test Duty contestants, Lauren Begley, Isabelle Kitchel, Tom Linkas, and Charlie Demuth, for a classic Kieve Union game of move-rocks-from-one-bowl-to-another. The game was more chaotic than I expected, and Charlie's bowl of rocks ended up on the floor. We gave him Test Duty, which he was more than happy to accept as a loyal member

of the Party. After duties I gave the cabins their assigned activities and the G-Swim times for the morning.

After a smooth set of morning activity periods, I went down to the dock oversee G-Swim. It was Pain Dive Saturday, and as counselor after counselor was demanded to run past me and dive into the water on their stomach, I was very thankful that I could not be called on as the OD. As we always do, I gave raft skit prompts for the campers to return to dry land. The first prompt was to do a short song and dance praising the Revolutionary Party. The second prompt was to show what Kieve would look like in the Soviet Union. All the skits were very good, and under the doctrine of the Revolutionary Party they were actually all equal in value, but even as Premier I had to respect the Kieve tradition and rank them from best to worst.

After a filling and non-individualistic lunch, my KGB agents and I returned to the stage to run announcements. Again, most of the announcements consisted of blind and total praise of the Party, however a few more dissenters began to speak out this time, wearing white in support of Janvier. There were far too many to be dealt with by me and my agents alone. Just as announcements ended and we were about to read off the assigned afternoon activities, we were attacked by George Janvier and a group of his Freedom Fighters. There was a fast and intense game of ninja that left only me and Janvier standing, and we decided to come to an agreement. We would establish a dual government, co-run by the Party and the Freedom Fighters. As a part of the agreement, campers would be allowed to sign up for activities in the afternoon and quals would be earned rather than given to all. In return, we would have no more trouble between the two factions.

This led to rest hour, during which I went to each cabin to sign them up for activities. This new democratic system, however, proved too chaotic for an old Party member like me, and it became particularly challenging to get through the JK cabins efficiently. I ended up not reaching the oldest two cabins, but

thanks to the fast work of Tommy and Sam Kaplan, we were able to get the campers signed up and off to activities on time. We had to relocate some of them due to lack of interest in some activities, but other than that it was another smooth set of activity periods in the afternoon.

At G-Swim I monitored at the dock again. After a few more pain dives I gave the raft skit prompts, the first being to reenact the overthrow of Tsar Phifer by Goodman and the Revolutionary Party, and the second being to come up with a propaganda slogan and to act it out.

G-Swim led to dinner, and after another good meal. Janvier with his guerilla guards and me with my agents both got on stage to co-run announcements. Now the counselors were split evenly between those who supported the Revolutionary Party and those who supported the Freedom Fighter Movement. I was pleased to see that that day's state-approved archery tournament ended in a tie for first, further showing how total equality under the Party was a superior system.

As our co-run announcements continued, I began to warm up to the idea of this dual government. When announcements were over, however, Janvier decided that half-democracy wasn't enough, and that coexistence with the Party was not an option. He then challenged us to a huge energy battle, the first of the session. All the other counselors rushed over to join either the Revolutionary Party or the Freedom Fighters. It was an epic battle and having everyone in red on one side and white on the other made it particularly visually spectacular.

Each side charged up their energy and sent it towards the other, knocking them to the ground. Finally, the Revolutionary Party built up one final large blast, defeating the Freedom Fighters. I declared them traitors in front of the entire camp and declared that the only way to settle this whole situation was with a huge game of Escape to Freedom.

Campers went back down to their cabins to get longs and longs on, and when they returned, I explained the rules. The goal of the game for the

campers was to find the three freedoms, who were the leaders of the Freedom Fighters this time. The other counselors, the Revolutionary Party members in this game, were chasing the campers and trying to tag them out. The campers could either run away or form a boulder from a group of three or more. The counselors must then get them to laugh in some way. If they laughed, they're out. If they didn't, the counselor would give them 10 seconds to run away. Once they found all three freedoms, they must return to me so I could mark them down. The three freedoms were Nick Speranza and Nick Menice at the sail dock, Matteo Perper and Jack Roberts at the outdoor climbing wall, and George Janvier and Matthew Kellett at the BMT.

By the end of the game, only one camper found the BMT freedom. With thunder rumbling in the distance, we ended the game and brought the campers back to Pasquaney so that the winning camper could spin the EA wheel. In an amazing turn of events, the wheel landed on "Camp-Wide Treat," which got campers and counselors alike incredibly hyped. To add to such an amazing moment, as we were passing out Oreos to everyone, the clouds in the distance cleared and a double-rainbow appeared. Absolutely no joke.

When everyone had finished their treat, I led them back up the flag for a final few words. I started by thanking everyone who helped make this day happen and turned my OD dream into a reality. That led to my talking about what Kieve truly is to me, a place where people want you to succeed and will be there to support you through the toughest of times. John Goodman supported me when I was a shy young camper and helped me discover archery all those years ago. My cabinmates supported me through my entire time as a camper at Kieve, and especially those who came back on staff, Matthew Kellett, George Maguire, George Janvier, and even Ian Fay from last year, have continued to support me in my life. The counselors and campers I met just last year have been a huge part in my finding my current place at Kieve, and even those I met only this year have

always been there when I needed them.

After one final thank you, I had my former campers, James Welsh and Randall Zierden, lower the flag. We sang the Kieve Song together, and then everyone made their way back down to their cabins. Before I went to bed, I removed the Kieve Union banner from Pasquaney. Time doesn't slow down at Kieve, and the camp had to be ready for the incredibly exciting new days ahead for the rest of the summer.

Day 13 – June 30th – Sarah Burgin

On Sunday, June 30, 2019, Kieve Wavus Education aired the first ever episode of *The Bachelorette*. Starting the day with a late sleep, contestants had time to prepare their best love sonnet. Campers viewed a brief presentation of all 20 candidates, and got to know them before the first rose ceremony.

After the first candidate, Parker Dotson, did not receive his rose, we returned to the cabins to clean for inspection after consuming pancakes as they flew through the air. During Chapel, we heard from George Cole as he gave his talk about courage and perseverance. North Bunkerhill II got to rock the inspection bands AND took the cake for Loudest and Sweetest.

Lunch consisted of grilled chicken and watermelon, thanks to our awesome grill masters! During lunch, the remaining contestants played a game of musical chairs. Charlie Demuth, James Lawton, Colin Redmond, Jack Roberts, Mason Swindell, and Sam Czaja all danced their way to the final rose ceremony.

After the afternoon showers cleared, a double rainbow appeared across Damariscotta Lake. The final rose ceremony was an extensive game of compatibility questions that included the final three contestants, Jack Roberts, James Lawton, and Charlie Demuth.

Once the final rose was given, the evening activity was Casino Night to celebrate the big win! Everyone loved getting dressed up for a night of card games, fortune telling, and candy! It was an awesome day despite the rain showers and we finished the evening with another double rainbow.

Day 14 – July 1st – Parker Dotson

Camp Kieve woke up to a bright and sunny morning on the first day of July! The energy couldn't have been higher as the boys scrambled up to flag in the morning. Coleman Kelleher and Teddy Stuart raised the flag, and breakfast was immediately underway. The theme for today was "chill," taking a day to relax and take a break. At breakfast, there was a feast of scrambled eggs, and bacon.

For Test Duty, we had a game of hide and seek!! Colin Redmond was the seeker, and Matteo Perper, Sam Czaja, and Jack Roberts competed for a hiding place. Colin immediately found Matteo, who was the one who was then cleaning up the test.

Following that, the boys set off on their morning activities. With the sun shining, and not a cloud in sight, most of these activities were outside. At morning G-swim, the theme for raft skits was creating a new activity for camp. Mason Swindell and Billy Leyden created the new activity of hand fishing, or campers trying to catch hands in the water. Second general swim was won by Blake Cote and Lindsay Harrison who created an activity of cloud watching, and tanning.

Lunch was a tremendous load of chicken patty sandwiches, which were inhaled by all in a brief moment of time. Rest hour set in, and we took a break from the sun, which was much needed.

As the afternoon began, the energy level was then cranked back up, and the campers set about their afternoon activities. At afternoon general swim, rafts had to create an original song and dance. Multiple rafts tried appealing to my love for the song "Joe's Barbeque and Foot Massage," and incorporating a dance with it. Other rafts stuck to classics such as "YMCA" and "Taylor Swift." Mason Swindell and Colin Redmond's raft took home 1st place.

As the day was winding down, at dinner we had the regular "Frisbee highway", and chill vibes. After dinner, we headed down to Harriet House for our evening activity, which was a "chiller." We played doubles four square, and had a slip 'n slide which was a blast. Before we knew it, flag was upon us, and I

reminded the boys about what was most important about Kieve, and how the people here are what makes this place so special. Sander Block, and Baker Mackey lowered the flag, and another great day here in Maine came to an end!

Day 15 – July 2nd – George Cole

The sun is shining and the air is ripe with competition. Welcome to the 2019 Camper/Cabin Olympics! The cabins and campers will be competing in challenges to win prizes! To start off the day, the campers had to play corn hole to choose a counselors for Test Duty. Test Duty was a Kieve classic: the frozen T-shirt contest. Matteo Perper lost with grace and the Test Duty Gods smiled upon him. His plinko chip fell into the switch category and he was able to force his duty onto Parker Swensrud. The crowd went nuts.

However, we also said our goodbyes to the brave men of North Bunkerhill II, JK Courage and JK Perseverance who left for their trips. After breakfast, the campers also competed in a ring game competition for a treat during morning activities. The men of JK Kindness and Respect won the competition and enjoyed Rice Krispies Treats on their way to sailing.

Morning G-swim saw raft skits themed around the greatest moments in sports and several rafts chose wisely to act out great victories of the City of Brotherly Love.

At lunch, a camp-themed word search challenge took place. The word search challenge ended in a tie with the winner of rock, paper, scissors gaining second for sign-ups for his cabin. To continue the streak, the campers then played a challenge called Hunker Houser, where they use their balance to pull the rope to knock another camper off a block of wood. While there were many re-do's, John Baker, an absolute legend, won the cabin a treat.

After rest hour the campers competed in a frisbee throwing challenge to skip the line for dinner. Dinner was phenomenal thanks to our brave and wonderful kitchen staff.

After a long day of competition, the EA was an outrageously fun night of Ultimate Sports Night! This means kids

were able to play in their favorite or best activities for an hour longer than usual. The four square court was incredibly active and frisbee highway entered full rush hour mode for the third time that day. The day ended on a wonderful note where the brothers Everett and Jackson June lowered the flag and the camp gained a late-sleep for the next day after their hard work and competition.

Day 16 – July 3rd – Austin Fairchild

On July 3rd we celebrated America's pasttime with baseball day. Bo Cox and Grady Ross raised the flag in the morning at 8 a.m. and we made our way down for breakfast. For breakfast the cooking staff made waffles, and they were delicious.

Mr. Sam Kaplan and Mr. Evan Kantor were chosen to be the captains of each team for the staff baseball game later that night. Kaplan would be the coach of the blue team and Kantor would be coach of the white team. A draft took place during announcements for each team. After the teams were picked, the test duty was a game of pickle, with Kaplan and Kantor being the basemen.

The morning of the third was absolutely beautiful and perfect weather for G-swim. At lunch we had the jersey unveiling for each team and its players, along with some good ole fashion trash talking before the game that night.

At dinner energy was high and tension between teams was building. The entire camp marched down to the Harriot House fields where we had Sea Dog Biscuits, popcorn, soda, and soft pretzels. The kids lined up on the third base line and behind right field to watch their favorite counselors play and in hopes of catching a home run ball. The staff baseball game stretched on for four innings, with blue making a last minute comeback after blue team captain Sam Kaplan hit two walk off home runs. The blue team beat the white team 9 to 8 in fiercely competitive game of baseball, but both sides had a blast.

With moral high and energy levels higher (from all the sugar), as a camp we walked back up the hill, Truett Knight and Zane Wilson lowered the flag. It was a great day.



Day 17 – July 4th – Bruce Haywood

My fellow Americans, happy 4th of July! Today was a day to celebrate everything we all love about the country we are blessed to live in, and to share our pride together without any of the usual beefs, rivalries, or dramas that typically unfold during most theme days at Kieve. At morning flag, Bruce, who was dressed in a patriotic red, white, and blue top hat read a brief excerpt from a letter which John Adams sent to his wife Abigail on July 3rd, 1776, exclaiming his expectations for 4th of July to become a day “celebrated, by succeeding generations... with pomp and parade... games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward forever more.” Adams’s words are eerily similar to the day-to-day events of Camp Kieve. After setting the stage for the camp’s celebrations, Bruce called the newest members of North Glenayr to raise the flag.

As the campers piled into Pasquaney Hall for breakfast, they discovered that the outside was decked out with hanging flags and pennant banners. The inside of the mess hall had red and blue streamers across the rafters, with each table clothed in red and white stripes or blue with stars, such that the tables mirrored the American flag.

During breakfast announcements George Janvier made a hilarious announcement where he listed off the members of the 1992 Dream Team as the greatest American sports team in history. Maine Trails streamed a scary video of them being attacked by bugs in the woods, forcing them to abandon their trip plans and hike back to camp.

Test duty was a trivia contest with Will Bliss, Peter Knowlton, Austin Fairchild, and George Janvier. Peter Knowlton shockingly knew that annually Americans consume approximately 150 million hot dogs on the 4th of July. Today’s Test Duty also had a special spin: the winner would pick someone else to complete Test Duty. Austin and Peter tied, so after a quick round of rock, paper, scissors, Austin chose Lindsey Harrison to use the Plinko board to determine her fate.

Ironically, Lindsey landed on the switch slot of the Plinko board and turned it back on Austin, who ended up having to clean the Test.

Later at G-Swim, the campers performed hysterical raft skits with the prompt “Show me the moment in American History that makes you the most proud to be an American.” Raft Two, captained by Trip Directors Ryan Ford and Garrett Phillips, came in first when their crew reenacted the raising of the flag at Iwo Jima during World War II.

At lunch, the camp enjoyed delicious pizzas. During lunch the camp decided to celebrate American inventiveness by using cardboard, tinfoil, cups, pipe cleaners, and duct tape to create a way to make portaging easier, which they would present at dinner. During announcements counselor Nick Speranza led the entire camp in singing The Star Spangled Banner, followed by the entire camp chanting “USA, USA, USA” at the top of their lungs! Bruce then read off the afternoon activities and sent the boys off to a peaceful rest hour. During that time, each cabin was given cardboard and poster boards to make a cabin flag and a parade float in anticipation of the evening activity.

At afternoon G-Swim, Will Bliss and George Janvier won the raft skit, prompted, “What would the Declaration of Independence say if Kieve wrote it?” Their clinching line was “with liberty and pain dives for all,” which was followed by one of the most epic pain dives of the summer!

At dinner, the camp devoured barbeque chicken cooked by George McGuire, Peter Knowlton and Nick Speranza, and enjoyed special desserts of ice cream and a flag cake made by the wonderful kitchen staff. During dinner announcements each cabin sent one representative up to present their invention to make portaging easier. North Harris had one of the best inventions complete with a patent pending tinfoil-helmet-water-cup attachment for hydration, and bug antennas to distract bugs from attacking, displaying their cabin’s ingenuity.

After dinner announcements it was declared that the evening activity was

a 4th of July Parade to Harriet House. The entire camp marched to Harriet House chanting "USA," and singing The National Anthem all while flying their cabin flags high. At Harriet House we played four square, threw Frisbees, horsed around a bouncy castle, and even raced down a slip 'n slide.

At flag Bruce thanked everyone for making this the most fun he had ever had celebrating the 4th of July, and shared how certain parts of his love for Kieve remind him of his love for America. For example, the unexplainable happy feeling in one's stomach upon seeing the Kieve sign when driving into campus after months of being at school is the same feeling when singing the National Anthem. Bruce also talked about the courage, perseverance, and loyalty it took one of the members of the first Continental Congress to join the Revolutionary War after not signing the Declaration of Independence, and the importance of sticking by your morals, standing up for what you believe in, and always supporting your cabinmates. The members of North Glenayr who were returning campers were then called up to lower the flag on another memorable day at Kieve. All in all, it was a fun day to celebrate America's 243rd Birthday at the greatest place on earth!

Day 18 – July 5th – Michael Pilkington

Campers arose from their cabins just before eight and walked up to flag as the bell rang. The OD of the day, Michael Pilkington, walked around the rock in an apron, confessing that he was an aspiring chef. He told everyone that he wanted to improve how he made his meatballs, and that he had invited two Italian families to camp to help him. One family, the Greasolis, was from Hoboken, New Jersey, and the Rigatonis were from Napoli, Italy.

The day continued as campers headed down from the rock to Pasquaney for breakfast. The energy for the day was high, and many Italian family members walked through breakfast, being very vocal about letting you know that they were "walking over here." Following breakfast, the OD Michael read off duties for each cabin and conducted a Test Duty

where counselor pairs were forced to come up with a haiku that included the word "meatball(s)" in it. Taylor Cashman and Lindsay Harrison lost and got Test Duty.

After duties came Indian circle, in which Michael told all the cabins what activities they were doing in the morning. As the morning went on, the sun became hotter and hotter, and by G-swim, everyone was glad to get into the water. After G-swim, the campers changed and headed up for lunch.

The perfect weather continued through lunch and announcements. Both Italian families began arguing at lunch announcements, but the OD mediated the situation, and invited everyone to an exclusive dinner at Pasquaney, at which the better meatball would be decided. Everyone then went off to rest hour before coming back for Indian Circle.

Once everyone had been signed up to an activity, afternoon activity period began. Once again, the afternoon G-swim was welcomed by most as a nice refreshing swim in the lake. After G-swim, all campers and counselors changed and put on their finest attire for an evening of fine dining and relaxation.

The world's foremost expert on meatballs, Kieve's own Colin Redmond delivered the verdict on which family had the better meatballs. It turns out they were the same exact meatball, and the beef was all for no reason! Once everyone realized that, we were able to have a lovely Pasqualio's dinner which included pasta, salad, and bread.

The evening activity was watching "Cloudy With A Chance Of Meatballs" in Pasquaney. After the movie finished, all of camp walked up to flag to listen to Michael's words of wisdom from the day. Everyone joined together and sang the Kieve song to end the day.

Day 19 – July 6th – Taylor Cashman

For some, the day had started with a 6:45 am wake-up for the annual Shortcake Shuffle, a 5K held in Damariscotta. For all others, flag was held as usual with the full session campers, who had opted out of the 5K, and each of the four Junior Kieve cabins present. With the thought

of heading home in just a few hours in the back of every JK camper's head, the nervous energy around the flag was palpable. As I, Mario, with my overalls, red shirt, and thick mustache, addressed the camp in my squeaky Italian accent, I explained that I and some friends had decided to visit Kieve for a day. Despite Princess Peach and Luigi not being there, I was confident that they would arrive soon. On his last day of at camp for the summer, Andrew Dugas and his brother Tyler Dugas raised the flag.

The day was underway and table boys were sent down to prepare for breakfast. The delicious omelets were scarfed down by the few campers who were present for breakfast and announcements were made. After the morning duties were read, it was time for test duty. Sam Czaja, Will Demuth, and Billy Leyden competed to see who could fill a laundry bag with the heaviest objects that they could find in just 20 seconds. The person with the lightest bag would be forced to drop the disc into the Plinko board for that morning's test duty assignment. Will Demuth was the unlucky loser.

"Plinko! Plinko! Plinko!" the kids cheered as Will dropped the disk down the board. It landed on the switch! Thus, Will had the opportunity to defer his test duty to any other counselor at breakfast that morning. "Michael Pilkington!" He said after much deliberation. "Plinko! Plinko! Plinko!" the crowd cheered. As the disc dropped down the board, the crowd came to a hush. SWITCH! The first ever double switch in the history of Test Duty Plinko! Every camper erupted in cheers of excitement and surprise. Of course, having been thrown under the bus, Michael flipped the duty right back to Will. Sadly, there would be no triple switch and Will was ultimately chosen to clean the four Buck bathrooms. Bummer.

As the JK parents began arriving, full session campers completed their respective morning duties. Before long, it was time for Indian Circle. In the morning activity period, campers are usually assigned their two activities as a cabin; however, due to the small number of full session kids in camp

that morning, it was open hill. The kids were dismissed to whatever activity they chose at around 9:45 am. Just forty-five minutes later, the Shortcake Shufflers returned to camps and quickly joined in the various activities.

At 11:45, it was time for general swim and the hot, humid weather made it easy to jump into the lake and stay there until it was time to buddy up on the rafts. Of course, it was pain dive Saturday, so if a counselor elected not to run a raft, they were peer pressured into the water by the chants of each of the campers. As I was still looking for Luigi and Princess Peach, the raft skit to come in was to act out where Luigi could be. Since it was pain dive Saturday, it was only fitting that the raft that incorporated a good pain dive into their skit should come in first.

The JK Parents Day sandwich bar for lunch made for a nutritious and delicious lunch for all the campers. As announcements rolled around, it became clear that JK had left. There were only 6 cabins filling the picnic tables outside of Pasquaney and things were far more quiet than they had been in a while. With Luigi and Princess Peach still missing, the campers retreated to their cabins for a rest hour until 2:30. Once rest hour ended, everyone reconvened at Indian Circle under cloudless skies.

Despite the sun beating down upon everyone all day, a thunderstorm and torrential rain rolled in without much warning just as the second afternoon activity came to a close. Out of nowhere, the skies became dark and the noise of thunder echoed across Damariscotta Lake. Instead of general swim, the campers met up in Innisfree and Buck to complete Mario-themed activities as cabins. The usual 6:00 dinner was held inside due to the rain, but by the time everyone's stomachs were full, the rain had passed. This gave us the privilege of completing announcements outside.

Due to the arrival of many cabins from their trips, the announcement period at dinner was filled with energy, excitement, and fun. As the announcement period came to an end, Luigi and Princess Peach were still missing and I began to suspect that it was actually a member of

the staff who had taken them. Thus, for the evening activity, we had to play a big game of Deception. The spoof off of two truths and a lie kept everyone entertained until it was finally time for evening flag.

Similar to many other nights, I spoke of how special Kieve is and how much it can change in just one day. It was a day filled with ups and downs as the weather, the parents' day, and the departure and arrival of so many cabins. However, regardless of who was there, Kieve remained the same place with the same principles and the same loving and caring aspects.

Day 20 – July 7th – Nina Wilson & Charlie Gomprecht

Howdy y'all, today, after a much needed sleep in, Camp Kieve woke up to beautiful weather and a breakfast full of pancakes and country music. Pasquaney was decked out with cowboy hats, cactuses, boots and a test duty activity of lasso throwing featuring Pete Cooke, Andy Conner, Eleanor Smith, Mason Swindell, and Bo Hawkes. From there, all cabins retreated back to clean up for inspection before chapel.

At chapel, we listened to a heartwarming talk from Austin Fairchild about his overwhelming love for Kieve and how to make every moment of our final week count.

Lunch consisted of grilled chicken from none other than our own counselor grill masters. Our activity following lunch was an epic game of "Extreme Musical Chairs" to "Cotton Eye Joe" where South Townsend proceeded to take the inspection title. Afternoon activities were full of sunshine and an afternoon G-swim which was internet sensation, yodel boy, themed. We ended the day at Harriet House with some sunset Rodeo Relay Races.

Day 21 – July 8th – Will Bliss

On the last Monday of camp, the boys of Camp Kieve learned that "Scared money don't make money." The sun shone down on the rock at the top of the hill like every morning in recent memory. I explained that we would be betting all day, and taking chances. We planned six

competitions to be completed throughout the day, with six counselor contestants participating. Each cabin was given a bet slip and one thousand Kieve Bucks to wager any way they saw fit. Each cabin chose their outright winner for each event: Closest to the Tree with a Frisbee (morning Indian Circle), Best Cannonball (morning swim), Pasquaney Pole Grab (lunch), Riddle (afternoon Indian Circle), Water Treading Contest (afternoon G-swim), and a Planking Contest (dinner). Each cabin turned in their bet sheet and much money was won and lost throughout the day. As the bookie collecting wagers all day, I enjoyed quite a successful run as many of the cabins did not win a wager the entire day.

Eric Mehberg was the dark horse champion of the day as he took home the W in two events. John Hollington also showed unique ability to create a massive "second splash" at the cannonball contest. Sarah Burgin could not be overcome in the water treading contest, it looked like she had too much fun. Bozeman Hawkes finally got to showcase his muscles he had been sculpting all winter when he won the planking contest. Bank I enjoyed a successful day of wagering. They placed a 300\$ bet on Eric M. to win the Pasquaney Pole Grab (at 4/1 odds) and brought home some serious cash that kept them afloat and in the lead until the closing competitions.

At morning G-swim the boys put on skits that portrayed what they would do if they won a million Kieve Bucks. It was concluded that a lot could be done with one million Kieve Bucks. Afternoon G-swim was won by the raft which came up the with the best skit to portray what happens when you don't pay your bookie. Hint: You want to pay your bookie.

After dinner we announced the EA, Ultimate OTB Night! Each cabin was once again given a bet slip to fill out. There were five events planned: First three holes of the Frolf Course, a Canoe Sprint at the waterfront, a Foot Race at the soccer fields, a Portage Race up the old hill, and a council-wide game of Knockout. Each cabin selected their place order and points would be awarded for every place wagered correctly.



This Evening Activity is inherently fun. All of camp surrounded the first fairway of the Frolf course like it was the first tee at Augusta National. The class of Kieve Frolf showcased their skills over the first three holes. A three-way playoff was set after Tom Linkas, Will Demuth, and myself (the bookie Will Bliss), shot six strokes on the first three holes. I snuck my Frisbee closest to the tree halfway up Frisbee highway for the W. Bettors everywhere checked their books before heading to the next event.

The canoe sprint was absolute chaos. The four boats pushed off in a fury that set off a chain of destruction, ultimately wounding and flipping two boats. Taylor Cashman and Griffin Hall evaded the horseplay and won the race easily, while the two ringers (Ryan Ford and Andrew Robinson) floundered in the water and brought Bo Hawkes and Parker Dotson down with them.

At the foot race, Keelan and Blake could not be stopped. But a late push from Lindsey Harrison after a Liam Duggan stumble gifted bettors some much needed dough.

James Lawton, the favorite, sprinted up the hill with a canoe on his back like he was out for a stroll in the park, he simply could not be touched. Will Demuth finished close behind while a team of Ritz counselors finished third.

The final event, counselor knockout, was won by the favorite and undisputed knockout champion of the world, Evan Kantor. The majority of cabins smartly picked Evan to win the whole shebang and he did not disappoint. Bank I took home the prize as they topped the book at the end of the day with over 1500 Kieve Bucks won.

We gathered around the flag and contemplated how we wanted to spend the last week a camp. I urged the campers to finish what they started at the beginning of the session and to not leave anything behind. Because, "Scared money don't make money."

Day 22 – July 9th – Will Janvier

Today is a day of chance in which craziness consumes the camp. Dice day is a Kieve tradition, where anybody can

be chosen for any task. Each counselor is given two numbers, one on a traditional six-sided die, and another on 24 sided die. For example, when they needed somebody to write this report of the day, Tommy rolled a 1 on the first die, and a 6 on the other, and that's how I'm here. A few classic rolls include a hero and a villain, Edward Nalgene Hands, and a human trash that campers can give their trash to.

The day was wild as the traditional dice day got a few new elements. Each cabin was allowed to place one dice roll rule on the wheel to be spun, and that only furthered the chaos. The cabins choose tasks such as jump in the lake right now, walk like a dog, and switch clothes with another staff member. The most important role was for a counselor to invent a brand new evening activity. The new activity was a combination of escape to freedom and capture the flag. The camp had a great day, and looked forward to the famous rivalry day tomorrow!

Day 23 – July 10th – Ben Dixon & Jeff Coote

Beef! Beef! Beef!

Happy Rivalry Day, a time celebrating competition, arguments, and beef. We started off the day with Coote and I announcing that we had become vegetarians and the protein that we needed to eat to survive needed to come from cabin and counselor beef. At breakfast, the beef came quickly and with a vengeance; announcements were filled with arguments and beefs that would last the whole day: Lanky vs Bulky, the classic Ritz vs Man Ritz, Big Brothers vs Little Brothers, various inter-cabin beefs, Bruce Haywood vs the world, and in the most epic drama of the day Peter Knowlton alerted camp that The Box and him had broken up. For Test Duty we had a 8-person tournament in arm wrestling where Gill Walker crowned himself the strongest man in camp.

At G swim, we saw four raft skits demonstrating "the greatest beef of all time." Lunch announcements contained a hefty amount of rivalry when it came time for counselors to stand up and

defend their team. Ritz women called out the Man Ritz on their lack of appearance at G swim, team Bulk commented on team Lank's lack of muscle, top bunks asserted their dominance over bottom bunks, Janvier discussed how forks are superior to spoons, the men of the Woodshop talked about their dominance over Leather and Peter Knowlton continued to discuss his relationship and beef with The Box.

The announcements grew especially heated at dinner, where counselors threw shade at each other back and forth. Finally, we announced that all the beef was going to a worthwhile place...the WWE fighting ring! Campers gathered chairs and water bottles before heading into PQ where Long Voyage campers assembled a ring out of mattresses, climbing rope, and tables. Each of the four matches was fought with both humor and virility, Gil Walker, the Ritz, team Bulk, and Little Brothers won against their opponents, but the final match of the night was undoubtedly the most intense. Peter Knowlton's epic fight against The Box will go down in Kieve history as an all time moment.

Flag ended the day with Jamie McDonnell and Nick Butts lowering the banners of another beefy Rivalry Day.

Day 24 – July 11th – Lexi Kemp

Thursday began like any other regular day at camp. The sun had blessed us with a perfect day. Famous Hollywood big-shot movie director Quentin Qualentino stood by the flag next to a wannigan full of camera equipment. He explained that he was location scouting for his next big film. It would be his tenth and final film, a true masterpiece. His final film would be about camp; about the emotion, passion and qualification of it. He had heard Camp Kieve had tremendous talent, and was excited to see if they could qualify to be his next movie stars.

Before each and every camper walked into Pasquaney to their banquet of bagels and cream cheese, they first had to pass the glistening table of Kieve trophies. They each knew that one could be theirs. An old fashioned Kieve breakfast dance party commenced before

everyone headed outside into the sun for announcements. The great day of quals and tournaments continued with various announcements hyping up the many activities and competitions ahead of us.

During Test Duty, Bruce Haywood, Austin Fairchild and James Lawton each gave rousing speeches from their favorite movies. Bruce did the Miracle speech, James gave a southern drawl'd ramble from The Big Lebowski ("The Dude abides") and Austin belted the speech from Rocky IV. In the end the whole camp was least impressed with Bruce's speech, and he plinko'd his way into test cleanup. Talent scout Will Janvier gave some last second advice to campers on how to get quals the quickest: Start at sailing tying knots, run to swimming for a finding nemo and around the world, then head up to pottery for a I had a little, now I have a pot. These quick tips sped everyone off into open hill. At G-swim, each raft depicted their own trailer for "Kieve the movie." Each would have been a promising film.

At lunch chicken patty sandwiches kept everyone full and focused. Just like Qual Thursday, the lunch was truly a classic. Afterwards, during announcements, more than five Kieve Swimmers, one Kieve Leatherman, two Kieve potters and one Kieve woodbro were all announced. Masters Qualifiers had already taken place and the stage was set for a momentous occasion.

Quentin Qualentino was overwhelmed with trying to keep track of Qals but insisted he could get Leonardo DiQualio (who is rumored to have over ten thousand quals) to be his star. Talent scout Janvier grabbed the board of truth, an ancient Qual Thursday Relic in order to count the quals. They began to tally up quicker.

No afternoon G-swim gave campers much time to rack up Qals. By dinner time the tournaments were raging. Allagash I faced up against Team Spaghetti in the Kub finals which were held on the picnic area. Half of the camp sat fixated as they went block for block. Ham steaks, green peas and scalloped potatoes. Meanwhile, the Indy 500 inches roared on from the top of the hill.

At dinner announcements Shenanigans racked up over 40 quals, there were 4 more Kieve Swimmers, including three from the highly respectable Bank I cabin. In the end, after Will Dixon took home the Indy 500 inches trophy, 6 were crowned as new Kieve (Stanley) Cup champions, and the final master's roster was announced.

Quentin Qualentino was completely blown away, but before he could make a decision, Trails I, II, & III all arrived, making grand entrances of basketball rosters, plagues of man-sized bugs and a counselor who had been roasted like a pig. Qualentino saw passion, heart, theatrics, drama, and competition unfold before him, and was so moved that he decided right then and there that his next film *Water Wars* would be filmed on site, with Kieve campers and counselors as the leading stars. To celebrate he decided to combine the best of camp and Hollywood: campfires and fireworks. The lake erupted in great configurations of light and color as the dusk faded to night.

Day 25 – July 12th – Will Janvier

In *Avengers: Infinity War*, the Avengers failed. They allowed half of the world to be snapped into nothingness by the titan Thanos, including half of camp Kieve. Who could save our camp since the Avengers failed? The Kievers, that's who. The Kievers are counselor turned super heroes, sworn to protect Kieve. Some of the heroes featured include Dr. Loose, Clay-head, Captain Kieve, and Mancat. These heroes prepared to battle all day

while in pursuit of the Infinity stones.

Along the way there were plenty of battles and beef, but it all ended with a big game of Aqua Attack! The game is capture the flag with boats, and the battle ends with a big cookout at Harriet House, where Maine Trails campers cook food for the entire camp. This tradition involves a massive line ran by the Maine Trails campers, a huge frisbee highway, and a treat of Capri Sun.

The night ends with our legendary fire, which is a night of silence where the entire camp listens to the wisdom of the Maine Trails campers. Each person receives a candle and reflects in silence on the amazing session. The night was cool with no rain, and it made for a fantastic end to an unforgettable summer.

Day 26 – July 13th – Sam Kennedy

Today held all the familiar signs of the bittersweet last day of camp. We had flag in the morning on the wax-caked rock with candles still melting from last night's campfire. One last WHOLE CAMP TREAT for breakfast: sugar cereal and donuts. Reid Anderson awarded the staff who excelled in tripping for the session.

There was a memorable final chapel service with lots of boys speaking about their experiences – but words always seem to fall short of articulating how we feel as camp ends.

After lunch, the remaining campers, staff and families gathered around the flag for one more song and cheer. We waved goodbye and the staff headed over to the blacktop to get hopped up for session II!



2019 Paddle Recipients – First Session



Front (L to R): Stephen Smith, Nic Valdes, Stephen Wright, Ben Meglin, Graham Abramo, Remy Erdman, Jamie McDonnell, Sam Elkins; Middle (L to R): Andrew Rittenberry, Vernon Wright, Alistair Nalle, Billy Kitchel, Nick Marshall, Frazier Dougherty, Andrew Naber; Back (L to R): Charlie Gosk, Reed Falkenrath, Benny Sanford, Billy Marin, Chase Tilson, Myles Anderson, Zander DeLuca, Andrew DeLuca, Will Sullivan



Front (L to R): Will Sullivan, Billy Kitchel, Nick Marshall, Frazier Dougherty, Andrew Naber; Back (L to R): Zander DeLuca, Billy Marin, Myles Anderson, Andrew DeLuca



Front (L to R): Stephen Wright, Ben Meglin, Remy Erdman, Graham Abramo, Nic Valdes; Back (L to R): Stephen Smith, Chase Tilson, Sam Elkins, Jamie McDonnell



Front (L to R): Vernon Wright, Alistair Nalle, Andrew Rittenberry; Back (L to R): Benny Sanford, Charlie Gosk, Reed Falkenrath

Second Session OD Reports

Day 1 – July 16th – Sam Kennedy

The weather was stellar for an exciting start to 2nd session 2019. Campers arrived by land, air and even sea (lake!) as Angus Buck and his family docked at the KLC to march over the hill to South Bunkerhill. This first day of camp was smoother than most. Tom Hartenstein had the brilliant idea to add a rest period to break up the long, hot afternoon. We all retreated to the cabins during the lull in arrivals before sprinting back up the hill for Round Top and then THE BUSSSSS!!!! Smiles and hugs were all around. Super Counselor, covered in spaghetti, reminded us where to put the dishes. After a short evening activity before flag, everyone went back down to their cabins to set the tone for the session.

Day 2 – July 17th – Lexi Kemp

The day was bright and shining, but not all was well on the peninsula. The year was 2226. After the nuclear catastrophe of World War III, the robot revolution took over the remaining energy resources of the world and used them to enslave humanity. Conveniently, camp Kieve ran on only kindness, respect and love, and therefore had become the last energy self-sufficient place on Earth. Here the Kieve Rough Riders, a rag tag group of grizzled, bearded men and women, made their last stand against the endless robot invasions.

During the chaos of World War III, the crumbling US government had quickly realized that the safest place for all their secrets, previously kept at New Mexico's Area 51, would now be safer at Area 52, located on Damariscotta Lake's Swim Island. So the leader of the Rough Riders, a man by the name of Axel Kamp led an invasion of their own out to Swim Island. Jace and Nat of South Glenayr II helped raise the flags.

Brucebot and Cashbot, along with a slew of other robots and cyborgs, including the Perperbots, all attempted to stop them. Local Conspiracist Prison Mike was quickly silenced by the bots after spilling the beans on the secrets

of Area 52. Too many waffles, the bots were in a bad mood. Dirty Dan, and Pete the Wandering Rough Rider rallied the troops to invade Area 52 before lunch.

After the boys of camp made a successful return from their invasion, they brought back the last remaining scientist, Dr. Janvier, along with his creature. The creature was shrouded, but Janvier insisted that its power was near limitless. Axel Kamp insisted it be used as a weapon to drive the bots from Kieve, and then take back the world in the name of humanity. The Perperbots zapped the Doctor before he could reveal the creature, but Dirty Dan quickly cut down the two bots before they could run off with the creature. Dirty Dan killed one of the bots instantly, but took the other and stuffed the entire Perperbot into the large sac he carried around, which had contained the remnants of his family, all of whom had been taken by bots.

At dinner the bots continued to escalate their grip on the camp, until tensions were at a maximum. Energy was teeming in the air, and after Brucebot and Cashbot unsuccessfully confronted the Rough Riders, only the Rough Riders remained. It was in that brief moment of pure victory that Axel Kamp ripped off his shirt, revealing his true nature as a bot himself. He crowned himself King of the Bots after backstabbing poor Pete and Dirty Dan. Then, before Kamp could even notice, the creature revived Dirty Dan and lifted him once again to his feet. The creature explained that he was disgusted with the cycle of creator making a creation and then the creator dying to the creation. "When will it end?!" he asked.

He said that they would settle this the old way. With a HUGE GAME OF CAPTURE THE FLAG. Both teams fought valiantly, but in the end it was the Rough Riders who won the day. The Dengal brothers lowered the flag after Lexi Kemp gave a few words of appreciation to camp. A thunderstorm rolled in over the bright orange sunset as campers headed back to their cabins to sleep.

Day 3 – July 18th – Taylor Cashman

Today was the second full day of camp and the sense of excitement and energy of all 267 full session campers around the flag was almost tangible. With the sun shining in the sky and smiles on everyone's faces, it was clear that today was going to be a great day. As the flag was raised by Peter Howard and Asher Wilkening, the theme of the day was introduced. It is SURVIVORDAY. All day, a team of five first year counselors (The Rookies) would be competing against a team of five returning counselors (The Veterans) in a series of challenges at each camp gathering. The stage is set to have an eventful and energy-filled day.

The breakfast of bagels and cream cheese was exactly what the campers and the competitors needed in order to carbo-load for the full day that lay ahead of them. As breakfast began to wind down, we all headed outside for announcements and the first competition of the day. The most notable of the announcements was the fact that today was the day that the 18 Maine Trails campers would be embarking on their twenty-two-day hiking trip, where they would conquer the last 200 miles of the Appalachian Trail. The crowd erupted in chants of, "Peace and a bowl of hair grease!" and before we knew it, Maine Trails was gone.

With announcements coming to a close, it was time for the first challenge, tug of war. The teams of five lined up on frisbee highway and began pulling. With little struggle, the Veterans won. Thus, it was time for the Rookies to vote off one member of the team. Wes Dixon, Braxton Antill, Kate Fluke, Will DeMuth, and Mason Swindel came to the stage and each turned in their votes. Almost unanimously, Wes Dixon was voted off, earning him Test Duty for that morning.

After morning duties were completed, the camp reconvened at Pasquaney before heading off to morning activities. With little rest, it was time for the competitors' second challenge of the day. It was a race between the two teams to set up and take down a tent. The loser of this challenge would be forced to vote off a member of their team. Right before the challenge

began, the Rookies noticed that Fluke had gone missing, but the show must go on! With Wes voted off and Fluke missing in action, the three-person team stood no chance. Before the Rookies even had their rainfly on, the Veterans had set up and taken down their tent with ease. Going into the voting, it was generally assumed that these three would vote off Fluke for her lack of dedication to the team; however, Braxton and Will had a different plan. They had made a truce behind Mason's back. To everyone's surprise, Mason was voted off.

The sun beat down on everyone during their morning activities, keeping spirits high and turning General Swim into a blessing for all. Between first and second G-swim was the third challenge of the day, the canoe race. The rules were simple: everyone on each team must make it around all four rafts and back to the beach. The first team to have each of their members and their canoe on the beach would be the winner. The race was eventful, with both boats flipping along the way, but in the end the three-person Rookie boat found themselves to be victorious. The Veterans would vote the first member of their team off at lunch.

When the lunch bell rang, all the members of camp raced to earn a spot in line close to the front. Because of how many people were at lunch, the line took a while to die down. After some time, lunch came to a close and it was time for the Veterans to vote off a member of their team. Losing by only one vote, Bo Hawks was voted off.

The lunch time challenge would be a quick relay race. Each member of the team would have to run up to the basketball hoop with a basketball, get it in the hoop, then run the ball back to their teammate. The Rookies were forced to have one member of their team run twice, so Will DeMuth volunteered. In a close race, the Rookies lost again and Fluke was voted off before heading to rest hour.

With only six contestants remaining, the challenge after rest hour would be the first individual challenge. The winner of the individual challenges would have immunity and one contestant would be voted off after each round.

As we reconvened for Indian Circle, the challenge was announced. It would be a contest to see who could land a frisbee closest to a tree. In a close battle, it was Braxton who earned immunity in this round. The contestants quickly voted and it was Jeff Coote who was voted off. Again, the clear sky kept everyone warm during their activity periods and there was little pushback when it was time for G-swim.

With five remaining contestants, the time came for the afternoon G-swim challenge. Sarah Burgin, Braxton Antil, Will Janvier, Will DeMuth, and Connor Kanewski each had to demonstrate their best pain dive. Whoever earned the most applause would be immune in the next round. With very little debate, Will Janvier won immunity.

As second G-swim came to an end, the bell rang for dinner. Throughout dinner, the sun became lower in the sky and the heat of the day began to subside. Once the plates were cleared, it was time to vote one of the five remaining participants off. In a close vote, Will DeMuth was ultimately the loser and so remained four contestants.

Thus, it was time for one of my favorite challenges that I have ever witnessed at Kieve, the pitcher hold. Each contestant would have two pitchers filled with water and they would have to hold them straight out to their sides. The last person to drop their pitchers would lose. The challenge began and Janvier and Sarah quickly backed out. This left only Braxton and Connor. They looked eye to eye as each contestant looked as though they were about to drop the pitchers. Finally, Connor gave in and the pitchers fell to the ground. Braxton earned immunity going into this round of voting and when the votes were cast, Connor got the short end of the stick. Sarah, Janvier, and Braxton were the ones moving onto the next round.

There was only one fair way to truly decide the winner and that was with a huge game of Escape to Freedom! The contestant who was found the least would be the victor of the day. As well, the cabin that found the most freedoms would earn a spin on the brand new EA

Prize Wheel! This was a wheel that the campers would spin if they won an EA. Wherever the wheel landed would be the prize that the cabin earned.

When the campers arrived at Pasquaney, the rules were explained, and everyone began to search for the three contestants, while also attempting to avoid other counselors. As the game came to an end, everyone met back at Pasquaney to allow for the winning cabin to spin the EA Prize Wheel. The winners were the campers of South Bunkerhill! As they began to spin the wheel, the crowd began to chant, "Whole camp treat, whole camp treat..." Sadly for everyone else, the wheel did not land on the whole camp treat slot.

With the EA finished, everyone walked up the hill to gather around the flag. As I tallied the amount of times that people had been found, it became clear that Will Janvier had won. When this was announced, the crowd erupted in cheers for Janvier! After the whole camp cheered the final words of the Kieve song, everyone retreated back to their cabin after a long and tiring day of Kieve Survivor.

Day 4 – July 19th – George Cole

Do you smell that? That pungent odor? It reeks of competition and victory. Welcome to the 2019 Camper/Cabin Olympics! Lorny Goodyear and Grayson Mcnealy raised the flag as everyone tightened the velcro on their sneakers and got ready to compete. The cabins and campers were elated to discover that they would be competing in challenges to win prizes!

To start off the day, the campers had to play cornhole to choose a counselor for Test Duty. Taylor Cashman was chosen to drop the plinko chip and BEHOLD!! it fell into the switch category and he was able to force a switch onto his old cabinmate, the handsome Marty Arnold. When Marty dropped his chip down the plinko board it also landed into the switch spot: a double switch. The crowd went bananas. Then it was reversed back to Taylor again who achieved the legendary triple switch and gave his plinko chip one last time to Marty. A triple switch has never been witnessed



by mortal men and we were truly blessed to have it on that fine morning.

After breakfast, at Indian Circle, the campers also competed in a ring game competition for a treat during morning activities. The winners of the competition enjoyed Rice Krispies Treats on their way to pottery. Morning G-swim saw raft skits themed around Olympic athletes at Kieve and several rafts chose to represent Michael Phelps doing a pain dive. It was hysterical.

At lunch, a camp-themed word search challenge took place. The word search challenge ended in a battle between North Harrington and Allagash II. The Gash boys ended up gaining first for sign-ups for their cabin. To continue the streak, the campers then played a challenge called Hunker Houser, where they use their balance to pull the rope to knock another camper off a block of wood. While there were many re-dos, Harrison Black an absolute diesel piece, nearly won his cabin a treat but was trumped by a Bank camper.

After rest hour the campers competed in a frisbee throwing challenge to skip the line for dinner. Dinner was phenomenal thanks to our brave and wonderful kitchen staff.

After a long day of competition, the EA was an outrageously fun night of Ultimate Sports Night! This means kids were able to play in their favorite or best activities for an hour longer than usual. The four square court was incredibly active and frisbee highway entered full rush hour mode for the third time that day. The day ended on a wonderful note where the campers George Betsil and Luke Chapdelaine lowered the flag and the camp gained a late-sleep for the next day after their hard work and competition.

Day 5 – July 20th – Pete Cooke

Lights, Camera, Action! On this day, Camp Kieve became the set of Kieve's Got Talent, which means that every camper and member of staff demonstrated their best talents that day. Mano Levine raised the flag on this special day. After a hearty breakfast of French toast, Jeff Coote and Will Bliss rapped "I sing a Song of the Saints of God" while dancing, much to

the camp's delight. Wes Dixon earned Test Duty.

Then, the camp broke up for morning activities during one of the summer's hottest days. For general swim, the campers competed in raft skits, reenacting famous movie scenes with the addition of a pain dive.

After lunch, Will Kaback, Will Javier, and Aidan Redmond performed an original rap song called "Rap is Good," causing the camp to go bananas. Afterwards, directors Walter and Tommy performed a blue grassy remix of the inspection day song and dance.

The day concluded with Air Guitar as the evening activity. All cabins in camp performed something original and fun for the rest of the camp to watch and enjoy. Notably, Allagash III performed a wild skit that served as a goodbye, for they left on their near-session long journey. Ian Arts lowered the flag, signaling the end of another successful day at Kieve.

Day 6 – July 21st – Keelan Woodard

Camp awoke to find out that today would be Surf's Up day (yes, the 2007 cinematic masterpiece about surfing penguins). The weather was already much hotter than the frigid climate of Shiverpool, Antarctica, Cody Maverick's hometown. Jackson Ruthig and Armand Fremy, of Bank II, helped to raise the flag before we all went down the hill to breakfast.

Everyone enjoyed the pancakes that were tossed to them from across Pasquaney while jamming out to surfing jams and island music. After the meal, other inhabitants of Pengu like Big Z, Tank Evans, Chicken Joe, and talent scout Reggie Belafonte got a chance to introduce themselves to the camp.

Test Duty pitted the pairs of Will Bliss and Bo Hawks, Gus Williams and Nick Menice, and Charlie Hansen and Graham Kelly against each other in a wheelchair race. Each pair would race around the perimeter of Pasquaney, one pushing the other in the wheelchair, with the slowest time receiving Test Duty. Charlie and Graham were left to the fate of the plinko, finding themselves cleaning the men's room.

Following breakfast, everyone scrambled back to their cabins to clean in anticipation of inspection. After cleaning cabins, everyone went down to the chapel to enjoy the beautiful Sunday morning. There, we heard from countless campers, each sharing how they felt about Kieve. Ben Dixon shared with us his journey through Kieve. Speaking on how each year he has learned a valuable life lesson, encouraging the rest of the camp to learn each year as well. After singing a few more hymns with Laa Laa, it was time to go back to the cabins and await the scrupulous eyes of Walter and Tommy as they came through for inspection.

For lunch, we enjoyed BBQ chicken, corn-on-the-cob, and watermelon along with campers' sisters from Wavus. Following the conclusion of mealtime, Bank I and South Cunningham were revealed as the winners of Loudest and Sweetest, respectively. Tommy and Walter then announced that Bank II reigned supreme as the cleanest cabin in camp. They welcomed them to join them on stage to do the inspection dance while rocking the band.

The afternoon was filled with the regular activities as well as some unique ones such as a swimming ultimate frisbee crossover down at Dick's Dock and a fishing trip on the Bill Gribell boat. Following activities, the boys showed off their dramatic sides for raft skits at G-swim. They were asked to replicate a penguin mating dance and a crazy surfing moment. Raft two which utilized a bit of wordplay took home the prize and came in first. After drying off, we all trekked up the PQ for some delicious burgers.

The evening activity was a big luau down at Harriet House. The boys enjoyed a makeshift slip and slide and kiddy pools, along with doubles and singles foursquare, Kübb, Kan-jam, cornhole, Spikeball, and a very active frisbee highway.

After having our fun, we ventured back up to the rock, where Nico duPont, of North Townsend, and Will Frank, of North Bunkerhill II, helped to lower the flag. We then sang the Kieve song, bringing the end to another stellar Kieve day.

Day 7 – July 22nd – Bo Hawkes

"Citizens of Kieve, good morning!" A warm, southerly wind gently caressed the Kieve flag as it was heaved up the flagpole. With waking campers gathered around the rock, President Hozeman Bawkes announced his retirement from politics. This news shocked many campers, but also came as a delightful surprise to those frustrated with the current regime (all zero of them, hehe).

Once the flag was up and everyone packed themselves into Pasquaney for breakfast, it was time to introduce the candidates running to take over Bawkes' position. Several counselors announced how they would improve camper lives around Kieve, but it was Aiden Redmond's "Brady cheats" chant that impressed. With the candidate introductions over, Test Duty consisted of counselors attempting to name former US presidents. Will Kaback proved himself as the clear winner as he skillfully listed off presidents. Matteo Perper, however, wasn't as fortunate and ended up losing the battle.

After morning activities and G-swim wrapped up, it was time for lunch. Lunch was a delicious serving of burgers and coleslaw, with fruit on the side. As soon as campers and counselors finished off their plates, another round of candidate speeches began. The highlights included Taylor Cashman demonstrating his ability to connect with the hearts and minds of voters and the Dixon family reunion group appealing to the Chicago suburb demographic.

Once lunch and rest hour concluded, it was time for afternoon activities and G-swim. Blessed with a sunny day, campers enjoyed Election Day activities to the best of their abilities. Even the hard working, blue collar New Jersey voters were able to indulge in a bit of fun. G-swim ran smoothly also, as campers were excited to hop in the water before dinner.

Dinner was important on this day, as it signaled the conclusion of candidate speeches. Braxton Miller made an impressive final push, but it was not enough to upend Aiden. The announcement of Aiden becoming president led into a huge game of gold

rush. Gold rush was only fitting, as Aiden had promised a new, financially fruitful life within the confines of Camp Kieve.

As soon as campers tracked down all of the gold rocks on campus, each cabin returned to PQ for a helping of Round Top ice cream. With full bellies, campers then made the trek up to flag. Bawkes concluded the evening by reminiscing on how each and every camper exceeded his expectations for the day, and how the counselors helped bring Election Day together. With that, the final day of the Bawkes regime came to an end.

Day 8 – July 23rd – Duncan Walsh

Upon arriving at flag, campers were greeted by a distraught Will Bliss. After lowering the flag quickly, Will informed camp that something horrible happened last night and that they should just go down to Pasquaney. Unfortunately, Camp Kieve had stumbled onto something terrible. Instead of a normal breakfast, they found Cameron Stafford lying dead on the front porch, with chalk outlines and police tape already in place. Police officers Janvier and Walsh were there to keep the crowd at bay and maintain the peace. Outside of the PQ door, a table was set with all of the potential murder weapons laid out, including a spoon, golf club, bow and arrow, paddle, hatchet, and rifle.

About halfway through breakfast, after taking a sip of Earl Gray tea, Matteo Perper died of poisoning in front of everyone, necessitating police tape officer Janvier to clear the scene. The stage was set and tensions were high; camp needed to know who the murderer was. During announcements, potential murderers were presented to everyone with suspects including President Mike, Old Man Lexi, Professor Twee, Colonel Kistler, Bentley Hawthorne and Blake the Butcher. Test Duty consisted of who had the best alibi with Blake the Butcher taking the loss for her alibi of being in the butcher's shop.

During morning Indian Circle, the various suspects began arguing and accusing each other of being the murderer. Throughout these announcements the suspects dropped clues, and each cabin

attempted to use their best deduction abilities to determine who the murder could possibly be. Towards the end of these accusations, President Mike ran around the corner to reveal that he actual knew who the witness was. Just before getting the words out a gunshot went off and President Mike dropped dead. Despite this intrigue camp went on, and cabins went off to activities.

Once lunch arrived, camp was closing in. They just needed to find the location, weapon and the suspect. Throughout announcements the suspects dropped yet more hints, and cabins paid close note. However, soon it was time for rest period.

After a much-appreciated extended rest period, afternoon Indian Circle called for an interrogation. Officers Janvier and Walsh played good-cop bad-cop on the handcuffed and gagged Parker Swensor who, after much interrogation, dropped that the location of the murder was the four square court. Cabins knew they were close now, and the focus to find the murderer continued to build.

After a raft skit of the best murder in history, campers brought to the attention of officers Janvier and Walsh that there was a bottle with a clue floating next to their raft. After some white board wizardry and deductive reasoning, it became clear that the weapon could only have been the rifle. With the weapon and location determined all that was left was to figure out who the murderer was.

For dinner announcements, every suspect was lined up while cabins came forward to present their vote for who should be arrested. With votes split very closely, Professor Twee was arrested and camp was saved.

Officer Walsh celebrated the occasion by munching on a turkey sandwich. Much to his surprise the turkey had gone bad, which Officer Janvier explained by mentioning how the butcher's shop had been closed the last week. This directly contradicted Blake the Butcher's alibi, and caused an intense chase scene to the song Bad Boys and Blake's ultimate arrest. With the murder apprehended camp could at last sleep peacefully.

In honor of this intrigue and mystery,



Camp Kieve ended the day with a big game of Deception!

Day 9 – July 24th – Marty Arnold

Today was Alien Invasion day. As camp was at its smallest, the idea of today was to sharpen our minds and our skills and improve at our favorite activities to prepare for the oncoming alien invasion. Teddy Epker and Adian Ramey raised the flag. At breakfast announcements there were no trips leaving and the morning was off to a slow start with announcements.

Sam Kaplan made an announcement and began a story line of looking for the JK kids before the invasion. Test Duty was a competition for the most inspiring speech between Hayes, Phil Kaplan, and Tom Linkas. Tom had the camp roaring with energy. Hayes lost after a double switch on plinko. Morning duties went quickly and progressed on to morning activities with one G-swim at 11:30. The skits were to recreate the best battle scene of history or film. Of course the recreation of Avengers Endgame won and came in first.

Lunch announcements got off to a fun and weird start with all Hufflepuffs being decreed aliens. Sam Kaplan continued the story of the search for JK kids who would be arriving tomorrow. Lunch announcements ended with the first alien sighting at Kieve.

After rest hour, afternoon activities kicked off. The waterfront activities were the most full as it was a hot day. And the 4-square tournament was full and campers got into the competitive energy. There was one afternoon G-swim at 4:45. The skit to come in was why the aliens had decided to come to Kieve. The winning raft declared Lorna Dunes as the reason for the invasion.

After dinner, two cabins announced their return to camp. Announcements ended with a standoff against the aliens to be resolved in a game of color wars. The game ended 23-23 in a Kieve tie.

At flag I imparted a message of community and friendship here at Kieve before Gavin and Nick from NBH I lowered the flag.

Day 10 – July 25th – Patrick Kavanagh

It was a bright and sunny morning as campers gathered around the rock. Today was a big day at Kieve as JK arrived! Seven full-session cabins smiled while I introduced myself as “Pat in the Hat” as it was Dr. Seuss day! Henry Dixon and Henry Oster of North Glenayr were selected to raise the American and Kieve flags into the sky. With that, table boys followed by cabins were sent down to breakfast.

Music echoed through Pasquaney as camp feasted on breakfast. Announcements were meager as not much had happened the previous day.

Two cabins were headed to the Snowgoose and the beach, leaving only five cabins in camp all day! Luckily, some of Pat in the Hat’s storybook friends joined him at Kieve for the day! Thing One and Thing Two (Sarah Burgin and Eleanor Smith), The Lorax (Thomas Krush), Cindy Lou-Who (Fluke), and the Grinch (Charlie Demuth) introduced themselves to the camp. Laughter erupted as each of the characters made their introduction.

For Test Duty, Gus Williams, Eric Mehrberg, and Thomas Krush competed to see who could come up with the most words that rhymed with “box.” After Gus was eliminated, Eric and Thomas faced off to rhyme words with “boy.” Eric was victorious and selected Nick Menice as the the Plinko-player. PQ men’s room! Campers were then dismissed for duties and activities.

At morning G-swim, campers attempted to show what would happen if Things One and Two ran Kieve. One raft did not quite “vibe” with the topic and chose to whip instead. However, Pat in the Hat did not quite “vibe” with their skit and gave them fourth place! A lunch of cold cuts, chicken salad, watermelon, and chips was served, followed by rest hour. At afternoon G-swim, campers were challenged to show how the Grinch really stole Christmas.

At dinner, more Dr. Seuss characters were introduced: Fox in Socks (Eric Mehrberg), Sam-I-Am (Justin Callahan), and Horton from Horton Hears a Who (Brooks Biddle).

When it was time to go back to Whoville, the characters refused and ran away. The only way they could be found was through a big game of Dr. Seuss's Super-Secret Scavenger Hunt! Similar to the rules of Paparazzi, characters were hiding around camp and the boys needed to find them! Four clues were written on the white board which led campers to four characters. Each character then had another clue that led them to another character. The cabin with the most people to find all eight campers won the chance to spin the prize wheel! South Townsend won a... **WHOLE CAMP TREAT!** Popsicles were passed out and "Celebration" played in the background.

Everyone headed up to flag after popsicles were finished. No longer Pat in the Hat, I read the final few pages of *Oh, The Places You'll Go!* by Dr. Seuss. We also welcomed the fifty-six new JK campers to Kieve! Forest Storer and Bear Pingree of North Glenayr helped lower the flag and we sang the Kieve song. With that, another amazing Kieve day ended.

Day 11 – July 26th – Jeff Coote

Hakuna Matata! Today, Disney took over Camp Kieve to put on their new live action film *The Lion King*. Flag this morning marked the first full day for JK, who shot the energy of camp right back up. Mufasa greeted all the campers at flag with heavy news that he would soon be vacating his throne. Before we raised the flag, however, Rafiki baptized young Simba, played by Luke Chapdelaine of North Townsend, to the song "The Circle of Life." Everyone cheered to welcome their new lion king. James Hobelmann and Bo Vaughn raised the flag, and everyone headed down to breakfast.

There was a new energy at breakfast, as JK was getting acclimated to their new surroundings. After chowing down on some delicious French toast, I brought Abby Rockefeller, Wes Dixon, Lindsey Harrison, Blake Cote, Bo Hawkes, and Sarah Burgin to compete in a Disney song and dance competition for Test Duty. Every performance brought the house down, but the applause-o-meter called for Blake and Lindsey to drop the plinko chip. The plinko board summoned a

rare double "switch" before Lindsey and Blake were ultimately picked to clean the board game bin and closet.

It was a picture perfect day for morning activities where our new campers got their first taste of the different offerings at Kieve. For G-Swim, I had each raft perform an original Kieve song and dance and Cole Anderson from JK Perseverance had the most memorable performance for his pain dive and solo verse in a Kieve spin on the hit rap song "Mo Bamba."

Lunch was a smorgasbord of various barbequed meats as the beautiful day continued. In addition to the lunch meats, Mufasa's brother Scar started some controversial beef about Simba's legitimacy to take the throne and heated arguments ensued. We also had Bo Hawkes and George Cole debate their top three evening activities on the latest episode of "Around The Porch," a Kieve spin on ESPN's "Around the Horn."

After all the fun banter, Henry Kennedy came on stage to introduce a Kieve alumnus named Michael Odokara-Okigbo or "Mike O" for short. Mike was a camper in the early 2000s and encouraged the boys to follow their dreams. He chased his dream of music, having appeared on NBC's "The Sing-Off" with the Dartmouth Aires as well as the movie *Pitch Perfect 2*. He taught a call and response song; it was an awesome moment for all.

The afternoon meant it was the first opportunity for the JK campers to choose their own activities, and on a hot day like today, rope swing and swimming were hot commodities. Regardless, everyone got the chance to cool off during afternoon G-Swim where the skit competition was to show me the greatest moment in Disney movie history. They all impressed the judges, and we headed up to dinner.

Timone and Pumba put on a great show of their song "Hakuna Matata," but the tension between Simba and Scar for Mufasa's thrown intensified. Scar decided to go to ruthless measures and kill his brother Mufasa, immediately vacating the throne and leading to a huge game of **CAPTURE THE FLAG!**

Teams representing Simba and Scar

battled it out in a Kieve classic game of all out warfare from the soccer field to Harriet House field. Amongst the power-struggle, however, we all were saved by the bell and we gathered around the Rock as one family. I had to break it to the kids that I was not actually Mufasa and none of it was real, but I drew upon some Lion King lessons to deliver the closing words of wisdom to the boys before having Jack Pickett and Nico DuPont lower the flag.

Day 12 – July 27th – Will Kaback

It was to be a day of conflict and conquering, war and peace, life and death, power grabs and Plinkos. As the Saturday sun rose to find blue skies awaiting its arrival, Camp Kieve gradually stirred from its collective rest and made its way to flag, where the drama began.

Kabackeus, second in line to the Empire of Kieve, stood proudly on the rock and declared that on this day his aging father, Emperor Pete, would finally name his successor. Although his brother Cooteus was technically older and thus the direct heir, Kabackeus seemed confident that the throne would be his and Kieve would soon be under his control. Petie Thelander and Ollie Kallen of North Bunkerhill II raised the flags and the day was underway.

Camp buzzed with anticipation of the big announcement as breakfast got underway. The first meal of the day was a treat — cinnamon rolls drowned in thick frosting with a mouth-watering array of sugary cereals to sate the palate. Cooteus serenaded Pasquaney with the sounds of A Tribe Called Quest and Kabackeus paced near the front of the dining hall, his eyes periodically darting towards his older brother.

The usual post-breakfast fanfare was held outside on the Pasquaney porch and picnic area. Before announcements, Kabackeus introduced Emperor Pete, who hobbled to his Adirondack Chair Throne in his iconic white toga and clout goggles with the assistance of Cooteus. Also introduced was Bozeman the Hawk, Kabackeus's avian servant/bodyguard. Bozeman flapped around on stage and fed raspberries to Emperor Pete while Kabackeus, preoccupied with a pack of

Lorna Doones and an ominous-looking bottle of green liquid, shadily turned his back to the crowd.

For test duty, George Cole teamed up with Lindsay Harrison and Will Bliss with Blake Cote, and the two teams faced off in a game of "Hop, Paper, Scissors." This heart-pounding event involves a long, winding sequence of colored plastic dots spaced about a foot apart from one another; here, the dots stretched from the beginning of Frisbee Highway up the road towards Innisfree.

The teams started on opposite ends and the game began when Lindsay and Blake started hopping on two feet across the dots towards one another. When they met in the middle, they squared off in a best-of-one game of Rock, Paper, Scissors. The winner advanced and continued hopping towards the other side while the loser sprinted back to their side and tapped their partner, who hopped forward to meet their opponent and attempt to stop their progress by winning RPS. The game concludes when one team reaches their opponent's side; unfortunately, despite winning opportunities for both, neither team was able to beat the other and test duty went into a sudden death overtime. Will and George faced off for one final RPS round, and the Will/Blake team came out on top when Bliss threw scissors to George's paper. The almighty Plinko assigned George and Lindsay to a clean of the PQ men's room — a Saturday delight.

Just as the cabins prepared to file off to complete their respective duties, the sound of marching (or skipping, rather) feet prompted head turns and gasps. It was Wesleus and Abbeus, the Warrior Siblings, who, until this moment, were thought to be fighting abroad in the Battle of Cool Island. The brother-sister pair made their way to the stage and triumphantly raised their battle weapons, declaring, "We won the battle — Cool Island is ours!" Emperor Pete and his sons clapped in approval as camp roared at the prospect of a brand-new island that was also cool.

Celebrations began to break out at the news of Wesleus and Abbeus's conquest, and Kabackeus took the opportunity to

offer his older brother one of the Lorna Doones he had been fiddling with earlier. He called it a “treat” and Cooteus, caught up in the moment, took it without a second thought. Just as the cheers and ovations were reaching a fever pitch, however, Cooteus let out a hideous scream and collapsed, scratching at his throat. A terrified silence swept camp as Cooteus spit the crumbs of the ill-fated Lorna Doone out of his spasming lips. He emitted a final howl and was still.

“Get him to the Infirmary!” cried Kabackeus, his brow furrowed to the point where it appeared on the verge of cracking. “Please, help! We can’t have my older brother — who is the only one ahead of me in line for the throne and certain to be named successor should he be alive at the time of the announcement — die!”

It was too late. A somber band of North Townsend campers filed on stage and carried off Cooteus’s body as the camp mourned. Still, there was a day to be had and though the future was now far murkier than before, camp moved forward, persevering through adversity as only Kievers can.

As the morning turned to a gorgeous early afternoon, the day was all about enjoying the good weather and honing skills at activities. At G-Swim, Kabackeus and Wesleus oversaw the action; the former’s chest was puffed out as he smugly strutted around the main dock while the latter eyed his counterpart with suspicion, his hands slipping instinctively to the battle axe at his side.

“For Raft Skits today,” said Kabackeus, “you are going to be re-enacting a famous murder. Not that murder is on my mind or relevant to the day or anything like that. I simply want to be entertained.”

Just then, the somewhat-muted sound of a camper saying “Murderer” under his breath was heard over the water. An enraged Kabackeus turned on his heel to locate the heckler and when he failed to ascertain his exact location, he snapped his fingers and pointed in the general direction. Out of nowhere, Bozeman the Hawk appeared, swooping in over the bathhouses and aiming his razor-sharp talons towards the area Kabackeus

was pointing. He descended on Raft 3 and wreaked havoc indiscriminately, tossing campers off the raft and violating countless G-swim rules and regulations in the process. Some campers threw themselves into the water in pain dive form to avoid Bozeman’s wrath.

“I won’t have any more of this ‘murderer’ talk, understood?” said Kabackeus.

Somewhat subdued by the incident, the rafts got to work planning their skits. Garrett Phillips and Will Bliss’s raft won with a stirring depiction of LeBron James infamously posterizing Jason Terry on the fast break (coming in at a close second was “The Death of the Aqua Zip”).

Lunch was pizza to celebrate LaaLaa’s 84th birthday. We sang happy birthday and showed LaaLaa the rainbow drawings done in her honor at art during morning activities; then, LaaLaa surprised us all with a whole camp treat of ice cream sandwiches!

After announcements, Emperor Pete motioned that he was ready to make his announcement. He slowly rose from his throne and, for the first time, addressed camp. Wesleus and Abbeus stood by his side while Kabackeus hovered near the corner of the stage, seemingly ready to burst with anticipation.

“I have thought long and hard about this decision,” the Emperor said. “With the death of my eldest, much was thrown into disarray. I am, however, confident that I have made the correct choice. In the end, Kieve must prize integrity and morality above all. For that reason, I name Wesleus and Abbeus the next Emperors of Kieve!”

A wave of shock and awe swept over the crowd as Emperor Pete turned to his successors-to-be and shook their hands. Cries of “To the new Emperors!” went out and within a few seconds, camp was celebrating again. A dark shadow passed over Kabackeus’s face and he glowered at the joyous scene.

Suddenly, he erupted. “How could you, father!” he screamed. “I am the rightful heir!” His hands, at first clenched, now dropped into the deep recesses of his ashen gray toga. He began to slowly walk towards the Emperor.



"I am sorry my son, I truly am," said Pete, opening his arms to welcome a reconciliatory embrace.

"I don't think you are," said Kabackeus coldly. At once, he leapt towards his father and violently wrapped his arms around his exposed midsection. It appeared to be some kind of bizarre hug until Emperor Pete's face went white and Kabackeus slowly stepped backwards.

Now the crowd could see what he had done. Gripping a small dagger now dripping in blood, Kabackeus turned to the campers and raised his weapon.

"I am your true Emperor," he said. "And you will recognize me as such."

Emperor Pete, clutching his belly, collapsed and expired behind the nascent usurper.

Wesleus and Abbeus drew their weapons and rushed towards Kabackeus but stopped in their tracks when they heard the unmistakable screech of Bozeman the Hawk overhead. Bozeman landed on the porch with a thud and spread his wings in front of Kabackeus in a protective stance.

"Kneel before me, Warrior Siblings," said Kabackeus, emboldened. "I demand a vow of loyalty."

"We will never kneel for a false emperor," said Abbeus fiercely. "Draw your weapon and call off your bird, coward."

Kabackeus chuckled.

"The bird it is then," he muttered to himself, waving a hand absentmindedly towards the Siblings. Bozeman flew into action, rising into the air with a single flap of his enormous wings and snatching up the two in his talons. He sped off over Damariscotta Lake, his prey thrashing helplessly below.

Kabackeus turned to the campers.

"You are to address me as Emperor Kabackeus now," he said. "All dissenters will feel the wrath of Bozeman." He paused, then added, "Rest hour until 2:45." And off they went.

At afternoon Indian Circle, Kabackeus informed the campers that they would soon be molded into soldiers to fight in the Great War to come. He spoke of lands to be captured and enemies to be slain while the Junior Kievers & Co. steered

their collective resolves and prepared for the trials ahead.

"I need you all to earn as many quals as is possible," the new emperor commanded. "We must bolster our arsenal if we are to win the War."

He released them to activities and the afternoon began.

The activity periods passed without any further dramatics. At G-Swim, Kabackeus asked the campers to re-enact a famous battle, and the winning skit offered a spot-on portrayal of the recent victory at Cool Island.

Dinner was chicken tenders and cheesy mac, the Emperor's favorite. With the day now having entered the Golden Hour, Kabackeus called for cabin groups and presided over dinner announcements, during which a staggering amount of earned quals were announced, much to the Emperor's delight. Much to his chagrin, however, was the sound of marching feet once again echoing from the flagpole. Camp had to fight to contain its excitement as Wesleus strode down the hill and onto the stage, where he stood eye-to-eye with Kabackeus and brandished his weapon.

"Bird! Bird!" cried the Emperor, looking frantically to the sky.

"Your hawk is dead," said Wesleus, bowing his head. "My sister made sure of that."

"You killed my bird!" howled Kabackeus, dropping to his knees.

"Yes," said Wesleus, "and perhaps it will give you some sick pleasure to know that my sister died in the fight. But she made sure that hawk will never hurt another soul on your behalf."

"You'll pay for this," seethed the Emperor.

"No," said the Warrior, "you will."

Camp watched the standoff unfold in silence, utterly rapt. Kabackeus shakily drew his dagger and stepped backwards. Wesleus countered, brandishing his battle axe menacingly. There was nowhere to hide now and it appeared the new Emperor's tenure would be ending as violently as it had begun hours earlier. That is until a look of relief washed over his face and he stepped forward, suddenly confident again.

"Wait a moment, now," he said, raising a cautionary palm. "You want me dead. I know this. But what if I give you the opportunity to fight me on the grandest battlefield of all, a tournament of great warriors wherein the victor will earn the throne?"

Wesleus paused. His axe dropped slightly.

"Go on," he growled.

"I'm speaking of a Gladiator Battle, of course," the Emperor continued. "You and I will jointly enter into the tournament, where we will each face the greatest fighters in all Southeast Maine. Should we both make it through, we will meet in the tournament's finale — you versus me for the Empire."

Wesleus was no coward and the prospect of one-on-one combat with Kabackeus to strip him of his pride and title was too enticing to pass up. He dropped his axe and grinned.

"A tournament it is then," he said. The Emperor returned the smile and turned to the crowd.

"Tonight's entertainment will be a Gladiator Battle!" he said. The campers roared in approval and dashed off to their cabins to dress themselves in their most fashionable (and bug-averse) viewing gear. When they returned, they found two massive tables piled high with battle gear — cardboard armor, duct tape, tin foil, foam weapons, boogie board shields, and other stylish trinkets galore. Each cabin selected one of its counselors to be their warrior representative and then began to outfit them with weapons and armor. When all the heroes were battle-ready, camp made its way down to the waterfront and found space to sit on the beach. The tournament was about to begin.

Kabackeus was the first to fight and he made his way to the main dock to face off against the champion from North Harrington. He let loose a wild battle cry and squared up with his opponent, his gleaming sword held high. The Emperor's ferocity was too much to handle, and he dispatched his adversary quickly. Victorious, he turned to the crowd and waved his arms as if to say, "Are you not entertained!?" The crowd's response was

tepid at best.

Wesleus was next and won easily as well. He had only eyes for Kabackeus as he walked back down the dock, the crowd roaring gleefully in his midst.

The tournament continued as the sun set on the water, a glorious sight for a moment of glory. Kabackeus and Wesleus continued to methodically work their ways through the opposition, their advanced fighting skills and superior weaponry proving too much for the overmatched cabin champions.

Finally, the moment everyone was waiting for arrived. Kabackeus and Wesleus both won their semifinal match, setting up for an epic finale. The crowd's cheering was deafening as the two calmly sauntered to the main dock and took their places. There was a brief lull and then it began.

At first, they engaged in only light swordplay, their respective weapons glancing off one another as each attempted to gauge the other's approach. Kabackeus drew first blood when he surprised Wesleus with a jab to the shoulder. It was merely a flesh wound, but the contest was real now. The Warrior responded with a powerful strike to the Emperor's shield, which shuddered and reverberated upon contact. They began to swing violently at one another — a slice here, a whack there, a blast elsewhere.

Finally, Wesleus broke through when he smashed Kabackeus's sword out of his hand and into the choppy water. Unphased, the Emperor reached to his backplate and drew a second blade — slender but sharp. It whizzed through the air as he jabbed and cut at Wesleus's armor and shield. The Warrior seemed initially surprised by the attack but soon recovered and swatted at the needle-like weapon with his comparatively huge axe. He connected cleanly with the Emperor's weapon and snapped it in two. The crowd was on its feet now, shouting for blood while they waited anxiously to see what would happen next.

Kabackeus, seemingly disarmed, now reached back into his armor and produced three bulging water balloons. He cocked his arm back and unleashed an aquatic barrage that knocked Wesleus

onto his back. Then he slyly produced his secret weapon — the dagger he had used to kill his father earlier in the day. He lunged at Wesleus, who spun away from the attack and grabbed his own dagger from his waist.

As the dying sun blazed red, they circled each other, primed to pounce like lions.

They moved at the same time, their daggers clashing and flying out of their hands.

They looked at one another, then their weapons, then back to each other.

They dove, pawing for their blades while simultaneously clawing at the other to hold him back.

In the mad dash, Kabackeus rolled to the edge of the dock, clutching its wood paneling to stop his momentum just before he plunged into the black water.

Wesleus slowly stood, dagger in hand. He pinned the Emperor on the raft's edge with one hand while raising the blade with the other.

"Please," rasped Kabackeus. "Not like this." The Warrior grinned, realizing victory was at hand.

"This is for my sister," he said, and brought the dagger down. The Emperor yelped and stared in disbelief at the blossoming wound in his stomach. His eyes rolled back into his head and he slumped backwards. Wesleus stood and took one last look at the fallen Emperor.

"So long," he whispered, then shrugged and kicked Kabackeus's lifeless body into the water, where it quickly sank and disappeared.

The Warrior — now the Emperor — turned at last to the crowd.

"Wes-le-us! Wes-le-us!" they chanted, finally free of the short-lived tyrant. The new Emperor raised his arms to call for quiet. He approached the beach and gazed out over the masses, taking in their beaming faces with pride.

"Thank you for your support," he bellowed. "And thank you for never losing hope. Today brought many challenges but here we stand."

"We love you Emperor!" shouted someone in the crowd. Wesleus smiled.

"Again, your loyalty is admirable, but I must make a confession." His smile

dropped and he looked down at his hands, calloused and stained from years of fighting.

"I have no desire to be Emperor," he said. "I never have. Instead, I want to do what should have been done from the start. A new beginning, if you will."

He paused, then looked up at them again.

"I am returning camp to the campers, the only true heirs Kieve has known."

His proclamation was met with a shocked silence. Then, from the ranks of Junior Kieve, a cry of "Kieve forever!"

The chant spread rapidly through the crowd and soon it was all that could be heard on the peninsula. As camp celebrated, hugged, and danced, Wesleus slipped off towards the BMT. He was never seen again.

The sun had set now and the campers — still buzzing with democratic spirit — walked as one up to the rock. At flag, they reflected on the day and looked to the ones ahead. James Counselman, Slater Fairfield, and Will Frank lowered the flags to conclude the day. Camp's future was bright and alive with possibility. The campers returned to their cabins and slept peacefully.

All was well.

Day 13 – July 28th – Abby Rockefeller

My OD took place on Sunday, July 28th of second session during the summer of 2019. The day started out great with a quick introduction to my theme, the movie UP, during morning flag. I decorated PQ with balloons and signs from the movie and dressed up as the main character, Russell. I wore a Boy Scout outfit and had Lexi Kemp as the old man Carl. Bo Hawkes was the toucan and Taylor Cashman and George Cole were the bad guys.

Because it was Sunday, we had chapel service in the morning where Taylor Cashman gave an amazing speech on Kieve by using the alphabet and each letter represented a different aspect of Kieve. Following chapel, my cabin won inspection and we had a wonderful lunch on the porch outside.

We performed a skit within the theme of UP and then during rest hour I went

around to each cabin for sign ups. With JK here, it was a bit stressful to get every cabin in within the hour before the bell rang. The day went extremely smooth and the counselors were all so helpful. The campers seemed to enjoy the theme of UP as well.

The day ended with Casino Night in PQ where we had different card games, a fortune teller, and win a date with the Ritz set up around the room. The campers got to exchange their tokens for candy and seemed to have such a fun time. Overall, my first OD day went really well!

Day 14 – July 29th – Ben Dixon

Howdy partner. Today was the Wildest Wild West Day since the Great War. The day started with me introducing myself in my best country accent (inspired by a combination of Barack Obama, George Bush and Walter Dickerson) as Sheriff Ben Dixon and alerting camp that there had been a breakout from the Maine State Penitentiary. Evil doers and bandits had escaped and were now roaming free around the Kieve campus, I was going to need everyone's help to ensure that these criminals were captured.

At breakfast the five bandits introduced themselves: Aiden Redmond, Wes Dixon, Charlie Gomprecht and Nina Wilson, Taylor Cashman, and Pete Cook aka Dirty Dan aka Pistol Pete. Test Duty was a game of reload, block, shoot where Taylor Cashman secured the victory and elected Pete Cook to roll the plinko.

The day continued at G-swim where the skit was greatest Mexican standoff of all time, after G-swim we went to lunch where the bandits continued to speak and brag about how they were the best and more feared bandit this side of the Mississippi River.

After rest hour and afternoon activities we came upon second G-swim where the skit was best western or country song. The musical renditions were magical as the songs varied from "Take Me Home Country Roads" to "Old Town Road Remix," always nice to have variety in genres.

At dinner the bandits discussed how they felt that they had done enough evil mischief at Kieve for one day so they

were leaving. However, as the Sheriff of this great place, we couldn't let these evil doers roam free, we had to find them all with a huge game of Most Wanted! During Most Wanted cabins ran around camp taking photos with each bandit. Different bandits were worth different point values in line with the difficulty of their hiding spot. At the end of the EA it was determined that South Bunkerhill was victorious so they got to spin the EA prize wheel. No whole camp treat unfortunately.

At flag I discussed the magic of Kieve and how we have to soak it up as much as possible because before we know it the summer will be over. With the bandits captured and my words of wisdom instilled, we lowered the flag on another great day at Kieve.

Day 15 – July 30th – Will Bliss

The sun rose at Kieve like every other summer day since the first campers and counselors stalked the grounds back in 1926. Today the boys of Second Session 2019 would be paying homage to the Kievers who came before them, it was 1926 day. I encouraged the boys to think about all the campers and counselors before them, because Kieve has been doing it the Kieve way since that first summer in 1926. We danced to lively jazz music during breakfast until Jeff Coote decided to play some silly rap music, everyone was confused.

Test Duty challenged counselors on "what was going on in 1926." None of the contestants got any of the first six questions right. I'm not sure how they didn't know who won the World Series, US Open, what the world population was, or what the price of a new Dodge touring car was.

The day's weather couldn't have been better and everyone enjoyed a refreshing G-swim. Raft 3 won the prestigious 1st place prize in the G-swim skit, they really made it feel like it was 1926. Every counselor on the main dock was glad it was not a Saturday. It was Tuesday so we had tacos for lunch, the boys rejoiced.

Mystery Bus and SUP Trip highlighted the afternoon activities. The junkyard dogs of South Bunkerhill were in search



of a thrill and all signed up for the Mystery Bus captained by Ben Dixon and Taylor Cashman.

It was a sweaty day so the campers enjoyed the waterfront activities in the afternoon. The lake was perfect for G-swim and everyone enjoyed an afternoon swim. Raft 4 won the skit as they portrayed a new invention that was both original and played to the interests of the judges.

The real attraction of the day was the evening activity which pitted rival cabins against each other in five separate activities. The activity was called Old School Ultimate Cabin Competition Night, everyone was excited. The five activity stations were knockout, roofball, a team building challenge, a crossword puzzle, and dodgeball. Every cabin battled at each station and the tension and excitement were palpable. It was a true Kieve evening activity to cap off a true Kieve day.

At flag I read a few paragraphs from the opening pages of the 1926 Kieve Annual. The passage spoke to the fundamental nature of Kieve and the importance of our time here in the summer. It was a great day to be a part of the ideal which is Kieve.

Day 16 – July 31st – Phil Kaplan

The day began before flag, as members of the biker gang stormed the print shop for last minute tattoos, and the low riders donned their custom shirts. Colin posed as the OD, but was quickly replaced by bikers who claimed the rock as their own and announced their claim over Kieve. The morning music consisted of mostly Motorhead and ZZ Topp, setting the stage for an exciting day.

Breakfast went without a hitch, but announcements saw the Low Riders entering to “Gangstas Paradise” by Coolio, establishing themselves as a rival gang. Test Duty was a race around box sports, seeing the Low Riders easily win.

During lunch announcements, Fluke, “Creedence the Coward’s” girlfriend, was stolen by a Low Rider, which sparked enflamed tensions between the rival gangs. The rivalry culminated with

a drift battle, with a few cardboard bikes looking worse for the wear by the end. Charlie Hansen made sure to leave as little of his bike intact as possible.

This led into “Motorcycle Mayhem,” in which every cabin created a car out of cardboard and a broom, and raced them around boxsports. I was happy to see the entire camp get excited, cheering on cabinmates and running as fast as possible. South Glenayr was one of the few cabins to finish with their car intact, and earned their right to spin the wheel, winning first in line at lunch. Flag marked the end of an exciting first OD day.

Day 17 – August 1st – Colin Redmond

Ready, set, hike! Today was football day at Kieve with five NFL prospects coming in from all over the world, accompanied by their agents. They would be competing all day with events such as throwing accuracy and a 40-yard dash. At breakfast, we watched last season’s highlights while munching on some bagels with cream cheese.

After breakfast and at announcements, each player and agent introduced themselves. The contestants were Taylor Cashman, aka “Chunk Dirty” with his agent George Cole, Charlie Demuth with his little brother Will, Tom Linkas with his agent Jack Hall, Braxton Antill with his agent Duncan Walsh, and last but not least Andy “Akon” Conner, accompanied by Wes Dixon. Each player had their own unique personality which received tons of laughs from everyone in camp.

The first competition was the accuracy contest in which everyone had to throw a football through a hoop with three tries total. Akon ended up winning as he was the only one to make all three throws, putting him in first place at the start of the day.

After breaking for morning activities, we met back up at morning G-swim for the next event, a swim race to dock #2 and back. Charlie ended up winning so he moved up to #1 on the leader board.

That then brought us to lunch which was, drum roll please... taco Thursday! Everyone enjoyed lunch and free time that was full of frisbees, footballs, and four-square.

At lunch announcements some agents beefed with other agents and the players made their claims, but the main event was the 40-yard dash. The race was close, but Charlie ended up winning by just a hair.

After lunch announcements everyone got a well-deserved rest hour which got everyone ready for an afternoon of football and other fun activities. At afternoon g-swim, to come in each raft had to recreate the best football moments of all time. All of the skits were great, but the first-place winner was the best as they reenacted Tom Brady himself actually deflating footballs... #deflategate.

After G-swim we all scarfed down some bratwurst grilled by some of the world's best chefs, the Demuth brothers. After dinner there were announcements but only a few counselors had anything to say, but it did not matter as the upcoming competition would have everybody excited and laughing.

Each player had to bench press a JK Perseverance camper, George, as many times as they could without a break. Charlie ended up winning, benching George a total of 36 times, and beating out Chunk Dirty by just one.

At this point, each cabin had to decide who they think would win the evening activity, which was an obstacle course NFL combine mashup including tire flips, getting hit with mattresses, catching passes, and much more. It was all timed and the campers ran through it a couple of times for about an hour before the big event. Most cabins picked Chunk Dirty because he had the speed, but Charlie's strength carried him right through the tires and the mattresses, so he was able to take home the big win.

Everyone had great fun at the EA but at the same time we were all tired out and ready for flag. At flag, we spoke on the competitive yet loving environment that is so unique to Kieve. It wasn't just about football, it was about community, sportsmanship, and laughs. After flag everyone went down to their cabins to hangout for a while and rest up for the next day, Pasqualio's!

Day 18 – August 2nd – Will Janvier

Light the beacons! Today is a day of war. At flag the camp was introduced to a copy of the Kieve annual from 500 AD, and stories from a medieval Kieve were read throughout the day. A mad king sat above the camp on his throne at breakfast, while the campers sat in a unique Pasquaney with long rows of tables.

With a crackling fire and torches lighting the meal, the camp was introduced to Knights, Oracles, Kings and Queens, Plague Doctors, and even an Ogre. When a prophecy was delivered to the camp, the Three-Eyed Raven informed us that a true king chosen by God would arrive at Kieve with a sword, a chalice, and a cloth of divine power.

Throughout the day there were heavy dungeons and dragons overtones, with innumerable Monty Python references. When the mad king couldn't lift the sword Excalibur, the chosen one could.

And when the Knights of the Round Table returned from their quest with the Holy Grail, the king decided to throw a massive banquet at Ye Olde Pasquaney Hall. The campers were told to wear their finest clothes to such a feast, and it truly was a spectacular meal. The campers had a sit-down dinner of lasagna and grape juice served by their counselors on tables with tablecloths and torches. At the end of the meal, the mad king tried to prove his divinity by drinking from the Holy Grail, which of course quickly killed him. When the chosen one drank from the grail, he gained eternal life.

While someone was quick to point out that he only had the sword and the chalice from the prophecy, he quickly took off his shirt to reveal a Michael Jordan jersey underneath, AKA the cloth of divine power. The chosen one was given the throne, and announced that his first act as King was to watch the movie Space Jam with the entire camp! After the campers changed into more comfortable clothes, we piled into Pasquaney for the final time that day to watch the movie with a dessert of cake.

Day 19 – August 3rd – Parker Dotson

The final full week of camp began on

this very sunny morning in the beginning of August. This was also Junior Kieve's last day in camp, which was not to be a sad affair, but rather a celebration of all their accomplishments. To start the day off, I had my very own campers Patrick and Thomas Toomey raise the flag. Camp then descended down to Pasquaney for a feast of donut holes for breakfast.

At breakfast the theme of the day was revealed – Dodgeball. Jeff Coote and Ben Dixon then started a string of announcements supporting the “Purple Cobras” and the “Average Joes.” These were two teams from the movie Dodgeball, who were rivals in a dodgeball tournament fundraiser.

For Test Duty I brought up two teams for a relay race of dizzy bat, a competition in which two teams of two would have to spin around with a baseball bat five times, before completing a lap around Pasquaney, and switching with their partners. One team was comprised of Charlie Demuth and Taylor Cashman, while the other was made up of Matteo Perper and Fluke. The race began, and the Demuth/Cashman combo got out to a hot start. As the teams completed their relay, the Demuth/Cashman duo won the competition. Chants for the plinko board then emerged, and the team of Matteo/Fluke were cleaning up the Test shortly thereafter.

Following breakfast, cabins then completed their individual duties before reconvening at Indian Circle where cabin activities were announced. The sun was prevalent as activities began to wind down, and people gathered at the waterfront for morning general swim. The prompt for raft skits was to re-enact the best scene from the movie Dodgeball.

Before we could get the skits started, a wave of pain dives was in order! Riveting performances from Quentin Abramo, Justin Callahan, and Will Demuth brought rounds of applause from the people on rafts. Matteo and Lindsay Harrison brought home first place for their skit re-enacting “if you can dodge a wrench, you can dodge a ball.”

Following the swim, lunch was very low key as there were few cabins in camp. Rest hour began, which was very

much needed, after a long morning in the sun. Following rest hour, the campers set off to their afternoon activities.

Over the course of the afternoon, five cabins returned from trip, and camp was once again bustling with energy. Afternoon swim competition was a competition of rock, paper, scissors. Eleanor Smith, and Matteo Perper once again brought home the victory, using rock everytime.

Dinner was then filled with announcements from the Bank and Allagash cabins returning from their wilderness trips.

After the energy was flowing throughout the audience, I announced that the evening activity was a giant game of dodgeball on the tennis courts! Sprinting back to their cabins, campers laced up their sneakers, and headed towards the field of battle. We had two separate games, made up of lower and upper cabins. The competition was fierce, and the games seemed as though they were never ending. We switched up the teams several times, and finally made a game of counselors against campers.

Before we knew it, the time to lower the flag had come. I had my former camper Hugh Gardiner, and current camper Auggie Gardiner lower the flag. A few words of wisdom were passed along,

Day 20 – August 4th – Liam Duggan

It was the third and final Sunday of camp, which meant it was a glorious half hour sleep-in that left camp feeling calm and rested.

Arriving at flag in my blazer, I announced that I was a very successful gambling talent scout and had come to Kieve looking for more talent.

The theme for the day was off track betting, or OTB Day, as it is more commonly known. I had Luke Clarke and Lucas Sajdak raise the flag, and then sent the campers down for the classic Sunday breakfast: pancakes.

For Test Duty, I announced the five people who would be competing in activities that cabins would bet on that afternoon: Bo Hawkes, Jeff Coote, Justin Callahan, Quent Abramo, and Lindsey Harrison. Test Duty was a quiz of

states and capitals that Bo lost after not knowing that Springfield was the capital of Illinois and not Chicago.

Sunday mornings are more relaxed than most mornings, as there are no activities. The campers all did their duties and then headed back to the cabin in order to clean for inspection. After cleaning, campers made their way to the chapel, where we heard some great words of wisdom from Sam and Henry Kennedy, before heading back for inspection.

The lunch was the usual and delicious Sunday lunch of chicken, corn, and watermelon. We devoured the chicken, and then began an announcements filled with betting and gambling remarks. By this time, all the cabins had filled out sheets with their bets for the afternoon activities, and the first competition was a planking contest during announcements. Bo won through almost constant screaming, and many cabins rejoiced. We then sent everyone to an extended rest hour.

During afternoon Indian Circle, I had my competitors compete in a closest to the tree frisbee competition, which was won by the underdog Quent.

After a usual afternoon of activities, G-swim featured another competition: longest treading water contest. Quent once again came out on top, as none of the other competitors could successfully tread water with both arms out of the water.

Everyone headed up to free time and dinner, which was burgers and hot dogs, and during dinner announcements I featured my last competition of the day: fastest to complete a crossword puzzle. Coote came out on top on this one, upsetting the favorite Justin.

The EA was the classic and widely beloved OTB EA of cabins betting on competitions between counselors. The first one featured counselors competing for the lowest score in the first three holes of golf. It was a tie between Michael Pilkington and Sam Kaplan, which was broken by a closest to the tree competition in which Mike came out on top.

The whole camp ran down to the waterfront to watch a canoe sprint in

which the Matteo brothers came out on top. We then made the short trek to the bottom of the soccer field to watch the relay race, won by the combination of Braxton Antill and Lindsey Harrison.

We walked to the bottom of the hill and watched the beautiful but brutal portage race, won by Forrest Lazzara, racing by the fast start by the Ritz. Evan Kantor once again dominated the much-anticipated all-staff knockout game, and we walked the short walk to flag, which was lowered by Johnny Shanahan and Jon Flaherty.

We kept track of each cabins' bank accounts all day, and North Glenayr won a treat as the best gamblers in camp. It was another great and gambling-filled OTB day, and it kicked off the final week of the summer of 2019 on the right note.

Day 21 – August 5th – Conner Thomas

Camp Kieve awoke to a crisp and cool Maine morning ready to rock and roll for one of the most exciting days of camp. During Dice Day, everything is left to chance so that not even Tommy knew what today would bring. This year, there was a new twist: Dice Day was combined with Counselor Appreciation Day. The staff cheered upon hearing the good news of deluxe coffee and potential for treats during the day.

Flag was begun by rolling to see which counselors would get to take over the more industrious tasks. Parker Swensrud gave an on-the-spot inspirational talk and yours truly, Conner Thomas, was given the honor of writing this report.

The kitchen staff never fails to fuel the camp and the breakfast of scrambled eggs and sausage coupled with musical classics built anticipation for the coming frenzy of rolls. Traditional roles were assigned, and we toasted to our hero Duncan Walsh while simultaneously booing and hissing at the villain, Parker Swensrud.

Among the highlights of the newest rolls were Ben Dixon spicing up his looks with Nina's special one piece, a new game of tag being born between a host of staff members including Parker Swensrud, Pete Cooke, Ella White, and Charlie Demuth, the safety squad of

Carter Sednoui and Sarah Burgin, and my name was called again to serve as a caddy for the day and carry around a bag with no fewer than thirty golf clubs.

Tommy and Evan Cantor's new Dice Day twist was to host a Family Feud challenge with survey questions about the staff answered by the staff. Throughout the course of the day, six staff members were rolled to compete and asked to guess who was voted the most in response to questions such as "Who is the most unhealthy eater on staff" or "Who is the most likely to win a raft skit at G-swim." This game was played for exotic prizes such as lip balm and exclusive Kieve merch at every meal and Indian Circle.

Morning activities went smoothly as the weather revealed another beautiful day in paradise for everyone to enjoy. The counselors were boosted by sodas and snacks by a traveling van to get them through to G-swim which went swimmingly.

The campers from Allagash I were enlisted to serve a tasty lunch of fish sandwiches in honor of counselor appreciation day and another round of rolls were begun. Eddie Fischer had to become a Brit and drink tea, the safety squad added a lifeguard in Miles Thompson, the tag group added new members to cause chaos, and Hayes Zierden assumed his natural role of Kieve hype man.

Rest hour passed quietly as the camp prepped for afternoon activities under the sun. Afternoon G-Swim was a laugh as the rafts were asked to decide which director received punishment duties named "Dick Duties" after the infamous punishment created by Dick Kennedy decades ago for counselors who slack off or misbehave.

That led to a special dinner which featured riblets for the campers but celebratory steaks for counselors grilled by veteran counselors Eddie Fischer, Duncan Walsh, Will Kaback, and fledgling Cooking Institute of America student Nicholas Speranza.

Dinner announcements were instant classics with Andrew Conner translating whale noises and our hero Duncan Walsh

saving frisbees from under Pasquaney Porch.

The EA was created and led by the villain Parker Swensrud and was an electric game of sharks and minnows with fun variations and ended with a whole camp treat of cookies.

The campers were treated to flag talks by Evan Cantor, Tommy, and the dice-chosen Drew Marshall to close one of the best days of the session.

Day 22 – August 6th – Ben Dixon

Aqua Attack, a staple of the final week of every Kieve session. During flag in the morning I discussed how music is such a large part of Kieve, constantly running in the background of our day to day lives. However, I have discovered something.

At breakfast we played the Aqua Attack video: I have discovered that there is a battle constantly raging inside the Kieve Boombox for which music genre is king. For as long as history has been recorded Rap has reigned supreme but the crown has been stolen from King Kaback and his Rap Council. Throughout the following 15 minutes the Rap Council consisting of Jeff Coote, Will Janvier, and Matteo Perper went around and battled different music genres. First Janvier defeated Taylor Cashman and German House, then Matteo defeated Colin Redmond and Andrew Connor representing Jazz, and finally Jeff Coote defeated the Ritz (represented by Abby Rockefeller, Sarah Burgin, and Eleanor Smith) who performed Pop.

At the end of the battles the Rap Council reconvened and Janvier informed King Kaback that they had defeated all the other genres but were unable to locate the crown. Kaback had one final trick up his sleeve though, an original song: Rap is the Best. The video concluded with a music video for the song.

With the stage set we began to move through the remainder of the day. Test Duty consisted of contestants doing a silent lip sync competition, Will DeMuth lost and had to clean the Buck bathrooms.

After duties and morning activities we had morning G-swim where the skit was best original song and dance. Kaback



and raft 2 unsurprisingly took home first place with a rap verse.

At lunch the Rap Council alerted the whole camp that they were still the kings of camp regardless of whether or not they had the crown. After rest hour and afternoon activities we came to afternoon G-swim, this time the skit surrounded who stole the crown.

During dinner announcements the energy was palpable as we wondered who had stolen the crown. At the end Kaback came out and performed Rap is the Best live at dinner. Then suddenly from inside Pasquany two figures emerged wearing the crown: Tom and Walter. They performed the Inspection Song with the whole camp singing along as they claimed to be the kings now. There was only one way to settle this problem: A BIG GAME OF AQUA ATTACK!

After the conclusion of the EA we went up to flag. I discussed how Kieve is constantly changing to stay the same, every year there are new schedules and new faces but Kieve continues to be a constant and that is why it is so special. With the words of wisdom spoken we lowered the flag on another great Kieve day.

Day 23 – August 7th – Nick Speranza

Rivalry day started out like any other, at flag. We got the beef started with what flavor of Pop-Tart is the best (Brown Sugar Cinnamon) and which deli meat reigns supreme (roast beef). Afterwards Sam Rwaganje and Andrew Jaroch raised the flag.

At breakfast there was an office parody video that explained the main rivalries. They were: Beards (Eddie Fisher, Mike Hornung) vs. Baby Faces (Conner Thomas, Mateo Perper), Ritz vs. Man-Ritz, Old Man Cam (Cam Stafford) vs. Old Man Marty (Marty Arnold) and, Docta K (Will Kaback) vs. VA (Will Janvier).

During morning announcements Pete Cooke showed that he had blackmail on Kate Fluke and threaten to expose her if she didn't say, "Man-Ritz is better than the Ritz," by dinner. Beef was started about Crocs being the worst and bucket hats being the best type and of course all of the rivalries announced how far

superior they were. It was bedlam. Finally there was Test Duty, which was The Ritz (Bentley Anderson, Kate Fluke) vs. Man-Ritz (Pete Cooke, Duncan Walsh) in a roast off. The Ritz had some funny lines but the Man-Ritz was way better and so, The Ritz had to do Plinko. The Ritz got switch so the Man-Ritz had to do it instead and got Test.

For morning activities, instead of the usual, each cabin filled out a form with each camper taking one activity. If you were the best in that activity, you would get three points for your cabin, if you were second, you would get two and for third you would get one. The top cabin from Cabin Row and from Top of The Hill would win a pizza lunch.

For first G-swim the topic was best rivalry of all time and the winning raft skits were Sarah Burgen vs. a JK camper and Docta K vs. VA. At lunch announcements more beef was made and Pete asked Fluke if she would like to see her blackmail giving her an empty envelope and calling her a fool when she opened it. The old men gave announcements that was less beef and more a scene from a senior citizens home. The cabin winners of rivalry day were South Bunkerhill for the Lower Cabins and Bank Two from The Upper Cabins.

Rest hour was held before a normal afternoon, where campers went to their favorite activities. During afternoon G-swim the rafts were tasked with creating a skit around the greatest rivalry within a movie. The lower cabin winners performed a scene out of the movie Clerks, where two groups battled about whether Star Wars or The Lord of the Rings is the better movie.

During the second G-swim two rafts performed a scene from Star Wars. The first was Anakin's fight with Obi Wan-Kenobi, and the second was Darth Vader versus Luke Skywalker. By mistake, Co-OD Nick Speranza chose the wrong raft to come in first, and bedlam ensued.

Moving on to dinner, the beef continued, with a climax to Pete Cook's black mail of Kate Fluke. Inside of the document read a certificate with the misspelling of Fluke as Puke. The bearded men pointed out how Maine Trails is a trip so challenging

that it put hair on their faces and Mateo Perper, despite being a camper, never did Maine Trails. After announcements were cut short by the rain, the whole camp gathered in Pasquany Hall to watch WWE night.

A tournament was set up with each rivalry facing off at the beginning. The Ritz started off strong, defeating the Man Ritz in a battle. Afterwards, the two old men, Marty and Cam, anticlimactically fought, in which Cam came out on top. The Beards versus Baby Faces fight brought the camp to a high level of hype, in which the Beards came out on top. As the bracket continued, the Ritz beat up old man Cam in a very one-sided fight, which made everyone laugh. The final battle was held where the Ritz faced off with Beards. As the Beards were on one leg, Pete Cook came into the ring and took down Kate Fluke. Everyone in the building stood up and went crazy over the take down. However, even with the help of Pete, the Beards were unsuccessful in winning the fight, crowning the Ritz as the champions of WWE night.

To end the night, a rap battle was held between VA and Docta K. Each brought his own style of rap, however in the end they both found mutual love for one another and ended the evening activity with a live rendition of Rap is the Best.

As everyone gathered around the flagpole, Bryson Escobar and Owen Cronin lowered the flag, the song was sung and everyone headed back to their cabins ready for a night's rest before Qual Thursday.

Day 24 – August 8th – Bruce Haywood

Today was Qual Thursday, which meant that it was the final day for campers to earn their coveted qualifications at activities before heading home for the summer. Everyone in camp had a late sleep-in because of the torrential downpour throughout the night that lasted into part of the morning.

At 8:30, all cabins huddled inside of Innisfree anticipating that flag would be held inside, but we luckily got a brief ten-minute window of drizzling rain to raise the flag outside.

Today's theme was the Wizards of

Quals, based on the legendary Wizard of OZ! Bruce, who was dressed in a stunning green dress with white polka dots, introduced himself as Glenda the Good Witch of Kieve. Glenda explained that the storm that raged at Kieve had actually ripped through the entire country and climaxed with a tornado in Idaho, where Katelyn Fluke who played Dorothy is actually from, and that Dorothy's house, Innisfree, had been dropped out of the sky and ended up in the Land of Kieve! Glenda then encouraged all of the munchkins, or campers, to cheer our heroine, Dorothy, and her smelly pet skunk, Nina Wilson, because her house had killed the Wicked Witch of Kistler, whose legs were sticking out from under the chimney. As all of camp was cheering for Dorothy, the Wicked Witch of Westcott, played by Ellis Cooper, flew up on his broomstick, and threatened to get Dorothy and her smelly pet skunk, too. Glenda then told Dorothy to quickly put on the yellow Croc slippers before the Wicked Witch of Westcott could get them, and run down the yellow brick Frisbee highway to Emerald City, Pasquaney, to meet the Old-Man Wizards of Quals for help, and that the munchkins should follow her to eat breakfast.

To look like Emerald City, Pasquaney was decorated with green table cloths, pool noodles, and streamers extending across the rafters. There was also a big sign that read "Welcome to Emerald City!" in fancy font, and most importantly a big green tarp with a picture of a green wizard with his face in flames to house the Old Man Wizards of Quals, played by Old Man Cam Stafford and Old Man Marty Arnold.

During breakfast announcements counselors encouraged campers to come out to earn their quals at all activities, and that the big tournaments, such as Frolf Masters, Kübb Tournament, and Stanley Cup would take place in the afternoon. Peter Cooke also announced that someone had already gotten their Kieve Potter before anyone had even had time to go to an activity because their final masterpiece finished in the kiln at 12:01 am!

Dorothy also announced that she had met some new friends on her way down the yellow brick Frisbee highway, and introduced the Cowardly Lion, played by Eddie Fischer; the Tinman, played by Will Janvier; and the Scarecrow, played by Jeff Coote. The Cowardly Lion explained that he lacked courage, the Tinman said he lacked perseverance, and the Scarecrow said he lacked loyalty. The quartet then did a lap around Emerald City singing "We're off to see the Wizards, the wonderful Wizards of Quals," to meet the Old Man Wizards of Quals.

Dorothy asked the Old Man Wizards to go home because she did not like the Land of Kieve, but the Old Man Wizards told her that she could not leave Kieve until she earned enough quals and returned to them the Qualdron of Quals that the Wicked Witch of Westcott had stolen from them. Dorothy and her friends then left Emerald City to accomplish their mission.

Today's Test Duty was a competition between Peter Cooke, Keelan Woodard, Phil Kaplan, and John Hollington to see who could say the word "Qual" and hold it the longest, and the person who broke first had Test Duty. Peter Cooke received Test Duty and had to clean the Test. The campers then excitedly stormed out of Emerald City to help Dorothy get quals.

At lunch, the camp enjoyed delicious chicken drumsticks and mac and cheese. During lunch announcements several campers were shouted out for earning Quals, and all of Kieve broke out in many "Qual" chants. It was also announced that the largest bass of the summer was caught during morning activities, and that the Bass Master Classic now had a brand new trophy, which was a massive buoy that the winner would be able to sign his name on.

Dorothy also came on stage with her friends to try to storm the Wicked Witch of Westcott's dungeon, the Ritz, but the witch popped out from underneath the porch and engaged them in an energy battle to get the slippers from Dorothy. After defeating the Lion, Tinman, and Scarecrow, the witch realized that he could not get the yellow Croc slippers off of Dorothy's feet, so he called for

his flying monkeys, played by Allagash I campers, to descend on Dorothy and carry her off to his Dungeon where he would make her pay.

The witch then held up an antique hour glass and told the campers he was stealing their quals, keeping them in his Qualdron, and that time was running out for Dorothy. With nervousness about what would happen to Dorothy, the campers were sent to their cabins for rest hour.

At dinner, the camp ate awesome hot dogs and kielbasas made by chefs Jeff Coote, Taylor Cashman, Will Bliss, and Will Kaback. Before dinner announcements started the Lion, Tinman, and Scarecrow came on stage to ask the Old-Man Wizards for help since they got scared and could not find the guts to storm the witch's dungeon to save Dorothy. The Old-Man Wizards said they were not surprised and gave the lion a gun to find courage, the tinman a gun to find perseverance, and the scarecrow a gun to find loyalty. After receiving their weapons, they went off to save Dorothy.

During dinner announcements the Masters Qualifier had only filled fifteen spots because three people tied for the sixteenth and final spot, so we spun the wheel for who would win the final spot. Several campers were also shouted out for winning the Stanley Cup, competing in the Sailing regatta, winning the chess tournament, earning their Kieve Potter, Swimmer, Sniper, and many other terrific accomplishments.

Maine Trails I made their entrance by pretending to be apostles of Jesus and humorously humming as Jesus, played by one of the campers, came on stage and said they have risen and returned to camp.

Maine Trails II followed by making an entrance describing how counselor James Lawton went mad and became a wild savage, during which James killed all the campers and fellow counselor Andrew Robinson until James was finally killed off by a Trails camper, and then all rose and chanted that they were back.

After many announcements celebrating all of the camper's accomplishments at activities throughout the day, it was

time for the grand finale of the Wizards of Quals. The Wicked Witch of Westcott came on stage with Dorothy, whose feet were tied up, and her smelly pet skunk too, and was stirring his cauldron of qual. The witch then hysterically forced Dorothy to smell the Qualdron and he described the scents as “the tanning tiger,” or “Island Swim,” which are swimming qual.

The Lion, Tinman, and Scarecrow stormed the stage ready to fight the witch, who panicked with fear until he realized the guns were fake and could not hurt him. The trio then found the guts to attack the witch and ended up spilling the Qualdron on him in the process, causing the witch to melt!

After being rescued, Dorothy finally asked the Old Man Wizards to go home, but her smelly pet skunk accidentally pulled the curtain off of the Old Man Wizards, revealing that they were not Wizards but simply Old Man Cam and Old Man Marty, which was inspired by the hilarious skits that Cam Stafford and Marty Arnold routinely did throughout the session pretending to be old men. Old Man Cam and Marty then said Dorothy could still go home because she earned enough Quals, and that the Lion, Tinman, and Scarecrow never needed guns because they always had courage, perseverance, and loyalty in them the entire time, and that the same was true for all of the campers.

Glenda then told Dorothy that she could finally go home if she clicked her yellow Croc slippers three times and chanted “There’s no place like Kieve!” with the entire camp! Glenda, or Bruce, then took off his dress, revealing the words “The End” on his chest and everyone on stage took a final bow.

After a fun day of celebration and earning qual, the campers were reminded by Bruce it was also a night of reflection on such an awesome session, so the whole camp was going to finish the day with the classic Qual Thursday tradition of small cabin group campfires!

After campfires where counselors talked about the highlights of their wilderness trips, it was time to lower the flag. Bruce talked about how the

campers can relate to Dorothy and her friends because they, too, are ready to leave the Land of Kieve in two days since they have earned a fantastic amount of qual, and that just by being at Kieve they have gained courage, perseverance, and loyalty to help them become better people and leaders as they go off into the real world. Bruce also thanked all of the counselors who helped him, and said that they were the Wizards behind the curtain that make Kieve.

Bruce then turned over the duty of lowering the flag, taking a knee, and singing the Kieve song to all Maine Trails campers per tradition on Qual Thursday. Today was a Qual Thursday that was filled with a ton of laughs, good vibes, and fun that will hopefully reminded everyone that there’s no place like Kieve!

Day 25 – August 9th – Evan Kantor

We woke up this morning to another perfect day. This session had some of the best weather in recent memory, so it was only fitting that our final full day together was a perfect 10. I delivered a flag speech with a message of celebration: celebration of our counselors leading another great summer. Celebration of our campers achieving the goals they set for themselves. And of course, celebration of our Maine Trails guys, who today and tonight are all about.

Breakfast followed flag, and our boys scarfed down some delicious French toast. After breakfast, the boys completed their morning duties, and during Indian Circle everyone was informed of the morning activities.

Because today is Championship Friday, almost every activity had a tournament: Dodgeball had the Golden Nut, Fishing had the Bass Master Classic, Frolf had the Masters, and these are only to name a few. Besides the tournaments, every activity at camp was running for an open hill, and campers had their final opportunity to participate in their favorite things to do at camp. To say we had fun would be an understatement.

The energy all morning was electric, and the boys took full advantage of all camp has to offer before departing for the long offseason.

During lunch, the winners of the tournaments were announced, each one receiving triumphant applause from their camp-mates. The boys feasted on chicken cutlet sandwiches and enjoyed each other's company for one of the last times.

After lunch, Tommy and Walter went to each cabin to perform a final inspection, and once inspection was completed, everyone regrouped at Pasquaney to watch the finals of the remaining tournaments. A large crowd gathered at the blacktop to watch the hoops finals, several campers surrounded the picnic area to watch Kubb, and boys huddled around the four square court watching the champions earn their place in Kieve history.

Once every tournament was completed everyone walked to Harriet House together, where the Maine Trails boys prepared the traditional final cookout, and, boy, did they do a great job. The night ended as camp always does: with a flag speech from Tommy followed by a reflective campfire at Kistler, where boys were awarded paddles, the Maine Trails

men said their words of wisdom, and music was sang by all.

After lighting our candles and walking to lower the flag and sing the Kieve song one last time, boys embraced one another as tears were shed and memories were shared. An incredible session ended on the highest of notes, and it was truly a day to remember.

Day 26 – August 10th – Sam Kennedy

Camp had an excited and solemn feel today. A few parents had arrived by breakfast and it was fun to see the hugs and smiles as families reunited. It was also sad to say goodbye to friends and counselors. We'll never be back together as the same exact group again – and this summer was so special.

At the final chapel service, Charlie Richardson gave a great talk about GRIT. Many boys stood up in front of the hundreds of faces in the audience and delivered kind, thoughtful wisdom that they'd developed during their time at Kieve. We will miss each other lots. And we'll savor the memories. Rap is the best, rap is the best!

2019 Paddle Recipients ~ Second Session



Back row (left to right): Theo Walsh, Charlie Grunow, Campbell Holliday, Thomas Kisilywicz, Nathan Cimral, Brooks Walker, Will Kaufmann, Griffin Makovsky, Jack Begin; Front row (left to right): Beckham Ytterdahl, Harris Proctor, Peter Del Col, Dillon Sutko, Gunnar Young, Vincent Shea, Henry Holt

First Session Trip Reports

Junior Kieve Courage Bremen & Hog Island July 2nd

The young men of JK Courage had a successful and fun overnight at Hog Island. The trip began with a 2 mile long hike around Dodge Point. Remy Scott and Franco Rodriguez-Pastor helped to lead the group along the hiking path. Along the way, the group was able to hike along a natural ravine which had formed due to many years of being under a glacier. After taking some pictures and enjoying the beautiful Maine nature, the group set out to Bremen landing so they could begin their adventures on the camp's lobster boat, Snowgoose III.

On the Snowgoose, the members of JK Courage were successful in catching their first lobster, holding it and learning about the crustacean. Cassidy Koch and Harvey Kelleher were able to hold the lobster along with many other members of the cabin. After all the lobster traps were pulled, the boys of JK Courage were able to jump off the top of the Snowgoose into the water. Davis Awamleh and Henry Crisler were among the first to jump off the top, leading to many more of the boys participating. After what felt like a short time jumping, the boys headed back to Hog Island for some relaxation before a hearty double bacon cheeseburger dinner.

July 3rd

The next morning the boys awoke early and played on the beach, catching many cool snails and crabs. Matthew Wilkerson and Lucas Hernandez were first to explore the water, interested in the wildlife living around the island. After some time exploring the tidepools, the boys set out on a hike around the island, destined to land on a "washed up" beach. Leading the group were Aiden O'Neill and Graham Silverman, ready to explore the beach and view the beautiful scenery.

After hiking back, the boys had a brief time to hang out before leaving the island. Once off the island, we headed to Pemaquid Point, where the boys explored



the rocks and got pictures of the ocean. At Pemaquid Point Javi Castillo was eager to climb around on the rocks with the other boys, and they enjoyed their brief thirty-minute stint exploring the point.

At the end of the day, the boys headed back to camp, stopping at Round Top along the way. Overall, the trip to Hog Island was fun and successful for everyone involved.

Nick Speranza, HBC
Nicholas Giandrea, Counselor
George Janvier, Counselor
Nina Wilson, Counselor

Junior Kieve Perseverance Bremen & Hog Island July 2nd

We loaded all of our gear into the vans and headed out for the first section of the trip, a hike at Dodge Point Preserve. The hike was a scenic loop through the ravine trail during which Andrew, Hunter and Joe led the pack. We took a trail down to the ocean where Ben pointed out a horseshoe crab swimming through the water on the stretch of beach we had come out on. We stopped for a cabin picture and then proceeded down the rest of the trail to meet back up with our vans and continue on to Bremen.

After arriving at Bremen, we waited for Ted and prepared lunch of turkey sandwiches. Kingsley and John were the first to grab gear and board the Snowgoose to Hog Island.

Once on the island, we began to set up tents and get our gear situated. As we did, Colin, Alston, and Henry helped their respective tent groups set up with little help from the counselors. After we finished, we prepared for a short hike around the island. A thunderstorm rolled by and threatened to rain on us so we decided to take the shorter trail just in case.

As we explored the island, Luca and Holden let their curiosity loose and marveled at the carnivorous plants. We eventually came to a rocky beach on the hike and stopped to see what creatures we could find in the tidal pools. John and Hunter found crab shells almost immediately. Ryan and Henry took off their shoes to wade into the sand and



Max discovered some more horseshoe crabs along the beach.

When we returned to the campsite, JK Courage had arrived and was beginning to set up tents. Max, Colin, and Kingsley wanted to explore the beach by our campsite before rest hour. They waded out into the water and Hunter came back with a net full of shrimp he had caught in the ocean. After releasing the creatures, the campers went into their tents for rest hour while the HBCs of both cabins prepared for dinner. We had double bacon cheeseburgers which Luca and Holden reported were very good. After a bit more free time at the beach, we all went to bed.

July 3rd

The next morning we got up early and the campers packed up tents as breakfast was being prepared. We ate breakfast sandwiches and organized our gear before boarding the Snowgoose III for a day out on the water. We pulled up a few lobster traps and Henry and Colin were the first to volunteer to hold the lobster we caught. After we returned the lobsters to the sea, we stopped to swim off the boat. Ryan jumped off the top of the boat and was the first into the ocean, meanwhile Joe and others swam off the back.

When we returned to Hog Island, we had a quick lunch of ham and turkey sandwiches before gathering our gear and ferrying back to Bremen. We got back into our vans and stopped at the scenic Pemaquid Point and Round Top for ice cream before returning to Kieve.

Marty Arnold, HBC
Graham Kelley, Counselor
Aaron Zhao, Counselor
Lindsey Harrison, Counselor

Junior Kieve Loyalty Bremen & Hog Island

July 3rd

After a delicious breakfast on the morning of July third, the boys of JK Loyalty piled into the van as we got ready to take on what would be many of the campers' first ever camping trip. The day started with a nearly two-mile hike at the Dodge Point Preserve. For much of the walk, I spent my time hanging with Will,

Jack and Murph in the back as we joked around and talked about what to expect in the next two days. Although I was initially concerned that the boys would struggle with the hike in the summer heat, I was pleasantly surprised to find that there were absolutely no complaints and everyone powered through to make it to the end.

Upon finishing the hike we quickly realized that we had made a wrong turn, adding a good bit to the hike, however not even that could stop the boys from finishing earlier than anticipated. The boys then piled back into the van as we headed to the Bremen launch site where we met the boat taking us to Hog Island (commonly known as Hogtuckett at Kieve).

Once we made it to the island and dropped off our supplies, the boys got sunscreened up before getting onto the camp's lobster boat, the Snowgoose, for a fun afternoon of lobstering and swimming. Our captain for the day brought the crew around as we first pulled up our traps to see what our catch for the day was looking like. Although we did not have much luck, coming up empty in three traps, Matthew Sisser still said it was his favorite part of the trip, as it was interesting to see up close even if we did not find anything good.

After determining that the traps were certainly not going to provide us with the luxurious lobster dinner we had hoped for, we decided to head into a cove where many of the boys jumped from the roof of the boat into the chilly Maine ocean, a feat that many older campers struggle to accomplish. With Charlie B. and Lukie taking leap after leap, it was understandable when they deemed it their highlight from the trip. Although he only wanted to jump once, Marty even mentioned how proud he was after taking the plunge and climbing back up the ladder to the boat, just as he should be. Once the boys had their fill, we headed back to the island as everyone enjoyed a snack of Skittles provided by our generous Captain Bill.

Upon arriving back at the island, the boys quickly set up camp before running off to play at the beach before dinner.

While at the beach, many of the boys were led by Quinn and Jack in building a hermit crab habitat and catching the aquatic creatures.

While the boys continued playing, I began preparing our dinner of chicken bacon ranch sandwiches with not one, but two chicken patties per person, and even better, more bacon than you could ever imagine. Following dinner, we gathered around the fire for what would soon become Dash's favorite memory and is always a necessity on trips... S'MORES!! Once everyone's stomachs were full, we watched as fireworks shot off in the distance, lighting up the night sky. The boys then brushed their teeth and filed into their tents to rest for a big day coming up.

July 4th

Around 7 am, the boys began waking up in their tents as everyone was ready to take on the day ahead of us. After taking the tents down and enjoying a tasty breakfast of bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches, the boys met with our kind Hog Island host, Ted, who was going to fill them in on the plan for the morning.

Once everyone was all set with sunscreen on and full water bottles, the boys set out on a hike across the island, exploring carnivorous plants along the way. Both Henry and Charlie M. explained that this was their favorite part, as it ended up leading us to a beautiful little sand beach where they could continue their antics with hermit crabs from the day before. After spending some time playing in the water, we headed back to the campsite on a different trail where we got to explore some of the cabins and other structures around the island. Once we got back, the boys got a chance to swim off of the dock one last time before the Snowgoose came to take us back to the mainland.

Upon arriving on land again, we had a quick lunch before loading up the vans to take us on another little walk. We drove to the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse where the boys climbed on the rocks, and Jack even found some awesome rock tunnels we could crawl through. Because of how well the boys did on their first ever Kieve trip, we decided they earned a special



treat. After our time at the lighthouse, we began heading back to camp, but made a quick stop at Kieve's favorite ice cream shop, Round Top. Understandably, Will even went as far as to say that this stop was his new favorite part of the trip. After everyone devoured their ice cream, we headed back to camp where we came rolling in blasting Taylor Swift and honking our horns to let everyone know we made it back. The boys helped to clean up the gear as they officially marked the end of their first trip as Kieve campers. Congrats, boys!!!

Matthew Kellett, HBC

Matteo Perper, Counselor

Conner Thomas, Counselor

Blake Cote, Counselor

Junior Kieve Kindness and Respect Bremen & Hog Island July 3rd

Junior Kieve Kindness and Respect had a relatively normal start to the day. We continued with our regular 7:30 am wake-up and got ready for the day. At this point the only difference in our day was the layers of bags lying across the cabin floor. We ate a hearty breakfast at Pasquaney before loading up our gear into the van to drive to Hog Island! JKL would be joining JKKR on our journey.

Before arriving at Bremen Landing, our drop-off spot, the boys embarked on a short hike. The Dodge Point Trails are not too far from camp, so it was a perfect spot. Though buggy, we enjoyed our 1.14 mile hike along the Ravine Trail. Stopping a few times for water, we finally made it to Ice Pond, where we enjoyed taking pictures and a rest. JKL joined us on the latter half of the trek after meeting up where our two paths met. We finally reached the end of the trail and ended up where we began. With tired legs, it was time to get to Hog Island.

We arrived around lunchtime, but before we could eat, all personal and group gear needed to be unloaded from the vans. The boys absolutely crushed it, working hard to prepare for the trip, despite their hunger. We then sat down for turkey, ham, and cheese sandwiches. Stomachs full, the boys were then instructed by Osprey Ted, our resident



Hog Island expert, to get on lifejackets as we would be riding a boat, the Snowgoose III, to the island. After loading group gear followed by personal onto the boat, JKKR squished in with JKL.

Arriving on the island was exciting. Maxime, Mac O., Parker, and Will L. had been to Hog last year, but for the rest of the cabin it was a whirlwind. As Patrick and Charlie attempted to show how to set up the tents, the boys were busy figuring it out by trial-and-error. This actually worked surprisingly well and quick, with little help needed from Ted or any of the counselors.

After sleeping bags, pads, and clothes were set up in the tent, it was time to have fun! We played on the beach for hours with everyone creating hermit crab zoos. A big shout out to Will R. for putting about twenty hermit crabs right on Fluke's stomach which gave us a laugh. Grayson was the only brave soul to swim in the frigid ocean and did so for over an hour until we eventually told him to get out (we didn't want him to get hypothermia!).

We got to look in the Hog Island museum where we saw relics from around the island. The boys continued to play on the beach while counselors whipped up a dinner of double chicken patties, bacon, cheese, and ranch dressing. It was a long wait but definitely worth it. While JKKR cleaned up, Ted created a fire on the beach on which we roasted s'mores with JK Loyalty. Day one of two of our trip was over and it was a success!

July 4th

The boys woke up early in the morning, from heat, the sunrise, and unique sleeping situations. Even though it was early, we needed to be up to spend the morning on the Snowgoose, or as we call it, "the Goose." We put together some bacon, egg, and cheese English muffins which filled our stomachs and put a smile on our faces.

Captain Bill and Meg welcomed us aboard the ship and familiarized us with all the rules. After applying copious layers of sunscreen, the boys were ready for a Goose day! We got to pull up lobster traps and learn about what crustaceans are allowed to be harvested, and which

need to go back in the water. The boys' faces lit up every time a lobster was in the crate.

After about an hour, Captain Bill anchored the boat and explained how we could jump off the roof. Nearly every member off the cabin jumped, save a few who didn't dare enter the freezing water. We snapped some sick jumping pictures, memories which will last a lifetime. E, Ryan, and Fluke each jumped off ten times or more! When we were done, more sunscreen was applied, and we ate a tasty snack of Rice Krispies. Captain Bill then supplied the boys with some Skittles; yet another treat!

We headed back to Hog Island and loaded all our gear back onto the boat, headed for Bremen. Déjà vu set in when we pulled out cold cuts again. We then left Bremen Landing and bumped to some tunes in the car. Good vibes only.

We made a quick pit-stop at Pemaquid Point Lighthouse and took in the amazing view from the rocks. Jumping, leaping, and running, the boys of JKKR were balls of energy. Seeing them run around amazed the counselors as we were ready to be back at Kieve. Before we did, however, we had to make a stop at Round Top, a Kieve tradition.

We devoured our ice cream and headed back to camp. As we rolled in, we blasted "Party in the U.S.A." by Miley Cyrus in spirit of the Fourth of July! With that, our first Kieve trip was in the book.

Patrick Kavanagh, HBC
Charlie Demuth, Counselor
Jack Roberts, Counselor
Kate Fluke, Counselor

South Glenayr

Primer Trip – Damariscotta Lake

June 25th

Before South Glenayr goes on their Sugarloaf trip, they prep for it with a shorter, one-night stay at Kieve's Cool Island. Cool Island is just a short quarter mile from Kieve's campus, yet the boys still had some difficulty getting over there. It was everyone's time first paddling in a canoe and we never had a canoe clinic, so Stokes and Will had fun doing 360s the entire way over. Though Liam and Benji seemed like pros as they

kept up in the front with me and John in the front.

We arrived at Cool Island within twenty minutes and decided to teach everyone how to set up camp right when we got there. Within an hour, the boys were a little more versed in setting up tents, and ready for PB&Js on tortillas. Stokes ate his in record time which was when I first learned about his intense passion for food, along with the fact that just because they're smaller, does not mean they eat less than the counselors.

We then had some extensive free time in which the boys played some frof and hide and seek around the island, the counselors also took part. This then led us into a well-deserved rest hour which everyone took advantage of. They also got to start planning their tent-skits which ended up being some of the funniest skits we had ever seen, with the highlight being Oscar pausing his skit for a custom-made fibromyalgia commercial. The winning tent of Henry, Andrew and Oscar got to eat their cheese steaks first. Dinner went quickly as everyone ate their sandwiches in minutes, so we ended up sitting around the fire for a while, exchanging some scary stories. After an hour or so of that, everyone was pretty tired and ready to start getting ready for bed which happened around 9.

June 26th

We all woke up the next morning when the sun rose, and Eleanor got up extra early, so everyone could wake up to their own M&M pancake. We all filled our stomachs with pancakes and syrup which had mostly everyone sitting down around the campfire area while Andrew and Oscar were eagerly learning to clean on trip for the first time in their lives.

We then played games like manhunt and contact until around 10 am when we started to breakdown camp and get ready to head back to camp. It took a while to break everything down as we wanted the boys to do it themselves while the counselors supervised. Around 11 we all said our goodbyes to Cool Island and departed. We were sad that our trip was so short but excited to get back to the rowdiness of camp that we were constantly hearing from our campsite.

It was the first camping trip for most of these guys so all in all, it went really well. Everyone had a good time and it got everyone even more pumped for Sugarloaf.

Colin Redmond, HBC
Billy Leyden, Counselor
Brooks Biddle, Counselor
Aaron Zhao, Counselor
Eleanor Smith, Counselor

South Glenayr Sugarloaf Mountain

July 7th

South Glenayr is infamous for a hike on a mountain that is a little too difficult, way too exposed to the sun, and on a dirt road. While the hike may still be beautiful, the boys were not too excited based on stories from last year's South Glenayrians. Nevertheless, we were all pumped for camping out in the wilderness and hanging out outside of the campus. We left shortly after breakfast at about 9:30 on Sunday, July 7th. The drive to the Cathedral Pines campsite was about two and a half hours so we made sure to give the boys snacks on the way, something Stokes got particularly excited about.

We arrived at Cathedral Pines around 12:30, which was a convenient time for lunch. We made cold cuts and the boys were not shy on the condiments, with John having more ketchup than meat on his sandwich. The van ride tired out the boys so we had a well-deserved rest hour, which the boys were eager to partake in.

After a short rest hour, everyone came firing out the doors of their tent, ready to explore our fairly spacious campsite. In just minutes, Oscar and Henry helped to create South Glenayr's very own frof course, which included a total of six holes, ranging from par twos to par threes. The boys fooled around and explored the campsite for a couple hours and then we all had dinner.

Burrito bowls were whipped up by some of the counselors while the rest were competing on the frof course. Everyone scarfed down their bowls without hesitation which then led us into surprise s'mores! The boys went berserk when we surprised them, and



Benedikt got to eat his first ever s'more which was an experience. After dessert, we all sat around the fire for a while and had a great time exchanging some funny stories. We wound down around 9 and sent the boys to bed to get ready for tomorrow's "big bad hike."

July 8th

The next morning everyone woke up around 7:30 to breakfast sandwiches made by the counselors and nobody has ever eaten faster and with more passion than Andrew did that morning. It was at this point when we learned about the change in our plans that would include ditching Sugarloaf Mountain and instead hiking nearby Burnt Mountain with Henry Kennedy and his dog Stanley. Everyone was ecstatic and ready to seize the day, and Will especially, as he was prepared to hike up the entire way carrying his crazy creek chair.

We met Henry and Stanley at the base of Sugarloaf before driving all together to the base of Burnt Mountain. The boys were more excited than we had expected, and the cabin soon became an energy powerhouse so strong that even Henry was impressed by their eagerness at only the ages of seven through nine. Charlie and Liam absolutely shocked everyone with their speed going up the mountain, keeping up with Henry in the front like it was their job. The trail was absolutely gorgeous and at multiple points we could see the wide-open dirt road on Sugarloaf that we were originally planning to go on.

We got to the top in about an hour and a half, just in time for peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on the summit. We chilled there for a while, making sure to get pictures with Henry and Stanley before heading back down. Henry surprised us with a secret swimming spot on the way down which Benji immediately jumped into.

We got back to Cathedral Pines at around 3:30 which gave us ample free time before our cheese steak dinner. After some napping and frof the boys were ready to destroy dinner which they did in spectacular manner. The counselors then decided to teach some of the boys how to clean which went awesome as

Andrew and Oscar actually enjoyed it! After cleaning, we all treated ourselves to some hot chocolate around the fire, again exchanging funny stories. Benedikt owned the night with his humor and it seemed like the boys were laughing for hours. The laughing must have tired them out because they started making their way towards the tents around 8 without instruction from the counselors.

July 9th

The next morning, we slept in as late as we possibly could which ended up being only 8. We all ate some oatmeal and chilled for a little before beginning to pack up camp. At about 9:30 we started to pack up and break down camp which then took about an hour as the counselors walked the boys through the correct ways of doing things.

We departed the campsite and the boys said their goodbyes to Cathedral Pines which slowly led us to lunch in Augusta. They were thrilled when they learned we were stopping at Five Guys, and each one of them ate his burger and fries in record time, once again. It was the cherry on top of an amazing, two-night trip that was a new experience for almost everyone. The boys of South Glenayr exceeded my expectations and everyone had an amazing time.

Colin Redmond, HBC
Billy Leyden, Counselor
Brooks Biddle, Counselor
Aaron Zhao, Counselor
Eleanor Smith, Counselor

North Glenayr

Primer Trip – Mt. Megunticook

June 21st

The boys of North Glenayr packed their river duffels, marched up the hill past Cabin Row, loaded into the van, and sped off to Camden Hills. With butterflies and breakfast stirring in their bellies they were ready to begin their primer trip. For many of the boys this was their first camping experience at Kieve, thus they were feeling both nervous and excited.

Arriving at 11 a.m., the counselors showed the boys how to set up a tent. After practicing setting up two tents, the boys eagerly took the reins and set about making their own tents. Once the boys had

mastered setting up their tents, campers Thomas Ashton and James Michaelson helped Bruce Haywood lead the effort to set up the tarp and help everyone learn how to tie a trucker's hitch. At high noon Bruce and Nina Wilson worked to make delicious pizza quesadillas, while the gang strapped up their hiking boots to get ready to hike Mt. Battie.

The boys embarked on their ascent of Mt. Battie with such vigor and energy that it only took one hour to reach the top! Along the way we heard hilarious stories about which galaxies the boys were traveling through during the hike to the summit. At the top of Mt. Battie the boys did a scavenger hunt to find their Lorna Doone snacks, while exploring the castle-like structure that once served as a strategic lookout onto the harbor. The state park also had a cartoon style map mounted on the top, which was absolutely fascinating to use to point out landmarks down below in the harbor.

As soon as the wind picked up and we began to hear the ominous "pitter-patter" sound of rain, we raced down the mountain in record breaking time. During the descent, James Ryckman shared stories about his baseball career, and it was awesome to hear about his passion for the game.

Once in the van, we searched the weather using our in-reach satellite device, and after realizing the rain would disperse in 15-20 minutes, we made our way to a beach near Maiden Cliffs Trailhead to take a polar plunge. While some boys, along with counselors Nick Giandrea and Nina Wilson, elected to remain on the beach and fiercely cheer their cabinmates on, the small and daring group consisting of Dudley Ferguson, J.R. Janedis, Hagen Kelly, Barron Lewis, and Andrew Windsor decided to take an icy swim out to a small buoy 50 yards offshore. The freezing group of swimmers rushed into a van waiting with blasting heat inside, and then they returned to their campsite.

After a full day, the boys of North Glenayr were well deserving of their cheeseburgers, which included the most essential topping – bacon. Dinner was followed by a hilarious rehearsal for our

cabin's Air Guitar skit that they would perform once they got back to camp. During the Air Guitar skit Campbell Chocoll impressed the audience with his terrific dance moves and made everyone keel over with laughter at the jokes he made. Before heading to bed counselors Nick Menice and Eric Mehrberg spearheaded a vital s'mores making operation.

June 22nd

North Glenayr rose to a sunny day as well as the mouthwatering scent of M&M pancakes made by Nina Wilson. During breakfast Dudley Ferguson and J.R. Janedis engaged in an intense pancake eating contest. After breaking down camp and loading up the vans, we made our way to the base of Mt. Megunticook. The boys of North Glenayr plowed through humidity and sun showers as they absolutely crushed the 1,300-foot hike. At the top the boys excitedly looked out at yesterday's hike which looked like an anthill in comparison to this day's tremendous accomplishment. After making their way down the mountain to the tune of hearty laughter and storytelling, the men made their way to two surprise stops on the way home.

The first surprise stop was to Aldermere Farm Preserve, located in Rockport, Maine. The farm is an active Belted Galloway cow farm, and is also part of the Maine Coast Heritage Trust. It was hysterical to watch the boys yell "MOO," yet their affection for the cows was not reciprocated as the cows turned around and continued to graze.

Next, we made our way to Owls Head Light House, which despite being closed, still presented breathtaking views of the ocean and allowed the boys to gain some interesting knowledge of how the light works via a system of mirrors. The only proper way to conclude this memorable primer trip was with a quick trip to the legendary Round Top ice cream.

Bruce Haywood, HBC
Nick Menice, Counselor
Eric Mehrberg, Counselor
Nicholas Giandrea, Counselor
Nina Wilson, Counselor



**North Glenayr
Cool Island
June 30th**

Despite the pouring rain throughout the night, the boys of North Glenayr awoke with high spirits, ready to take on their capstone trip to Cool Island. During breakfast the boys informed the rest of camp that they would be voyaging out into Lake Damariscotta for a two-night trip in search of long-lost hidden treasure, which, of course, was actually snacks awaiting them on the islands that they would be visiting. After devouring a delicious Sunday morning pancake breakfast, North Glenayr charged to the waterfront, loaded up their canoes, and pushed off shore to begin their intrepid journey.

Campers Dudley Ferguson and James Michaelson quickly took the point boat position in the pod next to counselor Eric Mehrberg and camper Andrew Windsor's boat. The counselors were pleasantly surprised by how well all of the boys paddled, especially showing off some more advanced techniques for their youthful experience. The boys cruised to their campsite about a half mile from the waterfront in approximately 45 minutes, and immediately began setting up their tents. Campers James Ryckman, James Michaelson, and Campbell Choccol were the first to set up their tents, and acted as super teammates by proceeding to help their cabinmates construct the remaining tents.

Once camp was established, the boys embarked on a competition to collect the biggest pile of firewood to decide who would be first in line for grilled cheese and tomato soup at lunch. Camper Thomas Ashton led his group, consisting of Andrew Windsor and Hagen Kelly, to victory when he hilariously emerged from the woods dragging a fallen tree. Following lunch, the counselors explained to the boys how to use proper Leave No Trace (LNT) techniques when cleaning meals in the backcountry.

Following clean-up, it began to rain, so some of the boys conveniently went to their tents for a much-needed rest hour after such a tiring morning paddle, while campers J.R. Janedis, Barron

Lewis, Andrew Windsor, and James Michaelson elected to play cards with the counselors. Thankfully the rain quickly passed, leaving the boys with plenty of time to spend the remainder of the afternoon playing man-hunt, Frisbee, and pretending to film their own movie.

The boys enjoyed Philly cheesesteaks to polish off a successful first day of the trip. Unfortunately, the wood that the boys had collected earlier in the day was soaked from the rain, so all were unable to enjoy the warm embrace of a campfire before climbing into their sleeping bags.

July 1st

The North Glenayrians woke up early and were running around the campsite, bursting with excitement for the day. A large portion of the morning was spent making M&M pancakes with the boys, while campers Thomas Ashton, Dudley Ferguson, and James Ryckman engaged in a self-imposed pancake eating competition. James Ryckman buried eight pancakes and said he could have had more if we had not ran out of batter to make another batch! As soon as we finished stuffing ourselves with syrupy deliciousness, we piled into our boats to begin exploring the surrounding area.

As we paddled through the grassy marsh surrounding Cool Island, we encountered a beaver's dam and a loon's nest. It was an incredible opportunity for the boys to witness such awesome wildlife! Camper Barron Lewis jokingly remarked that it felt like we were on an expedition to film a Discovery Channel show.

Afterwards, we made our way to Southover where we did a short trail-hike followed by a refreshing swim off the dock. Some of the boys joined the counselors in a classic Kieve pain-dive competition, while others worked on their tan and enjoyed Oreos and Chex-Mix snacks. Counselors Bruce Haywood and Eric Mehrberg also swung the boys off of the raft and into the water. While everyone was swimming on the raft, counselor Nick Giandrea made a surprise visit and drop off some brownies as a special treat.

After a long period of exploring in the hot sun, the tired gang headed back to

Cool Island to refuel with a hot bowl of Chef Boyardee Beef Ravioli for lunch.

After lunch, counselor Nick Menice engaged the group in some teambuilding activities, such as a tennis ball throwing communication game and a tarp flip game. Later in the evening counselor Eric Mehrberg made delicious buffalo-chicken and pepperoni pizzas. While eating dinner, campers, James Ryckman and Dudley Ferguson decided to drench their pizzas in Worcestershire Sauce, and all of the boys exclaimed that they now understood “the power of Worcestershire sauce!” After dinner the boys made s’mores around a raging fire before heading to bed.

July 2nd

Today was the final day of the trip. The boys enjoyed bacon, egg, and cheese breakfast sandwiches while we all participated in an LNT class during which the boys were able to share personal stories illustrating their knowledge of each of the seven principles.

After breakfast the boys packed up camp, and hopped into the boats to paddle to our pickup spot two miles down the lake at the public boat launch. During the paddle the boys fiercely battled headwinds and showed some serious grit as they smiled through it. At the boat launch Henry Kennedy picked us up and took us to Round Top on the way home to Kieve. The trip was another terrific milestone in the Kieve careers of the boys of North Glenayr.

Bruce Haywood, HBC

Nick Menice, Counselor

Eric Mehrberg, Counselor

Nicholas Giandrea, Counselor

Nina Wilson, Counselor

North Townsend

Primer Trip – Mt. Megunticook

June 25th

The men of North Townsend departed camp Kieve on a bright and sunny morning, with open minds, and high spirits. Headed for the legendary Camden Hills on Finn’s birthday was a combination meant for a fun time. Arriving at our campsite, we quickly set up tents, and our tarp. A lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches was quickly

devoured, before setting out to conquer the mighty Mount Megunticook. Stofer and Coleman led the pack on the journey up, with everyone in hot pursuit.

As the hike wore on, clouds were rolling in, but that didn’t affect the view from a scenic outlook three quarters of the way up. A nice rest, snack, and taking in of the scenic view was in order. Perched on the side of the mountain, we were able to see for miles inland, out to sea, and Camden which was located almost directly below us. Re-energized, we pushed forward to the summit, reaching it in a few quick minutes. The peak did not have the spectacular views which had been presented at the scenic outlook, but it was a great accomplishment for all.

The hike down was filled with happy conversation, and before we knew it, we had arrived back at our campsite. A quick rest/cool down period was quickly followed up by Mason whipping up some good old Philly cheesesteaks. Cannon and Finn had a toss of the frisbee. Following dinner, we had a celebration for Finn’s birthday, which included Oreos, and multiple rounds of mafia. Mikey was able to figure out who the mafia was most consistently. As the night was winding down, a large storm rolled through, proceeding to dump rain on us, and sending people scurrying into their tents.

June 26th

Waking up, many of us arose to discover the campsite absolutely drenched in rain, and much of our stuff was very wet. The morale of the boys of North Townsend was not to be diminished. Climbing from our tents, we started on a breakfast of bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches. Coleman and Finn started a wild game of steal the bacon, which was successful in getting the energy levels pumping! We then packed up camp, and set off on a hike along the seashore.

Exploring the shoreline, the gang enjoyed the views, and spent time playing in the tidepools. The boys then crushed some sandwiches, Sander ate three, before setting off for our hike.

We ascended the Maiden Cliff Trail, which had countless views of the lake and rolling hills behind it. John and

Baker set the pace on the way down, where we spent time relaxing, and then sent it to a nearby lake for a swim.

After hanging out at the lake for some time, a thunderstorm began to roll in, and we decided to head back to camp, after a stop at the one and only Round Top ice cream! The boys were now ready to tackle our big trip on Damariscotta Lake!

Parker Dotson, HBC

Mason Swindell, Counselor

Sam Czaja, Counselor

Charlie Demuth, Counselor

Charlie Gomprecht, Counselor

North Townsend Damariscotta Lake July 3rd

The men of North Townsend arose on Wednesday, the day before the fourth of July to bright skies, and blistering heat. The weather forecast was set to touch above the 90 degree mark, which would test the limits of the boys. We had a breakfast of waffles at camp, said peace and a bowl of hair grease, and were off!

We were driven around the lake to a put-in, which was a couple of miles away from the notorious Cool Island, our final destination. The put-in location was a pretty sweet boat launch, and after carrying our canoes down to the water, we pushed off. The sun was beating down pretty hard as we paddled down the lake. John, Finn, Stofer, and Mikey led the cabin with their strong canoe skills.

We made a quick stop at Blueberry Island on the journey in, and to our dismay, the blueberries were not ready to be eaten yet. Moving on, we rolled up to Cool Island, and quickly set up camp. Shortly after that, Mikey, Cannon, Teddy Stuart, Coleman, and Julien started construction on a fort which would be used by all.

We quickly ate our lunch before setting off across the lake for Southover, where we spent time swimming, and jumping off the dock. Stofer then put on as many lifejackets possible, and tried jumping into the water, and remain above the surface. After eating a snack, we then began exploring the inner parts of the property, going on a quick hike through a

field. Teddy Kelleher, Sander, and Baker spent time exploring the shallow waters.

Worn out after being in the sun all day, we then paddled back across the water to Cool Island where we had a quick rest hour before beginning to cook. Mason cooked us some Philly cheesesteaks, which were enjoyed by all. After dinner we then played several rounds of Mafia, and roasted s'mores, where the primary technique appeared to be burning the marshmallow on the outside, and have the inside remain gooey. After a great day we then sent it back to our tents for a good night of rest.

July 4th

Waking up on July fourth, the energy was immediately flowing. There were many boats out on the lake, and everyone woke up very early, as the sun was shining, and heating up early. Breakfast sandwiches, comprised of bacon, sausage, eggs, and cheese on bagels, were an absolute hit with the cabin.

After breakfast was finished we set off on our journey on the lake. The destination being Windy Island, we paddled past the waterfront of camp, and headed for open waters. Arriving at Windy Island, we spent time swimming, and jumping off a rock on the far side. Coleman, Mikey, and Finn were some of the more active cabin members in jumping off, and enthusiastically swimming.

We then ate lunch, before setting back across the lake. After arriving at our campsite, we took a quick break from being in the scorching heat for so long, and relaxed for a while before taking a swim in the lake. Using lifejackets as flotation devices, Mikey, Coleman, Baker, and Stofer spent a large part of the day chilling by the campsite, and casually floating. Games of cards were utilized, while we spent the remainder of the day trying to stay cool. Julien and Finn spent time improving the fort, while Sander and John played cards.

We then cooked up dinner of double bacon burgers, and spent the evening playing an assortment of games. Running around Cool Island, games of manhunt, and kick the can provided endless amounts of entertainment for all. Teddy



Stuart, Cannon, and Baker were winners of several manhunt games. While Coleman and Teddy Kelleher were the winners of the games of kick the can.

To end the night, we roasted all of the leftover marshmallows we had, and listened to the sounds of nearby fireworks, before heading to sleep, ending a great Fourth of July here at camp Kieve.

July 5th

The morning of our final day here at Cool Island was very similar to the other ones we experienced, with an early wake-up to the rising of the sun, followed by a breakfast of oatmeal. We spent a considerable amount of time packing up camp, and policing the area, making sure we left no trace of our ever being there.

After packing up camp, it was time for one last dip in the lake. We then prepared the famous grilled cheese combined with tomato soup for lunch, before indulging in many games of mafia. Every game it seems that Teddy Stuart, and Baker ended up winning, and there were many accusations of collusion!!

After the final game was played, people had dried off, and the campsite was clean, we set off back towards camp. On the paddle in, everyone was excited to see familiar faces, take a shower, and sleep in their own beds. The trip couldn't have been better, and I am very proud of the efforts from everyone in the cabin!

Parker Dotson, HBC
Mason Swindell, Counselor
Sam Czaja, Counselor
Charlie Demuth, Counselor
Charlie Gomprecht, Counselor

South Bunkerhill

Primer Trip – Hog Island

June 27th

We packed the boys up the night before and cleaned up our cabin in the morning. It was cloudy but still warm outside. We rolled out of camp around 10 AM, with the chase van stopping for gas in town. We arrived at Bremen and were met by Ted at the docks. He introduced himself to the kids, then helped them load up the kayaks. While he ran to Rite Aid for some caterpillar medication, we ran a “kayak clinic.”

When Ted got back, we loaded

our group and personal gear into the motorboat and then we kayaked over. Most of the boys rocked the kayaking section. Once we landed, we taught the kids to set up kitchen area and then how to set up tents. We had three tents for the campers, splitting them up four per tent, and two for the counselors, one for George, Hayes, and me, and one for Ella. Once the tents were done, we had a lunch of cold cuts at the picnic tables.

After that, everyone went kayaking and swimming in the cove, while a bunch looked for sea animals on the shore to put in the touch tank. After that, Ted led us on a nature hike around the island. We saw pitcher plants, sandy beaches, and an old house, and then we looked for firewood, with Ted teaching them the different types. We had a snack of Cheez-Its on one of the beaches, and once we got back from the hike, we had a rest hour.

The counselors prepped bacon-cheeseburgers for dinner while the kids performed dinner skits. The prompt was “Why did Matteo really go to JK?” Henry did an amazing British accent, so his tent won first for dinner. With dinner done, we made a fire on the beach and told stories about tubing and snorkeling as the sun set. After a fun time at the fire, we sent the kids to bed at around 9:30 PM, and lights out was at 10 PM.

June 28th

We woke the kids up around 8 AM and made bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches. It was foggy and chilly in the morning, but it later burned off and we had a beautiful rest of the day on the island. Ted told us that Wavus was coming soon, so we taught the kids how to take down their tents and pack up their stuff. We then had the kids play around in the touch tank and learn more about the wildlife of the island.

Wavus arrived by the Snowgoose due to fog, so when they arrived, Capt. Bill told me that we would be taking the Snowgoose back to Bremen rather than the kayaks. After the touch tank, we loaded up the kayaks and took the kids to a nearby beach along the island. Ted joined us via motorboat. We reached the beach and let the kids explore. They found sea glass and hermit crabs, and a bunch

went swimming. Jack found a horseshoe crab, which was super exciting. Ted and I told them cool horseshoe crab facts. We had PB+Js on the beach, and afterwards we loaded the kids back in the kayaks and paddled back to the campsite.

We waited for Capt. Bill's arrival, loaded our gear into the Snowgoose, and made our way back to Bremen. Once the van was loaded up, we left for camp at around 3:30 PM, stopping at Round Top, of course.

Peter Knowlton, HBC
Hayes Zierden, Counselor
George Maguire, Counselor
Matteo Perper, Counselor
Ella White, Counselor

South Bunkerhill White Mountains July 5th

It was a super-hot and humid day as the boys cleaned the cabin and loaded the van with all our camping gear. Since we were about to spend four nights at the same campground, we were incredibly liberal in our food packing for our trip. With far more wannigans than we probably needed, we left Kieve after breakfast and made out way to the White Mountains National Forest. We did a quick stop at the Walmart in Lewiston for premade PB&Js and Gatorade for the boys on such a brutal day.

The drive was way faster than I expected, and we arrived at Dolly Copp Campground early afternoon. The kids remembered what we had taught them on Hog Island about setting up camp, so they were quick to establish a cooking area, set up the tarp, and build their tents. George, always the master fire builder, taught the boys the basics of safely starting fires and cutting up logs, and the kids enjoyed trying their hand at the axe.

Also our resident Philadelphian, George got started on our Philly cheesesteak dinner, a classic Kieve camping meal. The kids enjoyed the meal, and afterwards we taught them the proper way to clean and sanitize their plates on trip. We stayed up around the fire a little longer afterwards, telling more stories about summer trips and encounters with wild animals until

we told the kids to get into their tents and ready for the trip ahead.

July 6th

We woke the boys up with the smell of bacon, egg, and cheese breakfast sandwiches. It had rained pretty heavily the previous night, and while it was sunny in the morning, the forecast called for a storm later in the day. We got more details from the ranger station and decided to head out on a shorter hike after breakfast. We drove the boys down the road to the Glenn Boulder Trail, a 1.5-mile hike to a large boulder that looks like it's on the verge of falling off the face of the mountain. For many of them, this was the first big hike they had done in their whole lives, so it was vital for them to gain some hiking skills before the hike the next day. George took the lead while I hung in the back.

It was clear from the first steep slope who our more experienced hikers were, and as we rearranged our hiking order so that we'd all stay together, I was amazed to see how much the boys supported each other as we pushed to the top. Our faster hikers, most often Blaise and Everett, hung in the back with me and had only positive words of encouragement to shout up ahead in the line. We all broke through the tree-line together to see Glenn Boulder up ahead.

The relatively short hike offered incredible views of the White Mountains, including Mt. Washington towering nearby, but as we made our way across the ridge, Hayes notices the bad weather rolling in over the distant mountains. We decided to not make the final push to Glenn Boulder, but we took plenty of pictures of the kids trying to push the boulder over from a distance. We had a lunch of cold cuts on the ridge, and Hayes taught the boys all the tricks of predicting bad weather that he had learned as a camper. The boys were all incredibly engaged as they tried to guess different techniques.

With lunch done, we made our way back down the trail, reaching the bottom a little after 2 PM. We made one more stop across the road to the Glenn Ellis Falls, a 70-foot waterfall only a short walk from the parking lot. Just as the



boys were admiring the incredible falls, the thunder started roaring and the rain began to pour. We got our pictures, rushed back to the vans, and drove back to our campsite. Everyone ran into their tents to stay dry, but only a half hour later the rain cleared and it was sunny again.

We decided to take advantage of the extra afternoon time and do some more wilderness education. Hayes taught the boys some of his Wafa training, including some wild stories as to why his Wafa notebook was “bloody,” while I taught the proper map and compass techniques I had learned over staff week.

The boys listened really well, and as we got the chicken quesadilla dinner started we had the boys show us something they had learned that day for their dinner skits. I was proud to see how much they remembered about reading weather from our hike that morning, and I was especially impressed by Ollie’s exhibiting his newfound map and compass skills to his cabinmates. Despite George’s best efforts, a fire proved nearly impossible with all the wet weather we had had that day. We put the boys to bed early to prepare them for the early start we would have the next day.

July 7th

The boys moved surprisingly fast at 4:45 AM as they got out of their tents to put on their hiking gear and fill up their water bottles. We had a quick oatmeal breakfast before loading up the vans to go around Mt. Washington to the start of our hike. We knew it was going to be a beautiful day, so it was time to tackle the highlight of the trip. We drove up the Cog Railway road to the Ammonoosuc Ravine Trail. Many of the boys looked longingly at the Cog Railway Train chugging up the slope as we entered the trail and began the long trek upward.

To boost our moral, George and I shared our Maine Trails tradition of singing the Sponge Bob Square Pants theme at the start of the hike. Everyone sang along and our pace increased. I was amazed to see the difference in these boys’ hiking ability right off the bat between today and yesterday. Everyone stayed together even as the trail got steeper and steeper.

Dutt, Cam, and Benji shared their loads and passed a backpack around at each water rest to give each other breaks. Our faster hikers once again encouraged their cabin mates as we climbed further and further up the trail, Mt. Washington’s peak seeming impossible far away through the trees.

We were making incredibly good time even with all our water breaks and our having to stop to let other hikers by. Ella found an amazing place to stop for a brief snack break right off the trail. It was a flat rock face next to a small stream, and above us was a beautiful mossy ledge with a small waterfall rolling down. The water was ripping after all the rain from yesterday, and the boys had a lot of fun exploring all the mossy crevices and hidden streams around the rock. Shortly after we started back up again, we broke through the treeline.

We stopped to see how far we had come, and we were all blown away by the incredible view. We could see the Cog Railway Station far below us, a tiny speck in a mass sea of rolling green forests and white mountain faces. The further we climbed up the now rocky face of the trail, the better the view got. We were so awestruck by the sight that we actually made a wrong turn on the trail! We went left when we should’ve gone right, and we found ourselves on what seemed to have once been a trail, but the lack of trail-blazes made it clear that it was no longer in use. Thankfully, we could see that this false trail still led to our first big stop, the Lake in the Clouds, so we pushed on for the last quarter mile to the hut. Once there, the boys took a well-deserved rest as we went into the hut to get them a snack for the final mile push up Crawford Path to the top of Mt. Washington.

While we refilled our water in the AMC hut, the incredibly kind workers made everyone two pieces of bacon each. Fueled up, the boys made the final push to the now clearly visible peak of Mt. Washington. The final stretch was deceptively long and tiring, and the rocky trail gave ample opportunity for rolled ankles and scraped hands. Amazingly, just as they had done on the

first part of the trail, the boys pushed each other through to the top and made amazing time. A little after 1 PM, the boys climbed over the last few rocks and slumped down on an open picnic table at the busy top. Understandably starving out of their minds, we made one of the greatest Kieve lunches of all time: rocket fuel. A Snickers bar wrapped in a PB&J tortilla never fails to boost morale and energy, both of which the boys needed.

We took our time at the top, savoring the most unimaginably amazing views the tallest mountain in the Northeast can afford. Once the crowd had died down a bit, we got our pictures at the summit sign as well as at the observation deck overlooking the rest of the White Mountains range.

Fully refueled, we began our descent. We traveled down the correct trail this time. The climb down is always more nerve-wracking for us, as it has the highest risk of injury. These boys handled the slog down no problem though. Ollie even laughed every time he slipped. We stuck together despite our tiring legs to very near the end, when another large group split the back of the group from the front in the last 0.3 miles. Nathan, Hayes, and I took a wrong turn by following the large group, and a few thousand feet in we realized we had missed the parking lot and were on the wrong trail. We were determined, however, and could see the road a few hundred feet to the right. We bushwhacked along a river for the final hundred feet and met the rest of the group in the vans on the Cog Railway road.

As they rode back to the campsite in the van, they looked out and cheered wildly at the mountain they had just amazingly hiked. No one was upset about their sore legs or feet in this moment. We arrived back at the campsite in time for a late dinner of bacon cheeseburgers. George got the fire going successfully that night. We let the boys stay up a little later to celebrate their accomplishment, but shortly after they exhaustedly went back to their tents, as did the counselors. We were all ready for a relaxing day tomorrow.

July 8th

Everyone slept in this morning. Even

the campers weren't conversing loudly at 6 in the morning. We took our time with cooking, turning our M&M pancake breakfast into an M&M pancake brunch. After cleaning up, we got ready for a day of cliff jumping and swimming. We stopped by the Androskoggin Ranger Station for directions, and they actually suggested a swimming location that wasn't on the trip notes: Garnet Pools. Just off of Route 16, the location offered ideal cliff jumping alongside amazing swimming holes, all with a large beach area and small rapids further down. We met a daughter and mother, who generously let the boys excitedly play with their big golden retriever. George led the kids on some quality cliff jumping while others swam in the pools or played in the rapids. It felt like a second beach day with how long we stayed their enjoying the amazing weather.

With our late breakfast, we gave the boys snacks for lunch and settled on making an earlier dinner. As we rolled out of Garnet Pools, we decided to kill some time at the nearby Douglas Philbrick Red Barn Museum, an auto museum about the Mt. Washington auto road. We were excited to learn it was free, and with it being not so busy, we got a private tour of the collection. It showed all the makes and models of cars that had traveled up the auto road since its creation. The end included a short film which thoroughly captivated the kids, who hadn't seen a TV in weeks. They learned about everything from the founding of the road to the insane races they have annually to the top of Mt. Washington. We, of course, experienced the mountain to its fullest by hiking up rather than driving up. We caught a quick glimpse of the first car to climb the auto road before heading back to the campsite for a rest hour and to prep for an early dinner.

Ella prepared vegetables and leftover chicken for an incredible pasta dish. We had the boys perform dinner skits depicting what could have gone horribly wrong on trip, and then ate our meals around another of one of George's amazing fires. The stars began to come out as we passed around s'more materials and talked about our amazing trip together.

I was incredibly impressed by the boys' maturity and thought as they answered such self-reflective questions as "How could we have been better as a cabin on this trip?" Of course, the boys shared their favorite memories, most of which were summing Mt. Washington, and I was very happy to hear how nearly everyone could not wait for next summer and the numerous Kieve trips in their futures. It was clear that these boys were incredibly proud of their accomplishments on the trip.

We finished our s'mores and packed up our cooking gear. Ella read Peter Pan to them as they slowly made their way back to the tents. Tomorrow it was time to head home.

July 9th

We woke the boys up by asking their Dunkin Donuts donut orders. Ella and I drove to Gorham to the nearby Dunk's and returned with a dozen specially ordered donuts. By the time we got back, George and Hayes had already gotten the boys to pack up their river duffels and their tents. We ate our donuts, loaded up the vans with wannigans and personal gear, did a final sweep, and made our way back to Kieve.

I didn't realize how close we still were to the Maine border until we crossed it only a few minutes into the trip. We continued Northeast, going a bit out of the normal way back to stop at Big G's in Waterville. Big G's is a legendary stopping place for returning Kieve trips. The sandwiches are not only incredibly good but incredibly huge. Each camper got half a sandwich of their choosing. Many went for the Justin Martin sandwich, a monster with chicken fingers and onion rings, per George's recommendation.

After lunch we made one last stop at Round Top, of course, before finally returning to Kieve. We unloaded the van, built our tents, and cleaned all our gear. Once everything was back in the bin, the kids returned their stuff to the cabin and Matteo took them tubing in the lake. By dinnertime they were back in the mix of camp, and the trip was now a memory.

I hope the boys remember this trip as fondly as I did. They accomplished something incredible together, and it

marks the first step in their becoming a solidified legendary Kieve cabin.

Peter Knowlton, HBC
Hayes Zierden, Counselor
George Maguire, Counselor
Matteo Perper, Counselor
Ella White, Counselor

South Cunningham

Primer Trip – Hog Island

June 21st

The young men of South Cunningham had a great time on the primer. It proved to be a great learning experience for both the campers and the counselors, and will prove to be invaluable as we depart for the White Mountains soon. Due to unfortunate events we were unable to actually make it to Hog Island so we made camp at Bremen. The weather was cloudy with small showers throughout the day and temperatures in the mid-fifties.

On first arrival at Bremen we met with Tidepool Ted and he gave the kids a crash course on kayak safety. As a group we then took the kayak or "Funyaks" as they are called out for a paddle along the coast. After a nice paddle we stopped in a cove and got out of our kayaks. We had a competition to see who could collect the most trash on the shore and together did our part to clean up the Maine coast and waters. We then paddled back for lunch. We had delicious grilled cheese and soup for lunch.

In between lunch and dinner the campers learned how to properly assemble and disassemble a tent to Kieve standards. For dinner we had Philly cheesesteaks that the kids loved. To pass the time we also played two great games that the kids couldn't get enough of, head-it kick-it, and flinch ball. The kids split up into four groups and had a competition to see who could set up and decorate a tent with the best technique and creativeness. It was a great way for the kids to demonstrate what they learned earlier that day.

After dinner Ted showed the kids what kind of dry wood to look for. We then taught the kids how to make a fire using just a match. The highlight of the trip was that night when we showed the

campers the bioluminescent plankton off the edge of the dock. We laid down on our stomachs and made patterns in the water the kids and counselors thought the experience was amazing and unique.

June 22nd

The second morning we woke up to sunny skies and warmer weather. We had big pancakes with M&Ms for breakfast with a side of fruit. In the morning we taught the kids some key knots for tripping at Kieve. They learned the bowline, taut line hitch, and the figure eight follow through.

After we had our knot session, the entire cabin went for a nice cold swim in the ocean off the dock. The water was ice cold but refreshing. While some of us continued to swim and hang out on the dock, a second group took to the rocks and tide pools of the coast and explored. We collected more trash and shared stories.

After we dried off, we saw storm clouds rolling in, it was the perfect opportunity to go over lightning safety and teach the kids how to properly set up a camp tarp using the knots we learned earlier that day. In the afternoon the storm hit our campsite hard and everyone retreated to the tents. As it rained, the kids were taught about Leave No Trace practices and discussed how they would be used on our trip to the White Mountains. After the storm ended we packed up our tents and headed back to camp. Before we made it back to Camp Kieve, we stopped and got ice cream at Round Top. The primer was a great trip that thoroughly prepared us for our trip to the White Mountains.

Austin Fairchild, HBC
Charlie Hansen, Counselor
Braxton Antill, Counselor
Graham Kelley, Counselor
Lindsey Harrison, Counselor

South Cunningham White Mountains

June 25th

On June 25th we departed camp and made our way towards New Hampshire and the White Mountains. We stopped in at a ranger station to get a weather report for Mt. Washington and discuss the

history and features of the national forest. We arrived at Barnes Field Campground in the White Mountains National Forest later that afternoon about 2:30 P.M.

It seemed that the moment we parked at our campsite and left the van, the heavens opened up and let us have it. A heavy downpour persisted for the next 4 hours. Everything we had was soaked, moral was low. Drew Merryman took charge and helped set up the group tarp which was pivotal for protecting group gear and creating a shelter from the storm.

Once the tents were finally set up in the driest areas of the campsite, we made hot chocolate to warm every one up. As the campers enjoyed their hot chocolate in their tents, the counselors made homemade vegetable and chicken lo mein. We ate dinner with high spirits and excitement for the next morning when we would be conquering Mount Washington. We went to bed early that night in preparation for the morning.

June 26th

On the morning of the 26th we woke up to cool overcast weather at 5:45 A.M. For breakfast we had oatmeal with berries and munchkins. We arrived at the base of Mount Washington about 7:30 A.M. It was a later start than expected but we were determined to conquer the mountain. We packed for cold weather but were shocked to see sunny skies with temperatures in the high 70s.

As we started up the mountain, we took off our layers and started to make great time. Right off the bat Truett, Jack, Drew, Lev, Zane, and Lyon proved to be speedy and seasoned hikers. With JC Charlie leading the pack we tended to stay in three main groups. The front group was eager to crush the mountain while the middle group wanted to take an easier pace but still make good time. The final group chose to take a slower more relaxed pace so they could enjoy the views and wildlife of Mount Washington. The hike itself was long and at sometimes treacherous but the group kept hiking.

We started the hike on Tuckerman's Ravine Trail, but half way up the mountain we found out the trail was



closed due to snow. We were forced to take Lions Head Trail the rest of the way. Lions Head is an extremely steep and rocky trail, it made our hike much more difficult than originally planned. As we trudged up Lions Head, the middle and back groups consisting of Laughlin, Grady, Henry, Aditya, and Bo spotted a moose calf and cow right off the trail. The cow was laying down resting while the calf was eating vegetation. Spotting a moose on Mount Washington or any hike is very rare, let alone two! It was an exciting experience for all involved.

For lunch we had rocket fuel and a snack. We took a well-deserved and much-needed break on a pile of rocks above tree line. We had sunny skies and flowers all around us, it was beautiful. By this point many of us were worn out and tired, but we persevered and kept moving.

When we finally made it to the boulder fields, we decided to take a connector trail back to Tuckerman's Ravine Trail. Unfortunately this increased our hike by about a mile. The boulder fields, being the hardest section of the hike, took the longest. Climbing hand over hand on steep rocks, we made a slow ascent to the summit. Many of us had to take breaks every few minutes but we kept going. At 4:25 P.M. we summited Mount Washington, it took the group of 16 approximately 9 hours to complete the ascent.

Due to the time the counselors and campers decided that it was not in our best interest to hike back down. Many campers were exhausted and we felt it would be unsafe for the group. Instead we took the group vans down. While we were at the top, we sat in awe of the views and the magnitude of the hike we had just accomplished. We were sitting above the clouds, above the world!

After the hike we made CBRs (chicken, bacon, ranch sandwiches) for dinner at a local community complex/park. There were live music and vendors there. As the counselors made dinner the kids played on a baseball field playing tag, dancing, and wrestling. It was about 7:30 P.M., golden hour, and it was a sight to behold. The pride each young man had

for his accomplishment that day was worn on each of their faces. As they ran around it was great to watch, Jack, Lyon, and Lucas team up on the JC Braxton. While this was going on Jake, Laughlin, Zane, and Bo were enjoying the clouds and rest on soft grass.

Once dinner was done the HBC Austin took on the whole cabin in a game of tag and found out he wasn't as fast as he thought. After a vendor gave the group free bags of popcorn we all went to the playground and played the game infection for the next hour. Grady and Zane had an advantage by scurrying up the slide during the game and found it to be a great hiding place. Exhausted we cleaned and packed up, leaving the park, and made our way back to the site and went to bed.

June 27th

The morning of the 27th was a lazy morning. We slept in till about 8:30 A.M. and enjoyed the rest! The weather was beautiful and we took advantage of it in the campsite. Some of the young men like Truett, Lyon, Laughlin, and Grady played frisbee. Others like Bo, Lukas, Zane, and Jake spent their time exploring and climbing on logs in the woods. Aditya and Drew spent the morning creating a new game/form of martial arts that involved two handmade sticks. The game involved detailed and choreographed movements that they loved to teach to anyone willing to learn. HBC Austin showed the boys how to carve a spatula and spoon from a log using just a few tools.

At 11 A.M. we all loaded into the van and made our way to Emerald Pools. We hiked in with all of our gear to make a full lunch, fajitas were on the menu. We spent the afternoon jumping off the 12-foot ledge into the deep natural pool playing games like categories. While some couldn't get enough of the cold clear waters, others wanted to spend their time making small rock dams and natural slides. Bo, Lev, and Aditya focused most of their time and attention on creating a natural pool down river using rocks. Although it never fully worked, it was still cool!

We left Emerald Pools late in the

afternoon and continued for a drive down the scenic road. We made our way back to camp where we had homemade pizzas for dinner, they were delicious and extra cheesy! We decided as a group it was the perfect night for s'mores. But first the boys had to make a fire.

After many failed attempts HBC Austin stepped in to give the boys a hand. Thanks to the leadership of Jack, we had plenty of wood to use. It took the whole group about 30 minutes but we got that fire burning hot. Kieve's sister camp Wavus was at the same camp as we were so they came over that night for s'mores. It was a nice to see both groups of campers interact and share stories of the experiences on the trip thus far. After Wavus walked back to their campsite, we called it a night as a group and went to bed.

June 28th

On the morning of the 28th we were well-rested and excited to take on the day. For breakfast we had powdered milk, granola, and berries. We had big plans for the day so we made sure we took advantage of the morning. We ate a quick breakfast and spent part of the morning doing some group duties. The boys did a trash sweep and learned the proper technique for cleaning and disinfecting dishes.

Once we took care of our chares we headed for Bickford Natural Slides at the base of Blueberry Mountain. Up to this point Bickford Natural Slides was the coolest place we had been. Our original plans were to pass the slides at 0.2 miles into our 1.6 mile hike to the summit of Blueberry Mountain eat lunch at the summit, then head back down to the slides. This plan completely changed when we got to the slides, they were too cool to pass.

It was great to see the pure excitement on the faces of every single camper and counselor. The first slide looked intense and ended with a large waterfall under it. HBC Austin went down first and decided the slide was safe in terms of the waterfall but was not comfortable with campers going due to a narrow closing of rocks. Instead we hiked down river and explored and found different levels of

smaller slides. The slides were in crystal clear water over moss-covered rocks, great surface to slide on. Drew was a fearless explorer of the slides and begged to go first every time. Once Lukas got the A-OK from Drew, he never stopped sliding, he slid more than the entire cabin combined!

After we enjoyed sliding, we hiked up river to the waterfall, attempting smaller slides along the way. When we got to the waterfall, one by one we made a tricky climb up to the middle section of the waterfall where we found the most serene pool on Earth. We stumbled upon a perfect divide in the massive rock feature that the water fall was flowing over between white rock and black rock. The water fall formed a perfect circular pool that resembled a natural yin and yang. It truly was incredible and we all enjoyed the magical waters up there. We also used this opportunity to get in a much needed shower! Using Drew's biodegradable soap we washed off in the pool under the waterfall!

We hiked up to the original slide and after a conversation amongst the counselors, we determined the boys were allowed to use the first slide that had a painful landing area. The boys being smaller than the counselors didn't think the slides ending was painful so they all enjoyed it for the next hour. After everyone had gone a few times, some much more than others (Lukas, Drew, and Jack), we decided it was time to summit the mountain.

The hike was short but it was steep! We walked up natural rock stairs all the way to the summit. It was cool to compare the terrain and plants of Blueberry Mountain to that of Mount Washington. What we did notice on this hike was that the bugs were astronomically worse. We found ourselves bathing in DEET to escape from the madness of flies and mosquitos. The summit was solid rock exposed to the hot sun. It was great to warm our bones and rest on the solid rock peak, enjoying snacks. We hiked down, packed up all of our stuff and headed back to the van.

When we returned back to camp we found an invitation for a Mexican fiesta with the Wavus girls at 7:30 P.M. We

headed over and while the campers of both cabins hung out and got to know each other, the counselors of both cabins made burrito bowls for everyone. The campers were challenged to meet at least two people from the opposing camp and learn ten fun facts about them. The boys went above and beyond for this challenge, true Kieve gentlemen! We all ate together and then headed back to our campsite around 10 P.M. for bed.

June 29th

The morning of June 29th was a happy, yet sad morning, the trip was over! We had one last adventure before we were to arrive back at camp later that afternoon. Surprisingly this was the best day of the trip by far. We had Pop-Tarts, bagels, and left-over granola for breakfast. We then cleaned the vans, all the dishes, and took down the group tarp.

The next challenge was getting the tents properly taken down and packed up. We had a competition to see what tent groups could bombproof their tents best. It was great to see Drew and Lukas take charge and master taking down tents. Once we had everything packed and in the vans, we did a final sweep of the campsite and said goodbye to Barnes Field Campground and New Hampshire.

We had planned to make two stops on the way back to camp at Step Falls and Screw Auger Falls in Grafton Notch State Park. We went to Screw Auger Falls first and were amazed by the high vertical walls of this small gorge carved out by fast and cold moving water. While we were here, Jack, Aditya, Truett, and Grady joined the counselors in a swim to the base of the rocks where the waterfall was located while others like Lyon, Jack, and Zane climbed on the cool rock features surrounding the water. Above the falls we found extremely slick rock slides where every member of the cabin spent time in the water going up and down the slides. All of the campers enjoyed one particular slide down a short waterfall into a small pool but none more than Bo who may have been the happiest kid in Maine at that moment.

When we left Screw Auger Falls, we drove right to Step Falls just 15 minutes up the road. We made a short half mile

hike to a river and stream system that may have been the coolest place on earth. Every member of the group, both campers and counselors, wished we had two more days of the trip to spend just in this one location. It was a series of waterfalls and natural slides that were breathtaking and beyond entertaining. Every time we thought we found the perfect slide someone would call the group from the other side of a rock to show us a bigger and better one. The slides at Step Falls were truly incredible. We were all lucky to be there when we were for, according to locals, the water is usually never as high and many of the slides that were present that day for us to enjoy typically aren't there. We were in the right time in the right place! Out of 16 people 8 of us ripped our pants on the slides and it was worth it! Not a single person wanted to leave but we needed to make the long three hour trek back to Camp Kieve so we bid Grafton Notch farewell.

On the trip home we all enjoyed the last moments of the trip together in the van discussing our favorite moments and memories. We discussed what we were excited for back at camp and what we wanted to accomplish there. For lunch half of the group ate at Subway and the other half ate a McDonalds. We arrived back at camp a few minutes before 6 P.M. just in time for dinner! It was great to see every member of the cabin grow on this trip. It was amazing to see the cabin bond through the hardships and experience so many incredible moments together!

Austin Fairchild, HBC
Charlie Hansen, Counselor
Braxton Antill, Counselor
Graham Kelley, Counselor
Lindsey Harrison, Counselor

South Townsend Primer Trip – Hog Island June 23rd

After departing from Kieve, South Townsend drove to Bremen where we were met by Hog Island Ted. After a hardy lunch of cold cut sandwiches and a briefing on the ecology of Hog Island, we boarded our kayaks and began our paddle. The weather was beautiful all day with very few clouds and not even

the slightest sign of rain.

Upon arriving we set up camp and unpacked, and then proceeded to enjoy the amazing weather. We paddled around the Hog Island Bay and had a quick canoe clinic before engaging in a game of kayak tag. The cabin paddled for hours, and they came back eager for a delicious helping of double bacon cheeseburgers.

With very little cleanup required as every single piece of food was scarfed down eagerly, the boys were able to relax by the campfire as Hog Island Ted pointed out many constellations that we wouldn't have been able to see otherwise. After a dessert of s'mores, the boys quickly went to sleep.

June 24th

After waking up early on another warm summer day, South Townsend went for a morning walk on the beach. We slowly took down our tents and made a delicious breakfast of bacon, egg, cheese, and sausage sandwiches.

Once the dishes were clean, Hog Island Ted led us on a nature hike which included our cabin witnessing the change of the tides in a tide pool. After the hike we kayaked back to Bremen to enjoy peanut butter and jelly sandwiches before our final stop at Round Top Ice Cream.

Will Janvier, HBC
Zephyr Pascador, Counselor
Tom Linkas, Counselor
Connor Thomas, Counselor
Isabelle Kitchel, Counselor

South Townsend White Mountains

June 30th

Today South Townsend packed our bags and departed for our campsite in New Hampshire. We travelled five hours through terrible weather, but when we arrived, we had clear skies and a great area for frisbees, a hobby the boys of South Townsend enjoyed often. The cabin set up their hammocks and chairs and relaxed for hours. After the ranger informed us of great weather the next day, we announced that we would attempt to hike Mount Washington. The campers enjoyed a dinner of double bacon cheeseburgers before going to bed

early, so they would be prepared for a 4 A.M. wake up call.

July 1st

The boys woke up to warm breakfast of bacon, eggs, cheese, and sausage sandwiches, then we quickly filled water bottles and began our trek to the daunting Mount Washington.

We decided to hike the Ammonoosuc Trail, and the hike was quite successful. Highlight moments on the way up included spotting the van we drove to the base in as it appeared to be miles away, enjoying two minutes of silence after we hiked past the tree line, and refilling our water bottles at the scenic Lake of the Clouds Hut.

At the top of the mountain we enjoyed pizza and hot dogs before starting the descent. After an hour of resting and bathroom breaks, we began our hike down which was much more relaxing. Along the way Holden and Jack engaged the cabin in a game of 20 questions, Spencer entertained the crew with hilarious stories, and Ryan Lynch and Oliver led the group down the steepest slopes.

We crushed the mountain in ten hours, and went back to our camp for a long well-deserved rest hour. When we woke up, Ryan Park and Ellery built a campfire for s'mores after our dinner of double downs (a sandwich consisting of bacon, melted cheese, and two fried chicken patty buns). After a few campfire stories, we enjoyed a few minutes of stargazing, and then quickly fell asleep.

July 2nd

Our third day was a time for celebration! We enjoyed a long sleep-in and a feast of hearty breakfast sandwiches before departing for the famous Emerald Pools. Emerald Pools is a shaded swimming hole deep in the forest with a great cliff jumping spot. The boys of South Townsend jumped hundreds of times with Elias and Cutty going constantly (the number is still being debated, but it was definitely greater than 50), and Brett and Ben led the cabin in building dams in the down-stream river.

For lunch we enjoyed rocket fuel, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with a Snickers bar in the middle. With



all of the new found energy, the boys continued to launch themselves into the deep water until late in the afternoon. We returned to camp for a late night of stories around the campfire and a dinner of Philly cheesesteaks.

July 3rd

The final full day of our trip was a fun-filled day at the local national park. Parker led the cabin in a game of categories as they jumped into the lake, while Holden and Ben were captains for our cabin game of frof.

After the game we cooled off in the lake before enjoying a lunch of grilled cheese and tomato soup. The boys continued to lounge in hammocks and jump in the lake for hours. South Townsend never fails to amaze me with their ability to constantly enjoy themselves with new games and learning new skills. We had s'mores back at the campsite before resting one last time in the cool White Mountains air.

July 4th

Our final day - we packed tents, cleaned camp, and departed for Kieve. Along the way we stopped at Five Guys: burgers and fries, and the kids were rewarded with a feast of deliciousness for their amazing trip. Our cabin really came together as a cohesive unit, and I am confident they will crush any trip that is in front of them.

Will Janvier, HBC
Zephyr Pascador, Counselor
Tom Linkas, Counselor
Connor Thomas, Counselor
Isabelle Kitchel, Counselor

North Bunkerhill I

Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain

June 27th

On June 27th we woke up at our usual time of 7:30 am. However, this day was already filled with excitement. Today we would embark on our overnight primer to the Camden Hills State Park. We ate a solid breakfast in camp and then gathered our gear, loaded it into the van and set off on the short drive to the Camden Hills. We paid our camping fees and set up camp in the flat gravel campsite. When we arrived, we noticed that the long table was too far away from the trees and we could not set up a tarped kitchen area. As

a result, the whole cabin set out to move the twenty-foot long table so we could set up our tarp and lunch.

While the boys set up tents, we began a delightful lunch of paninis. The deli meat had frozen overnight so proper melting of the sandwiches was required. The paninis were popular with everyone and Tanner Wernke ate his at warp speed. With lunch cleaned up and our campsite organized, we hopped back into the vans to make a short drive to the Maiden Cliff Trailhead on the other side of the park.

The Maiden Cliff hike was a pleasant stroll on a wide trail that ran parallel to a lovely stream. We made short work of the hike and finished in under an hour. At the cliffs we enjoyed a snack of Sweet and Salty bars. We basked in the sun and laid out on the rocks. The view was stunning and we took some awesome photos. The campers were shocked to learn about the young maiden who was the namesake of the mountain.

We finally headed back down the mountain and hopped into the van. We drove back to the campsite and found ourselves sitting with a fair bit of free time on our hands. We occupied this time with a frof course and a shoreline walk. After some relaxing, we began cooking a double bacon cheeseburger dinner and building a roaring fire. After dinner came an evening of mafia, and eliminating s'mores around the fire as everyone grew tired and went back into their tents.

June 28th

Day two was met with a big legendary sleep-in. We woke up at around nine although some campers rose early in order to play frof and run around the campsite. Eventually the sleepest of sleepyheads crawled out of their tents and we started our phenomenal and delicious breakfast of bacon, sausage, egg, and cheese sandwiches. Goodness, they were tasty. After breakfast we packed down camp and loaded the vans. We checked out of the campsite right on time and then set out for our second hike, up Bald Rock Mountain.

The hike started out on a wide long trail that may have functioned as a road at some point. The larger trail sloped gently up and veered slowly off to the

left. Finally we took a sharp left turn onto a much thinner and rockier trail that climbed steeply up to the peak of Bald Rock Mountain. The boys stopped to pet a cute dog on the way up and we set out on a breakneck speed to the top of the mountain. The view was utterly spectacular. Next, we refueled with not one but two snacks.

After a few more photos we left the wonderful view and began our hike back to the vehicles. We took a different trail that proved to be more interesting than the way up and it provided better views. At the bottom of the mountain the boys deleted some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and piled into the van.

After a solid day, it was time to head on back to Kieve. To ensure that we did not arrive back at camp too early and to reward ourselves for the successful completion of our primer, we made a pit stop at Round Top Ice Cream before heading back to camp. All in all, our primer was an overwhelming success. As we look forward to our upcoming canoe trip on the St. Croix River, we are filled with excitement and anticipation.

George Cole, HBC
Mac Muller, Counselor
Gus Williams, Counselor
George Janvier, Counselor
Lauren Begley, Counselor

North Bunkerhill I St. Croix River July 4th

On this fine morning the boys, nay, men of North Bunkerhill I woke up bright and early at 5 am to get their gear in order before walking up to Buck to leave for our trip on the St. Croix River. We smashed a breakfast of Pop-Tarts and granola bars. They were delightful. Our bus driver and Reid helped us load our gear and we set out on our journey. We made a pit-stop at Wal-Mart to pick up some items such as rice cakes and a watch, and in three hours and change, we hopped out of the bus and into our put-in on Spednic Lake.

First we had to unload our boats, this took some time as we had never done this before as a cabin. The campers were surprised by how heavy all of our gear

was. Then we enjoyed a quick snack of brownies to celebrate William Reynolds' birthday. They were scrumptious. We said adios to our selfless driver and we left land in our wake and officially began our voyage for our full trip.

It was a perfect day and there were no signs of winds or rain in the sky, so we finished our short paddle to our first campsite on Birch Island quickly and efficiently. We made this paddle with ease despite the fact that the group was still getting their bearings in boats. Once we landed on the island, the boys now had to learn the whole reverse of what they had done only hours ago. They had to bring ashore group gear, personal gear, and flip boats on shore so that they cannot get full of water in the event of rain.

Once we set up camp, we crushed a lunch of cold cut sandwiches, and then spent the remainder of the afternoon swimming off the rocks, chilling around the fire pit, and basking in the sun. Although Henry Mishkin did decide to get down to business and read. Teddy and John founded a "yacht club" on the rocks and offered canoe rides to anyone who walked by, many cabin members enjoyed using the canoes for practice on the upcoming paddles. It was the best of times.

Around sunset I led an evening paddle around the island. At this point in the day the lake grew calm and glassy and we were taken back by the breathtaking views and large glacial boulders left in the lake. We then collected firewood before a dinner of fajita quesadillas. The quesadillas were excellent and after the delightful meal, we hung out around the fire for a bit before retiring to our tents. Will Reynolds opted to save the s'mores for the end of the trip even though they were his birthday present. What a selfless act. It took a bit of time for us to fall asleep as we couldn't wait to get started on our next day of our long arduous journey.

July 5th

On this beautiful morning we awoke bright and early in order to beat the tricky headwinds on Spednic Lake. We enjoyed the best breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese sandwiches and it was delightful.

After finishing our breakfast and patting our bellies, we set out on our first good and proper day of paddling. It was a blue bird day and a tailwind helped us cool off and sped our journey along. The boys noted that the wind was almost strong enough to sail in, but unfortunately the wind never quite whipped up to speed. Henry Mishkin made the wise decision to raft up to hydrate and eat a snack before continuing on our merry way.

We ran into another group who seemed to be headed to the same campsite as us. The boys were motivated to beat the other group and we paddled hard and fast to the small root-covered campsite. Jackson June and Hadyn Cox proved to be particularly speedy paddlers today. Before we could say jiffy, we arrived at our next campsite named The Narrows. The Narrows was a bit of a step down and didn't have the same prime real estate as Birch Island, but we persevered like the good Kievers we are.

Once we had boats unloaded and camp set up, we annihilated a spectacular lunch of peanut butter and jelly on bagels. That's the type of fuel that can keep you going for hours. After lunch we spent our time collecting some firewood, playing Uno in tents, and playing a new game around the fire pit called empire. Gus Williams showed the cabin how to play the game and it was a massive hit, plus it provided some variety to the usual games of Mafia.

We played empire until the sun went away and then I started a dinner double down chicken bacon ranch sandwiches so we could beat a hasty retreat to our tents and get to bed. The double downs proved to be a hit as they do contain double the protein. With the light fading, we cleaned up dinner with the wash basins, hung out around the fire for a short minute, and slumped into our tents for a rooty night's sleep.

July 6th

On our longest day we woke up wicked early: 5:30 am. Tired eyes rolled out of tents and we started packing down camp and prepping the hearty breakfast of oatmeal.

Finally we got our boats loaded and pushed off onto Spednic Lake for the

last time. We worked hard against some light headwinds and were able to make it to the dam where we were greeted by our first and only portage. We unloaded our boats, made a game plan, and ate a proper snack of trail mix. We then started the portage.

The portage ran along a road and ended in a spillway into the Saint Croix River. This portage can be tricky due to the heavy gear but the men of NBH I were not phased. They took it in strides and gobbled the portage up like Thanksgiving dinner. After the portage the boys were each treated to a caffeine-free delight called Sprite. They guzzled them— especially Stellan, who drank everyone's leftovers.

The put-in for the river spits you right out into rapids. The boys were elated to finally get some fast moving water. The boys spent the first hour or so getting their sea legs. John and Teddy decided to send some rapids backwards. After stopping for a pep and cheese lunch out on the water by Wingdam Island, we set our sights on finishing the rest of our paddle to Little Falls, the big boy rapid we would run on trip. The rapid was our goal so, we paddled down river and attempted to reach the falls in the early afternoon.

However, the weather had other plans and we encountered a large rainstorm on the river. We were forced to pull aside and set up a tarp while we waiting for the storm to pass. While we waited, we ate rice crispy treats to take our minds off of the heavy rain above our heads. We finally set out when the rain calmed down a bit. However the water was still coming down fairly hard. To my surprise the boys helped make the decision to push ahead in the rain to our goal at little falls. We pulled ashore late and set up camp. We quickly ate burgers and went in for an early night. Morale had taken a hit but the boys were still eager to run Little Falls the next day.

July 7th

Behold! The rain had gone! This morning we had an early wake-up before crushing a breakfast of pancakes with M&Ms. We watched as the sun slowly rose and the light hit our tents and warmed us



to our cores. With some great fuel in the tank, we broke down camp and portaged our gear to the end of the rapid to start our day. This way we could run the rapid dry without any risk of losing gear in the event of a canoe flip.

The largest rapid of the trip was finally upon us! Every single camper dropped the big ledge with glory and grace. Henry Mishkin and Hunter Adamo ran a particularly clean line down the rapid. We continued down river to face many more smaller rapids throughout the day. This time, Gus and Tanner Wernke had fastened a bandana to a paddle that was mounted as a flag on the back of their canoe. The other campers began a game of capture the flag in which they would try to steal the flag from the back of the canoe. This game continued for the rest of the trip. Rainer and Will were particularly immersed in their new game of capture the flag.

After a bit of paddling through the rapids, the flag had changed hands many times and the river slowed and widened, and pine forest gave way to grassy marshland. With the help of the slow lazy current, we finished a 12-mile paddle day in great time, and arrived at our campsite at Loon Bay in the middle of the afternoon.

Loon Bay was the best site so far, with an open and breezy pine forest and a steep bank that was perfect for rock throwing. The only odd bit about the campsite is that the toilet faced the kitchen area. We spent more time lounging and sitting in hammocks in the afternoon, as well as enjoying the sun and warm breeze. We ate grilled cheese and tomato soup. The boys exclaimed loudly that Campbell Soup is the best soup in the world and has absolutely no flaws #welovecampbells. Walker Bartlett helped to both cook and clean, while Matt Scudiere became a leader in collecting firewood for the night.

As evening set in, we enjoyed a dinner of dank with pepperoni and sautéed onions. Before going to bed, continued the previous day's game of empire until Mac finally told a scary story by the campfire. After the spooky story, we fought off the bugs and went to bed.

July 8th

We got a late start this morning because the paddle was shorter and the boys were more experienced in the ways of the river. We broke down camp and deleted a breakfast of granola with chocolate milk and M&Ms; it was delicious. For what was the final time, the river narrowed out as Loon Bay pulled away, out of our rear view.

The current picked up; we encountered another great rapid called Canoose Ledges. This rapid was notable because there is a large sign that reads "Danger, Falls Ahead." This sign scared the campers a bit until we actually scouted the ledge. Similar to the format of Little Falls, this rapid consisted of a nifty initial drop followed by several sets of rapids. We scouted the drop well and everyone shot the drop with their heads held high. No flips for the best cabin in camp.

Once we got through the rapids, we rafted up for a snack and continued on down a slower section of river. The boys passed the time by playing more capture the flag where campers tried to steal the flag from other boats and if they possessed the flag, they tried to defend the flag from any other boats. It was electric. Stellan Salver also showed off his singing chops while cruising in the mojo of my boat. Our boat was able to snag the flag while Stellan sang the Pirates of the Caribbean theme song. It was truly a highlight.

After we realized just how much time we were spending singing pirate songs and stealing flags, we refocused and crushed our last couple of miles before arriving at our last campsite: Egg Point. After we unloaded boats and set up camp, we had a lunch of peanut butter and jelly before hanging out and sitting in the hot afternoon sun. Luckily we were warned not to swim because we encountered a large snapping turtle that the boys named Fred and even though Hunter Adamo almost lost his inflatable rainbow ball twice, we pursued it in canoes. One time, we were all sitting on a rock that jutted out into the current of the river creating an eddy when the Fred came up and reared his ugly head. He was huge and we fled in fear from his mean stare. It was quite a spectacle.

Dinner was pesto pasta cooked to perfection by yours truly. Some boys said the pasta needed salt, others disagreed. Afterwards we started the fire and roasted s'mores. Will Reynolds ate a lot of marshmallows: at least six. Later that night, we had a roaring campfire and decided we could just talk rather than play games. We stayed up until all the stars came out and recounted stories from home and school and began to appreciate how lucky we were to be together out in the woods with no distractions from the real world. We sat around the fire until it died down to embers before climbing in our tents for one last night of slumber, uninterrupted by the hustle and bustle of the world around us.

July 9th

On this fateful morning we woke up on the early side at 6 am so we could make our pick-up time. We had the quickest breakfast of Pop-Tarts and granola bars. They still tasted like victory and American Soul. We needed to beat the headwinds on the final lake. We loaded boats and did a final campsite trash sweep before moving out of the backcountry.

The river quickly widened into the lake and the wind picked up into our faces, so we decided to batten down the hatches and push hard to make our way across the last section of lake before our take-out point. When we came close to the manmade canal that would lead us to the take-out, we slowed down a bit and took the time to appreciate the last of the wilderness as we continued on.

When we reached the dam that marked the end of the of our trip, we efficiently unloaded and organized gear in preparation for the arrival of our pick-up driver. After a short wait our driver arrived as we were playing hacky sack and eating Nutragrain bars. Teddy Bancroft and Tanner Wernke came running up the road with the bus, just as they had done on the first day of camp. After a long while, the trailer was loaded and all gear and boys turned men accounted for. We made our way into the white short bus and started the three and a half hour drive home.

Before going back to camp, we stopped at Big G's, where we enjoyed the second

best sandwiches known to mankind. The best sandwiches are obviously from Hoagie Haven. With super full stomachs, we rolled back onto the bus for our drive home. When we got back to camp, we unloaded our boats at the Leech Field before taking the main drive up to Buck to unload personal gear and clean group gear. We cleaned up in the standard that upheld the pedigree of the best cabin in camp aka NBHI. We closed our trip like we opened it, with confidence and charisma. I'm proud of these men.

George Cole, HBC
Mac Muller, Counselor
Gus Williams, Counselor
George Janvier, Counselor
Lauren Begley, Counselor

North Bunkerhill II

Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain

June 24th

The men of North Bunkerhill II had a normal wake-up on the morning of June 24. After flag and a filling breakfast, we gathered our gear, loaded our two vans and made the drive to Camden Hills State Park, roughly an hour north of Kieve. After paying our campsite fees and acquiring a couple bundles of firewood, we made our way to our site and began setting up camp. The boys had tents up and group gear unloaded in no time. With camp set up, we prepared a delicious lunch of pizza quesadillas, which were popular with everyone. With lunch cleaned up and our campsite organized, we hopped back into the vans to make a short drive to the Maiden Cliff Trailhead on the western side of the park.

The Maiden Cliff hike took us through beautiful deciduous and evergreen forest before transitioning to more evergreen and low growth as we gained elevation. In no time, our group emerged onto the rocky cliffs that overlook Megunticook Lake. After a snack and a few photos, we made the trek back down the mountain, piled into the vans, and headed back to the campsite.

With plenty of daylight left, we decided to explore the Shoreline Trail that provided great views and smells of the chilly West Penobscot Bay area. The boys lounged in an open grass field,

tossed frisbees, and reached record-breaking heights on a big swing set.

After the day's activities we had all worked up a significant appetite, so we returned to the campsite to start cooking a cheesesteak dinner and to build a roaring fire. After dinner came an evening of chilling, telling stories, and eliminating s'mores around the fire as people grew sleepy and retreated into their tents. Another great day of exploring lay ahead.

June 25th

The following day began with a relaxed wake-up, followed by an oatmeal breakfast to fuel up for our next hike. After we cleaned up breakfast, broke down camp and packed our gear back into the vans, we loaded up and drove to the north side of the park to hike Bald Rock Mountain.

The trail began with a smooth road with a steady upward incline, and after about a mile the Bald Rock summit trail peeled off to the left. Almost immediately, the smooth trail gave way to a rocky, rooty, and steep path to the top of Bald Rock. Although the trail became more technical, the men of NBHII did not slow down. Before we knew it, we emerged from the trees into the open summit, and drank in a wonderful view of the Penobscot Bay.

Next, we refueled with a satisfying lunch of ham and turkey sandwiches followed by a Rice Krispies dessert. After a few more photos, we said our goodbyes to the wonderful view and began our trek back to the vehicles. After a tiring but rewarding day, it was time to make our way back to Kieve. To ensure that we did not arrive at camp too early and to reward ourselves for the successful completion of our primer, we made a pit stop at Round Top Ice Cream before heading back to camp. All in all, our primer was an overwhelming success. As we look forward to our upcoming paddle trip on the St. Croix River, we are filled with excitement and anticipation.

James Lawton, HBC
Patrick Kavanagh, Counselor
John Hollington, Counselor
Jack Roberts, Counselor
Sarah Burgin, Counselor

North Bunkerhill II St. Croix River July 2nd

This morning the men of North Bunkerhill II woke up at 5 am for some final packing and organization before walking up to Buck to leave for our trip on the St. Croix River. When we reached the top of the hill, our trailer and bus were waiting for us. After loading gear and food and checking out with Reid, we hit the road. We made a quick stop at Wal-Mart to pick up a few necessary items, and in three hours and change, we hopped out of the bus and onto the hard-packed dirt of our put-in on Spednic Lake. In minutes we had boats off the trailer, into the water, and full of gear. After a quick snack and a goodbye to our amazing driver, Sally, we shoved off from the landing and officially began our journey.

It was a beautiful day but there were a few thunderclouds in the neighborhood, so we made quick work of our roughly three-mile paddle to our first campsite on Birch Island. The boys familiarized themselves with the process of unloading group gear, personal gear, and flipping boats on shore for safekeeping. With camp set up, we crushed a delicious lunch of cold cut sandwiches, and then spent the remainder of the afternoon swimming off the rocks, chilling in hammocks, and basking in the sun. Abe Guilford found a sweet piece of buoyant driftwood, and many cabin members enjoyed using the natural PFD (personal flotation driftwood) as a kind of wooden pool noodle. Kieve ingenuity at its finest.

In the late afternoon, we collected firewood before a dinner of double bacon cheeseburgers. With full stomachs, we hung out around the fire for a bit before retiring to our tents, excited for the next day, our first full day of the trip.

July 3rd

This morning we had a relaxed wake-up leading into a breakfast of granola and milk topped off with blueberries. After breaking down camp, we set out on our first full day of paddling.

About seven miles of lake paddling lay before us, so we put our game faces on

and got to it. Another beautiful sunny day made it easy to stay motivated, and a slight breeze in our face kept us cool. Halfway through the paddle we rafted up to hydrate and eat a snack before continuing on our way.

Before we knew it, we arrived at our next campsite, The Narrows. Aptly named, The Narrows was not quite as spacious as Birch Island, but we made do. With boats unloaded and camp set up, we prepared a filling lunch of tuna melts with bacon and pepper jack cheese. The rest of the afternoon was spent collecting firewood, chilling in tents, and swimming off of a cool rock a short paddle from our campsite.

As the sun went down and the breeze began to die, the mosquitoes came out to play so we whipped up double barbeque bacon chicken sandwiches to take our minds off of the itchy legs that we all began to succumb to. With the sun going down, we cleaned up dinner, hung out around the fire for a minute, and climbed into our tents for a good night's sleep.

July 4th

We started Independence Day with a 5:15 wake-up call. A big day lay ahead of us, and we thought it best to get after it early. After breaking down camp we enjoyed a hearty oatmeal breakfast before shoving off into Spedic Lake one last time. We made quick work of the lake paddling that separated us from our short portage around a dam and into the St. Croix River.

When we pulled up to the boat landing, we separated gear and personal items, crushed a couple of snacks, and began to ferry boats and gear over the dam and then to the spillway by the river. For the first time, the boys were exposed to the realities of portaging and the hard work that it requires, but everyone pulled their weight and all boats and gear were transported without issue. With boats loaded and ready by the spillway, we enjoyed some cold Pepsi colas from a nearby store before shoving off into the fast water below the dam.

Finally we were in some rapids! The boys quickly became comfortable navigating the river, dodging rocks and shooting into downstream 'Vs.' After two

days of lake paddling, we welcomed the action of faster water.

In the spirit of the Fourth of July, we had two awesome bald eagle sightings a couple of hours after hopping on the river. In both instances, a majority of the cabin was within 30 yards of these airborne predators as they effortlessly zoomed by. After stopping for a rocket fuel lunch on Wingdam Island, we set our sights on finishing the rest of our paddle to Little Falls, the largest rapid we would run on trip.

Excited to see what the rapid had to offer, we cruised down the river and reached the falls in the early afternoon. Since the water level was high and the rapid formidable, we decided to unload our heaviest wannigans and the cooler on the portage trail above the rapid to make maneuvering a bit easier. After scouting what line we wanted to aim for from the shore, we hopped back into canoes and went for it.

The part of the rapid we chose to attack consisted of a big initial drop between two large rock formations, followed by a nice wave train. Every boat made it through the rapid without issue, and Wesley Mitchell and Charlie Collins even squeezed in a full 360-degree canoe rotation in the middle of the rip! It was awesome. At the bottom of the rapid we finished unloading our boats and brought our gear to the campsite overlooking the fastest part of the rapid.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent chilling out and swimming in the fast water at the bottom of the falls, which provided a sweet float downriver. After a tasty dinner of coconut chicken curry rice, we retired to our tents to escape a particularly ghastly onslaught of mosquitoes.

July 5th

This morning we had another relaxed wake-up before crushing a breakfast of bacon, egg, and cheeses on English muffins. With some great fuel in the tank, we broke down camp and loaded boats to start our day. Although the largest rapid of the trip was behind us, we still enjoyed some technical paddling through some seriously fun features. We also enjoyed another sweet bald



eagle sighting. This time, the raptor was perched in a tall pine tree on river left, and remained still and watchful as our group floated by. After the eagle sighting the river slowed and widened, and pine forest gave way to grassy marshland. With the help of the current, we finished a 12-mile paddle day in great time, and arrived at our campsite at Loon Bay in the middle of the afternoon.

Loon Bay was the nicest site so far, with an open and breezy pine forest giving way to a nice beach. We spent more time swimming and taking canoes out in the afternoon, as well as enjoying the sun and warm breeze. Earlier in the afternoon, Ben McDonnell and Reid Kitchel befriended a wounded dragonfly that unfortunately did not live to see the end of the day, so the boys organized a brief memorial service in honor of the amiable insect. Charlie Collins and Wesley Mitchell showed off their songwriting skills by coming up with parody remixes of “Don’t Stop Believin’” and “Lord of the Dance,” tweaking the original lyrics to make them relevant to the life of Leo the dragonfly.

As evening set in, we enjoyed a dinner of pasta and red sauce with pepperoni and sautéed onions. Before going to bed, we continued the previous day’s Fourth of July celebration by lighting sparklers. Soon afterwards, we retreated to our tents for a night of hard-earned rest.

July 6th

This morning we woke up at 5:45 to attack our last full day of paddling. After breaking down camp and eliminating another breakfast of milk and granola, we were on our way.

Early in our paddle, the river narrowed out and Loon Bay fell behind us. As the current picked up, we encountered another great rapid that was somewhere between a class two and three. Similar to Little Falls, this rapid consisted of a nice initial drop followed by a lively wave train.

Once we got through the rapids, we rafted up for a snack and continued on down a slower section of river. The boys passed the time by playing ‘pirates,’ which consisted of swiping helmets and water bottles from other boats and

trying to escape. After a few miles of rambunctiousness, we refocused and crushed our last couple of miles before arriving at our last campsite, Egg Point.

After we unloaded boats and set up camp, we enjoyed a hot lunch of bacon grilled cheese and tomato soup before hanging out and swimming in the hot afternoon sun. After a while, clouds took over the blue sky and it started to look like rain. Sure enough, a thunderstorm moved in on top of us and we retreated to the cover of tents and the kitchen area tarp to shield us from a light rain. Before long the storm passed, and we emerged from our synthetic lairs.

A big highlight of the afternoon included a snapping turtle that showed up in the shallows off a rocky point jutting out from our campsite. The whole cabin watched in awe as the prehistoric reptile snapped up a dead fish floating in the water. We snapped some photos and watched him do his thing. Later, two other snapping turtles showed up, one of which dwarfed our original shelled visitor. It was quite a spectacle.

Dinner consisted of beef stew and quinoa cooked over the fire, because we needed to save our last propane bottle for breakfast the next morning. Afterwards we sat around the fire before climbing in our tents for one last night of sleep under the stars.

July 7th

This morning we woke up at 6 am to get a head start on breaking down camp before having a breakfast of M&M pancakes. Afterwards, we loaded boats and did a final campsite trash sweep before mounting up and moving out.

The river widened into a lake and the wind picked up at our backs, so we decided to raft up and spread out the rain tarp to use as a sail to zip across the last section of lake before our take-out point. Andrew Pettker and Edward Lily manned the sail while Harper Hayne and Charlie Collins steered our eight-hulled sailboat across the lake. When we came close to the canal that would lead us to the take-out, we took down our sail and continued on.

When we reached the dam that marked the end of the paddling section

of our trip, we efficiently unloaded and organized gear in preparation for the arrival of our pick up driver, Sally. With magnificent timing, Sally arrived as we were organizing our last bits of gear. In minutes the trailer was loaded and all gear and men accounted for, so we hopped in the bus and started the three and a half hour drive home.

Before going back to camp, we stopped at the famous Big G's sandwich shop, where we enjoyed the largest deli creations any of us had laid eyes on. With full stomachs, we climbed back onto the bus for the last leg of our drive. When we got back to camp, we unloaded our boats at the Leech Field before taking the main drive up to Buck to unload personal gear and clean group gear. In standard NBHII fashion, every man contributed to the cleanup and put away cause, and we finished our trip in style. What an amazing adventure!

James Lawton, HBC
Patrick Kavanagh, Counselor
John Hollington, Counselor
Jack Roberts, Counselor
Sarah Burgin, Counselor

North Cunningham

Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain

June 23rd

With bags packed and excitement in the air, the campers awoke ready for the challenge that lay in front of them. While Sundays usually mean that there is an extra half hour of sleep, pancakes for breakfast, and then a thorough cabin clean-up, followed by an intense cabin inspection, the boys of North Cunningham accepted the sleep-in and the pancakes, but decided to push the cleaning off to a later Sunday by leaving for the Bald Rock Mountains. The hour-long bus ride was filled with countless song requests from Jackson Hatch, Jackson Schultz, and Ferdinand Hopfen while Philip Nemec and Will Duffy kept the passengers entertained with their dancing.

As the cabin pulled into the campsite, members of the cabin set up the campsite with ease. Those who had a firm grasp on how to set up a tent helped teach those who needed help. Once the campsite

was set up, campers began to fuel up for the hike that lay before them for the afternoon with some peanut butter, jelly, and honey sandwiches.

After lunch, the cabin loaded back into the van with their day packs and after a brief drive to the Maiden Cliff parking area, the campers were on their way up the trail. While it was not a very long hike, the steep terrain proved to be a challenge. However, the boys of North Cunningham pushed through and made it to the top together. As the boys admired the incredible view, those who were interested learned about the Turkey Vultures that hovered in front of them from Tyler Dugas. After about forty-five minutes of hanging out as a cabin and admiring the views, the cabin descended the trail with ease.

Once the boys arrived back at camp, they walked down to explore the ocean that was near the campsite. Much to Colten Trepp's dismay, the water was not safe to swim in, but the campers enjoyed exploring the tidal pools and the rocks by the ocean for about an hour.

As the tide began to come in, we retreated to the campsite and began to cook bacon cheeseburgers. As everyone ate their dinner, some people played card games, while others tended expertly to the fire. The evening continued, and the campers hung out by the fire and even ate s'mores before finally going to bed. With the occasional giggle from various tents around the campsite, the tents gradually fell silent as the campers rested up for the even bigger day ahead of them.

June 24th

Due to the Kieve schedule that we had been following for the past few days, most people arose around 7:30. Since there was little rush, to get up and out of the campsite quickly, the cabin took their time taking down tents, cleaning from breakfast and getting ready for the hike. This gave people an opportunity to learn how to properly break down a campsite, fully pack their bags, or simply play more card games with one another.

Once everyone had full bellies and a campsite that was up to the LNT (Leave No Trace) standards, the boys of North Cunningham departed for their final hike

of the trip, Bald Rock Mountain.

The cabin stayed together throughout the more challenging hike up Bald Rock Mountain. While the hike proved to be more difficult than the Maiden Cliff hike the day before, members of the cabin encouraged one another throughout the entire ascent. As the cabin finally reached the top, people were in awe. The beautiful view over the ocean was coupled by a cloudless sky atop Bald Rock Mountain. The campers sat on the peak of the mountain looking over the Maine coast for about an hour while they joked around with one another and ate another round of PBJ&H sandwiches.

After growing restless, the boys decided to descend the mountain that they had just conquered and head back to the van. The descent proved to be much less of a challenge for the cabin and was coupled with the occasional murmurs of what flavor of ice cream each camper would be getting at Round Top, if, of course, the counselors decided to go.

As the campers loaded into the van for the final time of the trip, there was a sense of accomplishment and happiness amongst the campers that they had completed these challenges and were finally heading back to Kieve. With a quick stop for ice cream, North Cunningham arrived safely back at Kieve with new experiences and just 72 hours until they would be dropped off on the St. Croix River on the border of Canada.

Taylor Cashman, HBC
Will Demuth, Counselor
Thomas Krush, Counselor
Katelyn Fluke, Counselor

North Cunningham St. Croix River

June 27th

When the alarm went off at 4:45 on this Thursday morning, the boys of North Cunningham were more than ready for the journey that lay ahead of them. After a quick breakfast in Pasquaney, the trailer was loaded and the bus departed for our long drive up to Spednic Lake. After the seemingly endless 5 hour bus ride up to the Canadian border, we arrived and the boys were quick to unload the gear. Before we knew it, the bus left. We were

officially on our own in the woods.

Unphased by this fact, the boys scarfed down turkey sandwiches and began loading the boats for their maiden voyage across Spednic Lake. Finally, we were under way to our campsite that evening, Birch Island. The gloomy weather had no effect on the spirits of the cabin, but the headwinds certainly did. The winds blowing directly in our face turned our seemingly short and easy paddle into a challenge. Despite the winds, we all made it to the campsite with time to spare.

As tents were set up, double downs were prepared for dinner. While, most people put ranch, ketchup, or even hot sauce on these sandwiches, Ferdinand had a different plan for his sandwich. The amount of mayonnaise that he dumped onto his dinner was impressive to say the least. Tired from the long day and knowing that the following day would be another early morning for the boys of North Cunningham, we went to bed as the sun went down.

June 28th

In an attempt to avoid afternoon headwinds on Spednic Lake, we decided to wake up around 5 am for the second morning in a row. Everyone in the cabin was slow to get up and the disassembling of the campsite was sluggish; however, after about two hours, tents were taken down, bellies were full, and boats were loaded for our early departure.

The paddle that lay ahead of us was far longer than the day before, but for the first time in my 10 years at Kieve, our cabin was blessed with tailwinds on our paddle across Spednic Lake. This was the only full day of the trip without any moving water, having tailwinds was an incredible blessing for all of us. The paddle was still challenging, but we arrived at The Narrows campsite after about four hours.

Upon arrival, the kids were let down by the buggy and claustrophobic site. They begrudgingly set up their tents and a fire was made in preparation for lunch. Why did we make a fire for lunch? Because roasting weenies over an open fire is an integral part of any stereotypical camping trip. But this was

not your typical weenie roasting session, the boys of North Cunningham destroyed 50 hotdogs with little hesitation. After this astounding feat some down time was definitely needed.

A brief rest hour was followed by hours of fun in and around the water. One of the boys' favorite things to do was swim out to a rock that was just barely submerged by the water and pretend that they were walking on water.

While homesickness began taking down parts of the cabin, spirits remained relatively high. The good weather and the good food aided in the positive energy of many. One may think that after eating 50 hot dogs, the boys wouldn't be hungry, but the chips and salsa that were put on the table disappeared as soon as they were put out. Soon after that, chicken wraps were served for dinner and just like the day before, the boys went to bed as the sun went down. As we went into our tents that night, the cloudless sky overhead was promising for the following day, which would be our longest day of the trip.

June 29th

Again, in preparation for our longest day of the trip, wake-up time was 5 am. However, the alarm was not the only thing that I heard. The pattering of rain on our rainfly echoed in our tent. Oh boy! What a terrible day to have rain. And just like that, BOOM, there was thunder too! How could you not be excited to paddle the longest day of the trip in a thunderstorm? Attempting to ignore the weather, we took down our tents, ate bagels and cream cheese for breakfast, and waited out the storm.

By 8 am, the thunder was long gone and the rain had transitioned from a torrential downpour to just a drizzle. We decide to begin our journey with the hope that the storm had subsided. As we paddled our last day on Spednic Lake, the rain eventually came to a halt, clothes began to dry, and spirits began to rise. We paddled efficiently with few breaks all the way to the dam.

Like seasoned veterans, the boys of North Cunningham unloaded boats and placed all the gear into piles at the dam and begin to carry boats on the short

trail around the dam to the St. Croix River. With the help of each member of the cabin, the portage process was completed in just a half hour. Ferdinand even carried a canoe by himself the entire way. Soloing a canoe on the St. Croix was almost unheard of and we were all very impressed.

With the portage behind us, sunny skies above us, and grilled ham and cheeses on the stove, the boys of North Cunningham were ready for anything... except rain. However, as the skies began to darken again, we tried to avoid the thought of rain and push onto the river. The rips along the St. Croix River proved to be equally as fun as they were challenging for each member of the cabin. We inched on slowly, having to stop here and there to unpin canoes from rocks and demonstrate how to best avoid rocks in the future. As we inched along, the sky continued to darken as more and more clouds rolled in overhead. Despite this, the rain continued to hold off... for now.

Finally, around 5 pm, we arrived at our Little Falls campsite, located just next to the only class II rapid that we paddle on our trip, Little Falls. Due to the fatigue of all of the campers and the hunger that began to set in for many, we decided to scout the challenging rapid this evening and run it the following morning.

As we pulled boats up and began to set up tents, the skies opened up. The rain, which continued for about 24 hours, began and moral lowered. Due to the sheer mass of the double bacon cheeseburgers, many people's moods were brought up, but the lack of ketchup (due to Ferdinand's weird obsession of having ketchup on his cold cut sandwiches) definitely affected some. The boys of North Cunningham now had 35 burger paddies and 100 pieces of bacon to add to the list of food that they had crushed without blinking and eye. It was an incredible sight. However, the masses of bugs were undeterred by the terrible rain.

Some huddled around the cooking area out of the rain, but with that came an onslaught of bugs. Others found some refuge from the bugs in the rain



while overlooking the class III Little Falls rapids that we were gearing up to dominate the following day. Moral was increased slightly by Lorna Doones, but this seemed to be a problem that even Doones could not solve. With wet tents and wet clothes, the campers retreated to their tents early after crushing the longest day of the trip.

June 30th

On the first “sleep-in” day of the trip, we awoke for the second day in a row to the pitter patter of rain on our rainflies around 7:30 am. Hoping that today would be similar to the day before, I waited about a half hour for the rain to stop. Unlike the day before, there was no stopping this rain. C’est la vie! It was time to make the best of a bad situation. Despite the moisture, the day started with French toast for breakfast. This helped some of the cabin to start the day off right. Thomas Flickinger even remarked, “This doesn’t even look like bread!” before returning for his second piece. As the rain continued, it was time to start the day.

Slowly but surely, rain jackets were donned, the wet tents were disassembled, and bags and wannigans were packed. Since we were running Little Falls first, we decided to transport all group gear and personal gear to the end of the rapid in order to run the rapid without the risk of having gear fall into the whitewater. The trail to the bottom of the rapid was long and buggy, but after some time, we finally completed this challenging task. One may ask...Was that morning hard? Yes. Were people wet? Extremely. Did some people even try to run away? Of course! But did we crush it? Duh. It was on this day that I first realized something that I should have known since day one: This cabin’s ability to complain does not even come close to matching their canoeing, hiking, and all-around tripping capabilities. The lower the morale, the harder they work.

Before loading canoes, we completed one final scouting of Little Falls, looking at the best line, pointing out any major obstacles to look out for, and remarking on how the water behaved in each portion of the rapid. Finally, we were

ready to embark on the day. The power duo of Tyler and Taylor were first to go. With Tyler Dugas’s rock calling ability and his occasional draws to avoid any last second obstacles, we glided through effortlessly.

Once we completed the rapid, camper boats followed. The frowns from the morning quickly turned to smiles as the thrills of this powerful rapid brought adrenaline and excitement to everyone. Right as everything was going well, I see Jackson Schultz and Jackson Hatch (the Jacksons) bombing through the whitewater heading right for a rock at the end of the rapid. Before I knew it, the boat tipped slightly to the left and Schultz become a swimmer. “NOOOOO JACKSON! SWIMMMM!” Hatch yelled as Schultz experienced an unexpected bath. Despite this shock, Schultz looked like he had done this before. He perfectly executed “nose and toes” through the remaining white water and retrieved the throw rope at the bottom. As he was pulled to safety, I had never seen someone change moods so quickly. “That was awesome!” Schultz yelled, as he stood on the river bank sopping wet. Despite this one hiccup, the rest of the cabin sped through the treacherous class III rapid and loaded boats at the bottom in preparation of our day to come.

Ahead lay about 10 miles of fast moving and obstacle-filled water before finally reaching the Loon Bay campsite. With the rain continuing and the bugs beginning to find us again, we finished loading the boats and rolled out. Despite the rain, Ryan McWilliams, Tyler Dugas, and Will Windsor remained in high spirits and did what they could to pick others up around them. The water flowed fast down this portion of the river, which posed issues for many boats. The occasional stop to unpin canoes kept the bugs swarming, but we continued to push on.

With hunger beginning to set in, it was clear that today was a textbook pep and cheese day. I cannot think of a single problem that cannot be solved by half a stick of pepperoni and two cheese sticks. Oh boy, was I right! As we finished our pep and cheese, the rain began to dissipate. Many clouds remained

overhead, but spirits were heightened. One of the most memorable parts of the day was the creation of the hit single, Paddling Down the St. Croix River (feat. The Jacksons). The boys chillin' in the back of our canoe convoy sang the lines as frowns were turned upside down and tears were dried by the few sun rays that began to appear.

Throughout the remaining 5 miles of fast-moving water, the sun continued to push through the clouds and the boys of North Cunningham found themselves a rhythm. Woohoo! We were cookin' with peanut oil! As the banks of the river grew further apart, and the water slowed down, the Loon Bay campsite came into view. We had finally made it!

Pulling the last boat out of the water was one of the best feelings that I have had in a long time. The sun was shining and the wind was blowing just enough to dry clothes, but not so much as to make it too cold outside. The boys set up tents and hung up to rainflies. The tents, having been fully submerged earlier that day due to an overturned canoe, were finally drying.

Just as I thought everything was under control, I see Colten Trepp standing in the water, having fully submerged his tent's rainfly in the water. "What are you doing?!" Everyone said. But after years of boy scouts, he had a plan. He fully cleaned off the rainfly, spread it out, and hung it up. To everyone's surprise, it dried faster than many other tents and it was clean! Wow... well done, Colten.

The night came to a close with each camper eating a personal pizza in dry clothes around a well-made fire. As campers retreated to their mostly dry tents, bellies were full and spirits were higher than they had been in days.

July 1st

Waking up at 7:30 again, everyone was unphased by the rain that had fallen that night. Most of the cabin was awoken by Jackson Hatch's (rap name, "Mouse Stew") oatmeal rap, which was a reference to the breakfast that was on the menu that morning. The campsite was packed up with ease by the seasoned veterans of North Cunningham and campers were fed just before departing.

The high-spirited and sunny day was complemented by a few rips and tons of sunscreen. With the sun beating down on the smiling faces of North Cunningham, we approached the final challenge of the trip, Canoose Ledges. This was a quick ledge across the fast-moving river. With instructions to run river left and a firm grasp of reading the river, I felt as though the boys were well equipped to run this rapid without scouting it.

After the Taylor and Tyler power boat effortlessly sped over the drop, I watched each of the 12 remaining campers command their boats with ease through this challenge. The boys had become expert canoers. Whether it was headwinds on a lake or quick-moving rapids, I felt confident in the paddling ability of every member of North Cunningham.

Around 1:30 pm we pulled into our final campsite of the trip, Egg Point, and spirits were as high as ever. After quickly pulling up boats and unloading gear, everyone ate PBJ&Hs before getting into their tents for a short rest hour. Once the boys came back out of their tents, Jack Keller and Chance Chocoll helped everyone with some fishing and we even had the opportunity to see the massive and prehistoric-looking snapping turtles that call Egg Point their home.

The day turned into night and the kids scarfed down pounds of "Dank," a combination of shell pasta, sautéed onions, seared pepperoni, and enough cheese to kill any living mammal on the planet.

However, the night was not over yet. Using the hot coals of the fire, I prepared an M&Ms cake in a fry bake for a special treat on the last night of our epic trip. Despite some burning around all of the edges, the cake was edible and enjoyed by many. The kids went to bed with full stomachs and a smile on their face as they know they would be returning home the following day.

July 2nd

For the third morning in a row, we woke up around 7:30 am. The energy was high. I would like to think that they were excited for my pancakes, but it was most likely due to the fact that after five nights in the woods, the kids would finally be

returning to Kieve that evening. As the campsite was sluggishly taken down, I prepared a SUPER healthy breakfast of M&Ms pancakes in order to fuel everyone for our short paddle that day.

Saying goodbye to our new turtle friends, we departed from Egg Point at around 10 am. For the first time since day one of paddling, we experienced headwinds paddling across the stagnant water leading to our take-out at the Grand Falls power house. Campers and counselors alike cheered and high-fived as we pulled our boats up for the last time just around noon. A lunch of rocket fuel was served as celebration for the incredible feat that we all accomplished together.

Hearing the rumble of the canoe trailer being dragged by the white Kieve bus, the boys cheered in excitement. The trailer was loaded quickly and efficiently and just like that, we were on our way home.

After a quick stop at Chipotle for an early dinner, North Cunningham arrived at Kieve around 7:30 pm that evening. We were greeted by the smiles and open arms of friends and younger brothers as we cleaned all of our gear from the trip. The boys slept well that night in their own beds, knowing that no amount of rain could soak through the walls of our cabin.

Taylor Cashman, HBC
Will Demuth, Counselor
Thomas Krush, Counselor
Katelyn Fluke, Counselor

South Harris

Primer Trip – Damariscotta Lake

June 21st

The boys of South Harris packed up their bags and loaded up the canoe trailers for our primer trip to Cool Island. Driving the bus was Henry Kennedy, who was nice enough to show the boys a cool spot in Damariscotta Mills where the fish get from fresh water to salt water. After the pit spot, we were dropped off at our put-in just a few miles from our camp site.

We loaded the canoes with our gear and paddled off. For some campers, it was their first time in a canoe, and the overcast conditions did not necessarily

help. Strong headwinds made it hard for the group to stay together, with some of the boats in the back with Teddy, and the rest in the front with Michael. Nonetheless, everyone made it to Cool Island safely and in decent time.

The rest of the afternoon was spent making lunch and teaching the boys, both returners and new campers, how to properly set up camp. The council group showed then how to set up tents and tarps, and how to properly set up the stove and cook.

After a nice lunch of cold cuts, the boys ran off into the woods in hopes of finding dry fire wood. Following some trial and error, the group had its first fire of the session, and it was a good one. Everyone sat around the fire talking and joking as we enjoyed a dinner of pasta with chicken. By the time the sun had set, and the fire had died down, everyone was more than ready for bed.

June 22nd

After a slight sleep-in, the group arose from their tents to start the day. As the counselors began to cook a breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheeses, the propane to the grill ran out. Luckily, the boys were more than ready to get another fire started. Although it took some time, breakfast was enjoyed by everyone. The next hour or so was spent hanging by the dying fire and throwing the frisbee around.

Before making lunch, the group decided to paddle over to Southover from Cool Island for a quick nature walk. The weather was perfect, and everyone was ready to get back in a canoe and try out their new skills. Although it was cut short by the arrival of Wavus, our short hike through Southover was much needed. We put our canoes back in the water to paddle back and start lunch.

However right after a lunch of PB&Js, the day turned upside down, and a torrential downpour occurred. Everyone was stuck inside tents for around an hour until the rain subsided.

When we finally got out of our tents, we began to pack up camp, teaching the boys how to properly take down tents, tarps, and load the boats. The short paddle back to Kieve was nice and easy,

and the boys were excited to be back at camp.

Michael Pilkington, HBC
Teddy Macfarlane, Counselor
Jack Hall, Counselor
Blake Cote, Counselor

South Harris Moosehead Lake Region

June 25th

On the first day of our trip, we loaded up the vans at camp and headed north to our destination. After a fairly long drive, we reached Northeast Whitewater, our campsite for the week. Upon arriving, we ran into Maine Trails I and struck up a conversation with them, listening to how their first week on the trail went.

After catching up with Maine Trails, we unloaded our box trailer and began to set up our campsite. We set up the tarp, tents, and brought all the wans into the cooking area. Our first meal of the trip was cheesesteaks, and although it was many people's first time eating one, everyone enjoyed them.

While some of the boys finished eating, the rest collected fire wood and began setting up a fire. The rest of the first night was spent around the fire before a light drizzle sent everyone to bed early.

June 26th

On our first full day, the group woke up fairly early, around 7:30, to start cooking breakfast. After everyone demolished their sausage, egg, and cheese, they filled up water bottles and loaded their day packs with everything they would need. We got into the vans and drove to our first hike of the trip, Little Moose Mountain.

While this mountain was one of the least challenging of the trip, it was still the group's first hike together, so it was certainly not a breeze. We started with a really good pace and made it to what we thought was around the halfway point just before lunch. We eventually arrived at a spot which was assumed was the peak but were not entirely sure. So, we continued on, and eventually reached a loop trail after descending. At this point we knew we had gone too far, so we turned around and ate lunch at the peak where we had been before. Everyone ate their PB&J and honeys very quickly, and

we finished hiking back to the van in a very timely fashion.

By the time we got back to the campsite it was almost dinner time, so the group hung out, made a fire, and relaxed. The burrito bowls for dinner were a huge hit, and by the time we finished them everyone was tired enough for bed.

June 27th

On our second full day of the trip we woke up even earlier to pack up the campsite for our overnight canoe trip to Mt. Kineo. We took down our tents and tarp, and loaded up all the wans that we would need. After a quick meal of breakfast bars, we walked over to Northeast Whitewater to meet our guides for the night, Bryce and Julie. They got us suited up with PFDs and paddles. From Northeast Whitewater, we drove to the put-in spot and began unloading our canoes.

Once they were all loaded with our gear, we began paddling to Mt. Kineo, which was on a large peninsula in the middle of Moosehead Lake. After about an hour and a half of paddling, we reached our campsite on the opposite side of the peninsula. We were lucky to have the wind in our favor, but just as we thought we were having a good day, a massive storm began brewing right above our heads. The torrential downpour started just after we had finished setting up and eaten a lunch of PB&J. The group waited out the rain in our tents for around an hour.

Once the rain stopped, we prepared to hike Mt. Kineo with our guides. The hike took us across the peninsula and eventually to the top of the mountain, where the views were amazing. We all took turns climbing the fire tower at the top, looking out and seeing the extent of Moosehead Lake and everything surrounding it. Ben, Jude, Andrew, and several others wanted to go up twice just to take in the view again.

By the time we came back to our campsite, it was dinner time, so we cooked up a large dish of pasta with pepperoni for everyone to enjoy by the fire. We told stories and hung out with our guides, before being forced to go to bed by another storm.



June 28th

The group took their time waking up this morning, as our morning paddle was all we had to worry about. We slowly packed up our campsite and ate a breakfast of oatmeal. David and Brady were nice enough to finish everyone's leftovers.

Once everyone was ready to leave, we started our paddle back to the put-in from the day before and were greeted by Charlie and Kate who picked us up. By the time we returned to Northeast Whitewater for the day, it was already late in the afternoon.

We decided that it would be best to just relax, so we ate lunch at the campsite and then headed out to a public beach on Moosehead Lake. Andrew Moor and John Cataldo had fun looking for different types of fish in the water, while the rest of the boys swam out to a raft. The beach was good to everyone and allowed the group to rest up before the rest of our week of hiking.

We returned to Northeast Whitewater just before dinner so that we could re-set up camp for the week and begin making dinner. Bacon cheeseburgers were a huge success amongst the group, and s'mores after dinner were even more of a success. Almost the entire cabin's faces lit up when their found out there were s'mores. Jack Rubiralta managed to get about half of it in his stomach, with the rest ending up on his face. We hung out by the fire for a little longer before all going to bed.

June 29th

The group arose from their tents at the usual time, and we enjoyed another breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese. Once we had finished breakfast and packed everything we needed for the day, we loaded into the vans and headed to Big Moose Mountain.

We started out and it was immediately harder than the two hikes we had done before. However, the group continued on, and reached the peak just around lunch time. Unfortunately, it was slightly overcast and cloudy, so we did not have a very good view. Nonetheless, we ate a lunch of rocket fuel, which is a PB&J with a Snickers in between, and enjoyed each other's company.

We slowly headed down the mountain as a group after lunch, telling jokes and discussing everyone's plans for the rest of the summer. By the time we had reached our campsite, it was still fairly early in the day, so we headed out to a spot where we could swim.

After striking out at Little Wilson Falls, we decided to check out the 100 Mile Wilderness sign, which marks the beginning of the 100 Mile Wilderness, and is huge point in the Maine Trails trip. The boys were very interested in the sign, and while they were looking and reading the sign, Teddy stumbled upon a rocky spot in which the boys could swim.

Andrew Moor, Colin Howard, JP Lazar, and many others reluctantly got into the water, but were pleasantly surprised when they realized the massive rock was more like one massive water slide. The group hung out at the rock spot for what felt like hours, having fun slipping into the water and then struggling to get back up the slippery rock.

When we finally returned to the campsite, everyone was exhausted from the day's activities. We enjoyed our chicken and bacon sandwiches by the fire which was made by John Cataldo and a few other boys. An early bed was needed for all.

June 30th

The morning started as usual, with a casual wake-up and everyone's favorite breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese. However, unlike most days, we were not greeted with good weather to start the day.

In fact, just as we arrived at Number 4 Mountain for our hike, it began to downpour. The boys were not fazed, and immediately put on their rain gear so that we could begin hiking. While we figured the rain would let up at some point on the way up, it did not. We were dumped on the whole up. By the time we reached the top, it was still raining; however, no one in the group was complaining at all. Everyone was keeping each other's spirits high, and although it continued to rain on the way down, we reached the vans at a very good time. The boys were rewarded for their great performance on

the hike with Rocket Fuel in the van.

With some time left in the afternoon to do something, we headed to the B52 crash site. The crash site included debris from a real B52 which had crashed during a test run in the 1960s, and all the boys were very interested in it. The rain had finally stopped so we were able to relax and enjoy the memorial site for its worth.

Once we left the crash site and reached our campsite again, it was late enough for us to start cooking. It was personal pizza night, so we had to begin cooking early to ensure everyone ate in a timely manner. We finished the night as we usual did, hanging out and talking around the fire.

July 1st

On our last full day, the group woke up slightly earlier so we could begin our hike earlier. We had a quick breakfast of oatmeal before loading up into the vans.

Our final hike of the trip was Eagle Rock Mountain, the most challenging hike we would do. The majority of the morning was spent slowly walking up the mountain, taking several breaks for water and snacks. It was a sunny and hot day out, so everyone was very tired by the time we were a mile out from the peak. We continued on, not knowing what to expect from the top.

However, once we finally reached the peak, everyone was ecstatic. The peak was a massive rock which the boys could climb on and look out into the distance from. By far the most fun part of any hike we did, the group hung out, took pictures, and explored the top of Eagle Rock for around an hour and a half.

We ate lunch and despite not wanting to leave, we began our descent. The hike down the mountain was as long and demanding as the way up, but it was mutually agreed to be “worth it” for the view we had at the top. By the time we reached the vans and drove back to Northeast Whitewater, everyone was super tired and ready for some dinner.

We cooked up some bacon grilled cheeses with tomato soup and handed out all of the extra snacks for dessert. Tired and full from our feast, we hung by the fire quickly before going to bed in our tents for the last time.

July 2nd

On the last day of our trip, we woke up fairly early to completely pack up the campsite and sweep for trash. We loaded our box trailer and headed up to meet our guides for the inflatable kayaking we were doing for the day. We were treated to a delicious breakfast of pancakes and sausage from our guides, and then transported to our starting point in a large school bus.

After pumping up all the inflatable kayaks, we got our paddles and got into the water. It took some people longer than others to figure out how to navigate their kayak, but eventually everyone got the swing of it. We spent the morning paddling through rapids and fooling around. Right before lunch we stopped at the biggest rapid and went down it several times, switching kayaks and partners and even trying to surf a few of the rapids.

Following the final rapid, a short paddle brought us to our campsite where we enjoyed another meal from our raft guides. The rest of the afternoon was spent finishing our paddle and getting picked up.

When we got back to Northeast Whitewater, we quickly changed out of our wet clothes and got on the road back to camp. Of course, before getting back we had to stop at Big G's for food, which was a great way to end our trip.

Michael Pilkington, HBC
Teddy Macfarlane, Counselor
Jack Hall, Counselor
Blake Cote, Counselor

North Harris

Primer Trip – Tumbledown Mountain

June 20th

The boys of North Harris woke up at Camp Kieve filled with anticipation of the first camping trip of the session. We packed our bags and headed towards western Maine and Mount Blue State Park.

We got settled at the glorious South Shelter at the park and were greeted by a heavy downpour of rain just as we had set up our tents. Although the rain foiled our plans of a possible hike that afternoon, we made our own fun under

the shelter of the lean-to. The excitement of our first night in the woods could not be dampened by the rain and we coasted into an evening of guitar music and good books. We gobbled down delicious cheeseburgers with plenty of bacon and settled into a group reading of *The Princess Bride* before bed. Tomorrow we would tackle the mighty Tumbledown Mountain.

June 21st

The skies cleared overnight and we all got out of our tents quickly and prepared for the hike. After a breakfast of bacon-egg-and-cheese sandwiches, we packed our day packs and piled into the van for the short trip to Tumbledown Loop Trail.

The trail posed a healthy challenge as we meandered up the mountain towards our ultimate goal of the summit. The trail did indeed turn out to be a fun challenge as we found ourselves both on the trail and in a rushing force of rain water that had collected on the mountain the night before. We battled through strenuous stretches of rocks and sidewinders and finally made it to the trail merging point which led us to the summit.

The bald rock face of the summit made a great picnic spot and we munched on pep and cheese and looked down on the mountain we had just conquered. After lunch we traversed the trail down to Tumbledown Pond, an alpine pond that would have been a nice spot to swim had rain clouds and gusting wind not forced us down the mountain.

The Brook Trail offered a comfortable trip home and we hopped in the van to seek our tents for a well-deserved nap. We spent the afternoon chopping wood and playing games and gobbled up pesto pasta for dinner. A few games of “mafia” and more reading from *The Princess Bride* led us to our respective tents after a long, but successful day of hiking.

June 22nd

Our legs were sore but we woke up and packed up camp for the trip back to Kieve. But first, we thought we might as well hike another mountain and stopped off at Mount Blue for another challenge.

The trail offered a bit of more leisurely hike than the day before and the boys

took advantage of it. The sun shone down on us as we wove our way up the classic Maine trail and soon enough we were at the top enjoying Rice Krispies Treats and surveying the views. We climbed the observation tower and had a 360-degree view of western Maine’s mountains and lakes.

Sun showers rained down as we plodded our way down the trail back to the van, another successful hike complete to wrap up a productive taste of life in the woods. After an enjoyable and filling stop at McDonald’s, we made our way back to Kieve.

Will Bliss, HBC
Parker Swensrud, Counselor
Niall McDonald, Counselor
Ang Franke, Counselor

North Harris

Moose River

June 25th – Attean Pond

The boys of North Harris woke up the morning of our trip with palpable nervous anticipation. We were about to embark on a great journey into western Maine, into a place where none of us had been before. We hopped in an orange bus and shipped up to Jackman, Maine with all our gear.

We found our way to Attean Landing and pushed off our full canoes for the first time. The weather did not greet us kindly and once we were exposed to the open water of Attean Pond, we got our first taste of head winds. A few of the campers had never paddled on a trip before and others were shaking off the rust from last year’s St. Croix trip. Regardless, we battled across the pond to the southwest corner and set up camp in high spirits. We enjoyed a late lunch of ham and cheese sandwiches that served as an appetizer for dinner, chicken patties.

It rained hard that afternoon but the boys had a great time making the best of it. Ansel Goode and Mac Gooder led the charge to the beach to fish, and they ended up catching a fish almost on every cast. Everyone got a turn popping the line in the water and we eased our way into an early night. The real trip starts tomorrow, we dreamed of the portage.

June 26th – Portage Trail

Day two was a big day for the boys of North Harris. We had to complete a 1.2 mile portage, and there was no way of getting around it. We cooked up some delicious oatmeal that would fuel us for the next several hours and got ready to head out.

We paddled the rest of the way down Attean Pond until we spotted the portage trail on the shoreline. Once all of our gear was organized at the head of the trail, we figured out who would be taking what. The thing with portages is that you can get as fired up beforehand as you want, but once the rubber meets the road, you have a canoe on your back in the middle of the woods, you've got to dig deep and find a way. That is what the men of North Harris did.

The three counselors each took a canoe and the remaining five were up to the campers to move from point A to point B. It was not going to be easy, and everybody knew it. The first boat got picked up around 9:45 am and the cooler crossed the finish line at the campsite a little after 4:30 pm. Tucker Brown and Holden Prymas went into beast mode on the portage and picked up many of their cabinmates when they were down. The duration of work did not matter, all that mattered was that we had completed the hardest, pound for pound, portage that Kieve trips do. I could not have been more proud of the boys, and you could see the exhaustion and pride on their faces.

This was one of the days where lifelong lessons are learned. I am sure the boys will remember what it felt like to be deep in the muck and bush of the portage trail, where the end of the trail is nowhere in sight. But I am also sure they will not forget the feeling of taking a seat on the bench and drinking a cool gulp of water after the day's work was done.

We enjoyed a greasy dinner of cheeseburgers and swatted the mosquitoes all night. Beau Bridgen spent most of the evening chopping wood and Peter Sacerdote tended the fire expertly. Although a beautiful campsite, the bugs and the day's work pushed us into our tents for the night. We all slept soundly.

June 27th – Barret Brook

The portage trail campsite sat on the shores of Holeb Pond. We cooked up some tasty bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches that kept us full through the morning and the sun shone down as we set out across the pond to find the entrance to the Moose River.

We headed to the southwestern corner of the pond and entered Holeb Stream. The winding, marshy stream was a welcome change from the wide open ponds and we all enjoyed swerving in our canoes. The river was a beautiful backdrop for our paddle and we spotted several eagles along the way. Around one corner, we even came face to face with a moose who was enjoying a snack in the river.

We made it to our campsite, Barret Brook, before we knew it. At first this looked like a nice place to spend our afternoon and evening, but apparently the mosquitoes had the same idea. After a nice lunch of PB&J, those of us who couldn't bear the bugs retreated to our tents for some naps and reading time. The rumbling in our tummies was only enough to bring us out of our tents for some quesadillas. We read some of our cabin book, *The Princess Bride*, before retreating into our tents for the night. Our first day on the river was a success and we looked forward to some rapids at Camel Rips the next day.

June 28th – Holeb Falls

We woke up ready to move on from Barret Brook and excited for our first full day on the river. It was a beautiful day for a paddle and we meandered down the river sleepily until we reached Camel Rips, the first rapids of the trip. Although a small rip, it still provided a fun respite from the slow moving water of the Moose River. All the boats made it through without a hitch and soon enough we were meandering again.

Beau Bridgen and Quinn Jazynka led the pack of boats with their combination of wise cracks and constant paddling. Tucker Brown and Ben Frederick were a steady force among the throng of our canoes, leading the banter among paddling boats.

We reached the portage trail for Holeb



Falls around lunch time and organized once again for a portage. Although this experience was much shorter, only about 0.3 miles of portaging, it was still a task that had to be completed to move on. Lucien Adams and Ben Gardner rose to the occasion on this portage and led the charge as we finished the task in about an hour. The boys even offered to help two other groups who were passing through on the portage trail that afternoon.

After lunch and a regroup we decided, as a cabin, to stay at Holeb Falls for the night. It was a beautiful afternoon and the rapids right off the campsite were a perfect spot for swimming. Maddox Wilson, Henry Herrick, and Wakeman Gribbell especially enjoyed bathing and frolicking in the fast moving current of the rapids.

We munched on a hearty dinner of pesto pasta and told scary stories around the fire. A relaxing afternoon and evening was much needed and the boys prepared for the big day of paddling on the horizon. Tomorrow, we would paddle back to where we started, Attean Pond.

June 29th – Sally Mountain

A full day paddling started with clouds and the threat of rain. We munched on some granola and milk before pushing off from Holeb Falls and towards Spencer Rips and the end of the Moose River.

Spencer Rips offered a similar experience to Camel Rips the day before. We all scooted down the rips without any issues and we pushed through the slow moving river water towards Attean Falls and rips. This stretch of river was extensive and slow, but it seemed to go by fast as the sun stayed hidden but the clouds kept us cool as we worked.

Soon enough, after a lunch of pep and cheese, we rounded the corner and saw the first rapid of Attean Falls. We hopped out of canoes and scouted the rapids to make sure they were safe to run. We all picked out a suitable line and shot down the rapid one at a time.

Just around the corner was the second rip of Attean Falls. We scouted this rapid as well, which offered some neat twists and turns. A hidden rock in the middle of the waves bumped each and every boat, but we all stayed dry.

Soon we were entering the marshy area that led back into Attean Pond. The pond was a welcome sight and we were chased across by a set of ominous clouds. Sally Mountain in the distance guided us to our campsite at the base of the Mountain Trail. Just as we pulled in to the campsite the sun came out and we hurried to set up camp to enjoy the weather.

What an afternoon it was to sit on the beach and swim knowing that we had just finished the paddling portion of our trip. We snacked on extra food we had and played odds until dinner time. For once, the bugs left us alone and we relished the privilege of wearing shorts and t-shirts. Quinn stayed in the water all afternoon. Dank was on the menu for the night and all the boys ate to their hearts content. A great day to begin winding down the trip.

June 30th – Adventure Bound Rafting

We woke up on the last full day of the trip ready to hike. After a quick breakfast of oatmeal we shot up Sally Mountain in exactly an hour. The hike was very pleasant and the boys enjoyed not paddling for once. The view at the top was not quite as vast as we were promised but it's always nice being on top of a mountain.

After a speedy descent of the mountain, we gobbled up tuna pitas for lunch. Some of the boys figured out they actually liked tuna, much to my pleasure. After lunch we packed out canoes and pushed off towards our take-out spot at Attean Landing. Some powerful headwinds delayed our arrival, but soon enough we were off the water and organizing our gear to be packed into the van. The same big orange bus that had dropped us off picked us up and we scooted off towards Adventure Bound Rafting Resort.

At the resort we were given a spacious campsite with lots of room to run and frolic. The boys enjoyed playing four square and swimming in the pool, and they even relaxed their tired muscles in the hot tub before dinner.

Chili and rice was on the menu for the night and the boys were surprised as to how much they liked it. After dinner some of the guys played Magic, while other chatted around the fire and

reminisced about the trip. I played fetch with Wakeman.

Before bed, we all sat around the fire and shared a high and low from the trip we had just completed. This was a great bonding moment for the cabin as they realized what they had just accomplished and who was sitting around the fire with them. These boys are at an exciting crossroads in their Kieve experience, and they will continue to learn from the tough times and the great times in the woods together.

July 1st - Kieve

We got up early for rafting and found ourselves in the middle of a massive group of young people waiting to do the same thing. We got our gear and hopped in a school bus to be transported to the rafting put-in spot. Our cabin was split into two rafts and we had a glorious time out on the river that day. The water was high and fast, the sun was bright, and the company was excellent.

After a special river lunch and fun times in ducky kayaks, it was time for the day to be over, and our trip to come to an end. We bussed back to our campsite and hopped in our own orange bus for the ride back to Kieve. After a stop at Big G's and "Ba Ba Bee Dum" playing on repeat, we bounced back into Kieve and reality.

Will Bliss, HBC

Parker Swensrud, Counselor

Niall McDonald, Counselor

Ang Franke, Counselor

North Harrington

Primer Trip – Tumbledown Mountain

June 23rd

The recent excursion to Tumbledown Mountain that the MEN of North Harrington endeavored upon was one for the ages. After all thirteen boys loaded up into the van, we set out to Mt. Blue State Park for our three-day primer.

Once we reached the state park, the boys immediately began on a quick nature hike. The brief jaunt impressed with stunning views and a quality source of exercise. The athletes of North Harrington completed the nature hike quicker than we anticipated, thus we had plenty of time to set up tents at our new campsite. With tents set up, a dinner of

burgers was cooked and served to the hungry boys.

June 24th

The following morning, we ate breakfast sandwiches and then proceeded to start on our hike up Tumbledown Mountain. As anticipated, the athletes conquered our hike with ease and enjoyed a swim accompanied by Oreos at the summit.

After taking time to rest at the top, we cruised back to the van and headed to the campsite. A big lunch of PB&J was enjoyed by the cabin after completing the rewarding hike.

With plenty of daylight left, we spent time playing frisbee on the beach and relaxing. Several of the boys spent time playing a new frisbee game that involved attempting to gain points by hitting a stick target. Once everyone became tired and bellies were filled with chicken patties, all thirteen campers headed to bed.

June 25th

On the final day of our primer the boys woke up to a breakfast of Cinnamon Toast Crunch bars and Pop-Tarts before hopping in the van. Once in the van, we began the long drive back to Kieve. However, a primer would not be complete without a trip to Round Top. After the boys wolfed down some ice cream, we barreled down West Neck Road to the tune "Westworld," by EVAN GIIA.

Bo Hawkes, HBC

Phil Kaplan, Counselor

Henry Ledyard, Counselor

Ang Franke, Counselor

North Harrington

Moose River

June 30th

Rather than celebrating in a traditional manner, the men of North Harrington decided to commemorate the Fourth of July week by venturing down the good, old Moose River. Whether it was crushing rapids or enjoying the beautiful ambiance of Maine's finest outhouses, our cabin's Moose River excursion was filled with memories.

After getting dropped off at Attean Landing, the men made quick work of hopping into the boats and pushing off into the water. However, our trip would have been remiss of true character



building if the counselors hadn't misread the trip maps. After a few hours of paddling, it was concluded that all eight canoes needed to alter their course and navigate in another direction. All thirteen boys took the navigational error in stride and quickly paddled towards our campsite. Once all eight boats landed at the campsite, a quick dinner was consumed before heading to bed.

July 1st

The second day began with a hearty helping of breakfast sandwiches. Once bellies were filled, tents packed and boats loaded, our cabin set off for the day. The boys paddled hard to reach our portage trail, which was located at the western end of Attean Pond. Canoes were unloaded and a lunch of cold cuts was served before starting on the 1.2 mile portage. Every member of the cabin grabbed either a canoe or group gear and trekked through the mud and down to the other side of the trail. Portaging standouts included Theo, Luke, Randall and Marshall, as they all pulled their weight and then some. Several of them even carried two canoes during the total

course of the event. In (most likely) record time, the boys completed the portage of their canoes and made their way back to the campsite. Much to the cabin's delight, dinner consisted of cheesesteaks and s'mores.

July 2nd

After waking up and finishing the second half of the portage, the cabin set off for the Moose River. The boys battled headwinds all day long, but were rewarded with a steady moving current as soon as they entered the mouth of the Moose River late in the afternoon. Dinner that night was a large helping of trip burgers.

July 3rd

Day four started off well, as it was the first day of rapids. Camel Rips was the first of the trip and proved to be an easy task for the boys.

After running the rips, the cabin paddled to the Holeb Falls Portage Trail where they unloaded boats and threw canoes over their shoulders for the second day in a row. The portage was not one the boys were excited for, but they persevered and lugged all the gear to the

other end of the trail. Specifically, Ben Balsley and Decatur played enormously helpful roles in this portage, as they were tasked with carrying the cooler and wannigan.

Once the portage was finished, the cabin paddled to the next campsite, where we set up tents and devoured dinner before heading to bed.

July 4th

After devouring a filling breakfast of Pop-Tarts and bars, the boys continued down the river and ran the first rips. The water was running fairly high, but the boys persevered and came out victorious at the bottom. Henry Reifschneider and Will Feurtado demonstrated their strong ability to navigate the rapids, as these two were fearless.

The afternoon consisted of entering Attean Pond and paddling to our beach campsite. The bugs were no more once we got on the lake, thus the boys were able to fully enjoy themselves at the campsite. Dinner that night was tuna melts.

July 5th

The final day of camping in the woods began by waking up and hiking Sally Mountain. The view at the top was rewarding and allowed the boys to look out over the entirety of the Moose River.

After descending Sally Mountain, we paddled back to Attean Landing and loaded up our canoes on the van trailer. Once loaded up, we made our way to Adventure Rafting.

Adventure Rafting was everything and more than we had hoped it would be. With a large pool, hot tub, disc golf course and basketball court, the boys were in heaven. After enjoying all that the site had to offer, we ate dinner and headed to our tents.

July 6th

The final day of the trip began in a promising way. The boys took down their tents quickly and loaded up our trailer before eating oatmeal for breakfast. With full bellies, we packed into the lodge to listen to our raft guides lay out the day ahead.

After that, we then loaded up into the Adventure Rafting vans with life jackets cinched tightly and helmets strapped on. The rafting proved to be a blast, as all the boys were loving getting tossed around in the huge rapids. This fun was especially enjoyed by Brendan, James Welsh and James Ferguson, who were all in the front of their boats.

Come lunchtime, we ate a river meal of steak, chicken, fish, and rice. The final hours of our trip consisted of rafting down



the final section of the river, loading up into the vans, and then heading back to camp.

However, it is a Kieve requirement that each cabin must indulge in a delicious meal before arriving back on campus. For the men of North Harrington, this meal consisted of Big G's, Waterville's famous sandwich shop. Thayer and Matthew proved their hunger, as the two of them wolfed down sandwiches in record time.

Bo Hawkes, HBC
Phil Kaplan, Counselor
Henry Ledyard, Counselor
Ang Franke, Counselor

Bank I

Bigelow Mountain & Katahdin Woods and Waters & East Branch Penobscot River June 26th - Round Barn

The sun shone the way it often does on particularly auspicious days. The boys ate waffles and watched as a Kieve Presidential race unfolded. By 10:30 AM the boys of Bank I hopped into their space shuttle van and headed for the hills. The land of milk and honey and dreams of boundless adventure lay before them. After a short stop at Walmart, where deli meat sandwiches were wolfed down on pumpernickel bread, the cabin pressed onwards deeper down the dusty roads of Carrabassett Valley.

Upon arriving at Round Barn the boys first noticed that the most excellent campsite, which included a beach for swimming and a clear yet shaded area for tents, waited for us. After a few education sessions on the basics of camp set-up, which included tutorials from both counselors and veteran campers, the boys head out to swim. (Swimming) Pool Shark Mike Tirone led the boys out to a nearby island where the wind pushed white caps against the stony shore.

After a dinner tutorial by Mike and Lexi and some delicious chicken fajita wraps, the boys of Bank I went to sleep, full and ready to conquer Big Bigelow the next morning.

June 27th - Big Bigelow

The monster hike ahead of us demanded an early wake-up. Oatmeal was cooked

at 6 am with the help of Max and Clay. The boys took off down Sanford Brook trail by 7:30, ready to climb the sleeping beast that is Bigelow.

Dylan led the charge, hiking at a steady pace with plenty of thought for those who were struggling and needed water. After reaching Old Man's Head, where a beautiful view of Flagstaff Lake and our tiny campsite could be seen, the boys ate some mean tortilla PPBJs, also know as gunpowder burritos.

The burst of energy from lunch set the boys up nicely, reaching Avery Peak before noon. Oliver led this second charge, through some light rain, before the ridgeline and alpine zone opened up before us.

After meeting a few thru hikers and having a second round of snacks, the boys decided they had better u-turn and head back down, rather than hike on to the West Peak. The thunderstorm which rolled was barely dodged, but by the time the crew had made it back down to Round Barn hours later, the sun was once again out, inviting us to tub before an afternoon nap.

Bacon double downs were ravenously consumed before the whole crew unanimously decided to fall asleep early, legs still pounding from the hike.

June 28th - Round Barn to Sandbank Stream

Still weary from the hike the day before, Bank I took their time breaking down camp and cooking breakfast sandwiches. By 9:45 the trailer was being packed for the journey ahead. After naps in the long van ride, Henry K plucked from his deep imagination a game which the cabin would come to call "GTA-DnD." This was the ultimate combination of Dungeons and Dragons style roll playing, mixed in with the high octane realism of the classic video game Grand Theft Auto. The boys played for nearly two hours as the counselors navigated the somewhat confusing roadways of North Maine. The van drove along Route 11: Grindstone Road. The boys all got a chance to eyeball the technical sets of rapids which would be hungrily waiting for them.

After arriving at the Katahdin Woods and Waters National Monument, Max,

Matteo and Dylan all helped cook campfire pepperoni pizzas. The whole team then hopped into a van for an hour long sunset tour of the Katahdin Loop. The cabin fell asleep to the gentle pitter patter of rain on the tents, with high hopes of the next day's mountain biking action.

June 29th - Sandbank Stream

The day began under the gloom of consistent rainfall. A hearty serving of granola would be a vital source of energy needed to get through the day. Dana, our bike guide, arrived as we ate, with a smile on his face despite the rain, turning some of our rainy frowns upside down.

After a brief drive into the Monument, the crew arrived at the edge of the Mount Barnard Trail. After outfitting and instruction, the boys, led by George, descended the first steep slope of the trail before it climbed upwards towards the peak. It was here that a tragic accident occurred. Zack Hawkes fell into a nearly invisible, yet horrifyingly deep washout rut in the road and took a mean flip over his handlebars. Though he fought through his injuries at first like a true warrior, they would ultimately lead to his eventual evac from the trip.

The boys of Bank I carried on their day, promising him to make the most of the trip. After conquering Barnard, the boys of Bank I continued on to the Orin Falls trailhead. This remote section of the Penobscot is only accessible to the most daring white water kayakers, and those few who are brave enough to bike to its secluded majesty.

Through heavy downpours which came and went in typical fickle Maine weather pattern fashion, the boys reached the falls. Even through rain gear each of us were soaked to the bone. Because of this there was no hesitation to jump straight into the water for a relaxing swim. Henry H was the first in the water, although it was Matteo, like always we would soon realize, who was the last out of the water. After the day's biking, CBRs warmed up our soaked souls before each of us called it a day.

June 30th - Sandbank Stream II

After a lesson in water pumping/filtration, the Bank I headed out once

again into the endlessly rain drenched forest of Katahdin Woods and Waters National Monument. Dana geared everyone up and stoked the mystery of an unfound single prop plane crash which hid somewhere deep in the unpathed regions of the Monument. After hours of bushwhacking and heavy rain, in which Coalter nearly lost a shoe - if not for Mike's heroics - the crew stumbled upon the ruins of what had once been a propeller plane. Nature had nearly fully reclaimed the elements of the vessel, but a single 7-foot propeller marked the crash site through the rough foliage.

Feeling victorious even despite the rain, Bank I headed back to their campsite for a late tuna lunch and early nap. As the rain faded, the bugs arrived, but that did not keep us from making chili con carne by the fire, warming our bones as thoughts of the river persisted in our waking dreams.

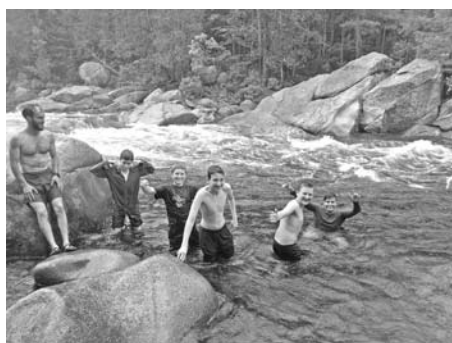
July 1st - Sandbank Stream to Grand Lake Matagamon

Pop-Tarts for breakfast! Cinnamon brown sugar to boot! After a quick and sunny wake-up, the boys packed up and headed out to meet Bank II and Reid with a fresh round of food and a change of pace.

The river was high Bank II said. This would prove to be an understatement. Grindstone had been running at 3300 CFS, nearly triple the average flow during the hot summer months. Filled with visions of grandeur and high water, Bank I piled into the van with canoe trailer in tow and headed north towards the East Branch.

After putting in at Grand Lake Matagamon, the new lads found their bearings in a canoe before reaching the Matagamon Dam. Dylan and Saunder each soloed a boat across the short portage. After hitting the high rips which bellowed from the dam, the boys drifted down to Matagamon to stay a double day (in hopes that the water would ease its flow) at the beloved campground.

Cheesesteaks were greedily consumed before the boys of Bank I met with Voyage I who also were having a double day. There was a double cabin fire, where stories from both trips were swapped



until the stars and fire embers burned bright in the night sky.

July 2nd - Matagamon Campsite

A rest day. After a supremely late sleep-in and some mastercraft breakfast sandwiches, prepared by Luke, Coalter and Oliver, the boys slowly decided how they would spend their rest day. Rain clouds dissipated to haze, which cleared into bright blue skies by noon. The boys spent the late morning swimming.

By lunchtime a fire dried our swimsuits and we sat by the river, feeding logs to the fire, watching Voyage I cast their fly rods into the river in front of us. Mike and Oliver and Max all helped prepare tuna melt quesadillas. Books were read, frisbees tossed, feet were kicked back.

Roasted red pepper and chicken cutlet sandwiches were prepared for dinner. Each of us fell asleep thinking of the monster day ahead of us.

July 3rd - Matagamon to Grand Pitch

For the first time yet, Bank I awoke to the sweet chirps of birds and sunshine breaching through the cracks in the tent. It was going to be a perfect day. The good folks at Matagamon Trading Post cooked us bacon, egg, and cheeses on fresh homemade bread.

With full bellies we set out on the most action-packed day of our trip. The crew crushed the Stair Fall Rapids, which is no easy feat in high water, particularly for the new paddlers. After experiencing their first rush of elevation drop on a fast river, most were hooked. The Haskell Rock Portage was shrugged off, with Dylan Matteo and Saunder each taking turns attempting to solo the half-mile portage.

The rips which followed, three sets of rapids beneath Haskell Pitch, proved to be the most challenging of the trip. No clear lines, even with scouting, proved to be a tricky puzzle for the Bank crew. The patient and steady stream of canoers nose-dived into the high water waves, braving as best they could. With no shame Matteo and Oliver crushed the second set, only to find their boat sinking in the eddy. Oliver was launched into the water, ejected from the stern after an unseen rock struck the bow of the waterlogged canoe. They bravely recovered gear and

pressed onward through the next two portages. Henry K, Dylan and George were all integral in boat safety and gear retrieval.

Rocket Fuel burritos stoked the furnaces in the hearts of Bank I before the Pond Pitch Portage which was conquered with equal determination. Afterwards there was a short paddle to the final portage at Grand Pitch. After bringing down the boats at the final portage trail, the boys swam in the bottom eddy, ate dinner with Long Voyage, and stoked another fire after watching the sun set over the thundering falls. Map sessions and appreciations were followed by a well-earned night of sleep.

July 4th - Grand Pitch to Lunksoos Campground

The boys woke up to the golden pipes of Lexi singing out the National Anthem on the Fourth of JULY, celebrating our independence over a hot bowl of oatmeal.

The boys then crushed the notorious Hulling Machine Portage before continuing on with their double day's worth of paddling. After meeting up with LVI once again, the boys made a flotilla of rafted-up canoes and together as one large Kieve family, rolled down the flooded currents of the East Branch.

A few rapids proved to be technical and some flips were had, but the gear was recovered (some from other KWE trips) and spirits remained high. Lexi and Clay did a sweet accidental three-sixty turn at Bowling Falls.

We said adios to LVI at Seboeis campsite and paddled on to Lunksoos Campground, where more chili con carne was devoured. Legions of mosquitoes drove us to our tents for an early sleep.

July 5th - Lunksoos to Pine Grove Campground

Feeling well rested, the boys woke up bright and early for their longest day on the river. 20 miles of river lay between them and their next campsite. The boys made quick work of this stretch, which contained only minor rapids like Spencer Rips, reaching the campground around noon.

Pep and cheese were expected to be eaten in canoes, but the boys ate their fill

on the soft grass of the campsite before going for a swim in the refreshing cool waters of the East Branch.

A healthy serving of dank was cooked, and everyone had seconds and thirds. The men of Bank I sat around a campfire for one last time that trip, sharing highs, lows and ghost stories. Each went to bed feeling an undeniable sense of victory.

July 6th - Pine Grove to Medway Pickup

The men of Bank I drifted down to their 10 am pickup, all laughing and celebrating as they paddled. After a few excited yet seemingly insignificant rapids, the boys loaded canoes and ventured home, but not before stopping at FIVE GUYS BURGERS AND FRIES for an endless onslaught of beef and French fries. Sweet sweet victory the boys thought as the pulled back into camp, van horn blaring to sound their arrival.

Lexi Kemp, HBC
Michael Tirone, HBC
Griffin Hall, Counselor

Bank II East Branch Penobscot River & Katahdin Woods and Waters & Bigelow Mountain June 26th

The day started normally with breakfast at Kieve but quickly it all changed when we were whisked away to Grand Lake Matagamon around 11'o clock. Our driver took us past our campsite for the day and dropped us off at a small public landing. We got out and unloaded, and then reloaded our gear into the canoes.

Shockingly the winds and surf on the lake were extremely high and it was a tough short paddle to our campsite. The canoe teams were: Ellis and Esteban, Andy and Tristan, Christian and Taylor, Gill and Mitch, J. J. and Charlie, Tae and William, and finally, Juan and James. We got to a dam after a short, hard paddle and did our first portage of the trip. An easy portage to start but a good refresher for the returning kids and good tutorial for the new ones.

After another short paddle we reached our campsite, checked in and unloaded. We stayed at Matagamon Wilderness Campgrounds and it was amazing. There

were dogs running all over the place and they came by for a visit where they seemed disinterested in the cabin and more interest in undoing our tents by accident. We had Philly cheesesteaks for dinner and had a lovely fire to sit around and talk to until we all went to bed.

June 27th

Day 2 started with breakfast sandwiches with double egg patties. A much needed big breakfast for a big day. The first obstacle we faced was Stair Falls. We stopped at a portage trail to scout the rapid and then each of us went down it one by one. It wasn't extremely hard but still a very fun rapid.

Our next challenge was the Haskell Rock Portage. It is a short portage but still not the best terrain for a portage with roots and mud being prevalent features. Tae, James and William soloed their canoes as did as the four counselors. It was a good first test of our skills and, although sloppy, we killed the portage and quickly moved on to more rapids right after the portage.

It was another short paddle to our next portage, Pond Pitch. This one was particularly short so it wasn't a problem. We had quick PB and Js for lunch there and moved along as fast as we could to get to our next campsite, and final half portage, Grand Pitch. We started out going the wrong way and when we got on track, everyone just wanted to finish as soon as possible. We only had to portage our canoes this time as we were staying at the head of the portage trail. Still it was hard after already doing two portages.

Finally, after we were finished, everyone had a rest hour to nap off the exhaustion from two and a half hard portages. Juan, Christian, Mitch, and J.J. started a fire and talked around it while everyone else slept or were in their tents. We had burgers for dinner and quickly after rain started to pour down which made everyone scatter to their tents and either play card games or fall asleep.

June 28th

We started the day with oatmeal and finished the portaging our gear and continued down the river. It was a quick half mile to our next and final

portage, Hulling Machine. This was by far the toughest portage with fallen trees, steep uphill portions, and small lakes all blocking the way. We carried all the canoes first and then waited at the start for a small rest and relaxation at the beach at the beginning of the portage.

We started again when all members were present and finished the portage in two trips, which was amazing. We all waved goodbye to our last portage as we left to go on the river. Charlie, J.J. and Esteban exchanged riddles while we paddled to our next campsite, Big Seboeis.

On the way there we had some cold cuts for lunch and some chilling time in the boats. When we got to Big Seboeis we knew immediately we could not stay. The bugs were awful and the campsite was not very good for tents. After a large group passed us, we decided to do a double day and reach the campsite scheduled for tomorrow, Lunksoos, today. It wasn't a long paddle and we reached Lunksoos quickly and noticed the bugs were still awful but the campsite was nice and grassy.

We finished the day and had a quick swim to clean and cool off and the water was one of the only places where you wouldn't get bitten. James seemed the most aquatic swimming in and out of the water like an aquatic mammal. Sadly there wasn't much we could do but stay in our tents as going outside was a death sentence of bug bites.

The tent groups were: James, Tae, J.J., Charlie, and William, Juan and Esteban, and Tristan, Taylor, and Mitch. Still many card games were played, President being the favorite. We had crunch wraps for dinner, which is basically a burrito cooked up and potato chips in it. After a big meal and a long day, the boys went into a deep sleep, knowing that tomorrow we would have nothing but free time.

June 29th

As advertised, day 4 was extraordinarily chill. Having done a double day yesterday we had nowhere to go, meaning a late wake-up and fun, starting the day right with breakfast burritos and card games. There was big game with Juan, Esteban, William, Taylor, Tristan and me. There

were also J.J. Tae, James, and Charlie who told scary stories to each other while chilling in the tent.

When it was sunny, there was some swimming but it felt like even the water wasn't safe from the bugs anymore. We had grilled cheese with bacon for lunch, satisfying everyone, and everyone read or talked and played games. Finally we had a big pasta dinner and prepped for our big paddle the next day.

June 30th

Day 5 is the longest paddling day with around 20 miles of paddling. The cabin absolutely crushed it and Taylor, and Tristan played a game where they decided what liquid they would choose to dispense from their fingers if they could do that. There was much debate on which finger was proper for which beverage.

After a long but strong paddle we reached the class 3 rapid Grindstone. We scouted it and then ran the first part of Grindstone successfully, but on the next part we were not so lucky. Four out of seven boats flipped on the next part. Esteban and my boat simply sank as we hit wave after wave. Juan, Tae, Gill, Mitch, William and, James all flipped and stuff was everywhere. Despite flipping, going down the rapid without a canoe was equally fun, if not more.

After everyone had paddled it to shore, it looked like a yard sale with stuff everywhere. Tae had lost a boundry bag and we were missing 3 canoes. We found one extremely pinned on a rock and made a plan where Gill and Christian would try to unpin the boat while the rest of us portaged our gear around the rapid the boat was stuck on. William, Juan and J.J. said hello to a ranger as they were portaging and we got our gear over quickly.

Next, we ran the boats we had left down the rapid. Juan and I flipped again after hitting a particularly nasty wave and got our boat to opposite bank of the river where the others followed. Soon after the pinned canoe was freed by a Herculean feat of strength from Gill and they brought the two boats they were using down the rapid.

We found another pinned canoe and



with help from Mitch, Juan and William we were able to free it and find Tae's bags. Now, all of our stuff was on two sides of the river so a lot of ferrying across was needed.

Finally we got everything together and created two new boats of J.J., Andy, and Tae, and Esteban, James and me. We also had two campers without paddles in the front of the other two counselors' boats. We finally got out of the rapids and onto the river where we would periodically find gear. A tent there, a paddle here, making everyone into treasure hunters.

We reached another unnamed rapid and scouted as best we could before sending it. It was scary for the three-man boats as they carried gear and a human cargo. Flipping wasn't an option so despite some close calls, everyone made it through.

About an hour later we made it to our last campsite of the paddling portion, Pinegrove. Luckily for us a kind gentleman had seen our stuff floating down the river and tried to collect as much as possible. There was shock and elation from the cabin as we pulled up to our campsite to see our water bottles and gear sitting on a hillside. We said our thank yous to the man and unpacked.

Everything was wet but the grill still worked and it had finally become sunny. We also bought wood by the wheelbarrow full, literally, so a fire could be started to warm us all up. Dinner was noodles and beef stew which also did a good job at warming everyone up. We played mafia around the campfire and a new game that Charlie showed us. It was an easy night to fall asleep as the day had been long and exciting.

July 1st

Day 6 started with pancakes and a short paddle to the resupply point. At the resupply point we found Bank I already there ready to switch positions with us. We exchanged stories until Reid showed up for our resupply. We packed up in our new van and box trailer and headed to our next campsite, Sandy Bank. We made a quick detour (wrong turn) before getting to the campsite which was relatively bug free much to excitement of the cabin.

After a quick exploration of the

campsite and defrosting of meat, we had cold cuts with lettuce and tomato. After we played pickle. Pickle is a game where you run between two adjacent "safe zones" and two people throw a tennis ball trying to tag anyone who isn't in a safe zone. Mitch and Tristan seemed to have a knack for the game and did very well on the running part and Tae and William did well as the throwers.

In the evening we made a fire and J.J. helped cook chicken, bacon, ranches. We played Charlie's game again and then called it a night.

July 2nd

We started the day with bagels and cream cheese with bacon and were greeted by our guide for the mountain biking portion, Dana. We hopped in the van and followed him to the head of a trail and got our bikes all fitted. We then followed him to a rapid we could swim in. Sadly it was raining by the time we got there but Juan, Taylor and William were brave enough to swim and had a great time doing so.

After a lunch of pepperoni and cheese, we went back on the trail and came back to the vans. Wet and tired we called it a day and went back to the campsite. Dana joined us and helped start a fire with Juan. Sadly it rained again, dousing the fire but we had buttery spaghetti with red sauce to make up for it and despite the counselors thinking there would be a mountain of leftovers, the pot was picked clean showing the signs of a good meal. Everyone slept well with a belly full of food.

July 3rd

Today's breakfast was corned beef hash and it filled everyone up for the hard day of biking ahead. We once again drove with Dana to the head of trail and followed him deep into the woods where he said he had found a crashed plane!

We bushwhacked into the woods in pursuit of the crash site and after a short period found it. We explored the mangled plane body and saw what was left. It was very interesting and was very strange to examine a part of the plane and see what we could identify.

The ride back was much harder than the ride there. It was mostly uphill and

definitely long. Kudos to Mitch for not having a lot of experience but never giving up even when it got tough.

We had cold cuts back at the van and decided to do one more trail that was longer than the last. It was difficult but it was good to end on a high note. We went back to camp and playing pickle some more.

It also happened to be our first full day of sun and so we were able to have dry fire wood for another fire. A couple rounds of mafia where I tricked the whole cabin and some burgers made for a fine night and everyone was excited to move on to our final task, Bigelow.

July 4th

Day 9 was supposed to be uninteresting and just a long drive to a nice campsite to relax at but it ended up being an adventure I had never experienced before. Day 9 was July 4th and what we forgot to factor in with our plans was that everyone would be camping. Our first campsite was fully taken with at least 70+ people gathered. We then looked at 3 more campsites with all the same occupancy problems. We simply had no place to go.

We were despite and then Christian informed us that he had a condo on Sugarloaf Mountain not too far from Bigelow and after checking with the trip directors and Christian's parents, we made our way there and found it to have ample room to fit us in the backyard. It was unconventional for sure and we felt very blessed to have a running toilet for our use. We were definitely not roughing it. It was annoying that July 4th had made us lose our campsite but we got to enjoy some fireworks and a breathtaking sunset over Bigelow on Sugarloaf Mountain which made it all worth it.

We made chili and rice for dinner with a kitchen stove which boiled our water 100 times faster and clean-up was a breeze with a sink. The 4-hour drive had turned into around 8 hours after our search, but I think these factors made the kids not too bothered by the long drive. After some mafia we went to bed early to get ready for Bigelow.

July 5th

The big day had arrived and we started

it off right with oatmeal. We then drove to our old taken campsite where the trailhead for Bigelow started.

Although not too tall Bigelow was very steep. J.J., Tae, Charlie, Mitch, William and James formed the front pack while Juan, Esteban, Taylor, and Tristan were chilling in the back. It was a strenuous hike and we were blessed with great weather, but also it happened to be in the high 90s temperaturewise.

We made it to the top to enjoy some snacks and the view. The view was spectacular with almost 360-degree view for as far as the eye could see. We took our pictures and relaxed for a bit until we felt good enough to climb back down.

The way down took a long time, but it was a good time to talk and experience the wilderness that surrounded us. After we got down, we made cold cuts and got on our way to look for a campsite once again.

We were lucky this time and found a great one at Round Barn. James swam, others started a fire, and Taylor put up his hammock to sleep in for the night.

For dinner Juan, Esteban and Mitch made amazing pizzas that really hit the spot. At night stories were told, mafia was played and the kids sat around until the fire died and everyone slept well knowing tomorrow we would be back at camp.

July 6th

We got up late as we were already close to camp. We had Pop-Tarts and breakfast bars so we could get on the road quickly. We stopped at Big G's on the way back and William and Tae ate a full sandwich, which were around the size of their heads if not bigger.

One last stop at Round Top and then we made our way back to camp, so excited to be back.

The trip was phenomenal. Even at its worst the men of Bank II kept it together and battled through it. Even in the midst of flipping our boats or driving for a ludicrous amount of time, I always heard laughter and joy.

Many people can be brave or tough or strong or courageous, but smiling and laughing when even the worst comes at you is a special trait. Every single one of

these boys has that trait in spades and that means that they are unstoppable.

Ellis Cooper, HBC
Christian Rodrigue, Counselor
Gill Walker, Counselor
Andy Conner, Counselor

Allagash I
Allagash Wilderness Waterway
June 23rd – Hannibal's Crossing to
Big Island

On the Trip Directors' calendar Allagash I's trip started at 6 am when we left camp, but in our hearts the trip started when the dust settled on the Golden Road, and we could no longer see the bus that transported us – our last connection to civilization now severed. For the next twelve days, it would be only us, the woods, and the thirstiest of Maine's mosquitos.

Cold sandwiches of roast beef and pepper jack cheese did not fill the pits forming at the bottom of our bellies. Only when the last boat freed itself from land did our guts settle and our minds ease. Moreover, the sun melted away the anxiety, and the campers, Michael Van Panhuys as the best example, quickly remembered the canoe strokes and were soon cruising down the West Branch of the Penobscot.

Although well rested from the vacationland of Kieve's campus, the first day of paddling is always one of the most difficult days. Arms aching and backs threatening to expire, we were thankful for a thunderstorm to delete the plans of a double day and confirm our stay at Big Island. Not less than ten minutes after we wantonly set up tents in the torrential rain, the storm's fury subsided, revealing bright rays of sun and our first lesson of tripping: love your tarp, and your tarp will love you. Fortunately, the sun cared for us for a few hours, enough for tents to dry.

Finally, a large dinner of Philly cheesesteaks met the exhaustion of our first day. As the night cooled and the day's moisture loomed over our sleeping heads, so too did the Goliath of the next day, the Mud Pond Portage.

June 24th - Big Island to Mud Pond

On a frigid morning, the young men

of Allagash awoke to their bundled-up counselors preparing them bacon, egg, and cheese quesadillas, for they had a taxing day ahead of them and would need all the energy they could muster. The cabin compressed the campsite to fit into their canoes and exited Big Island by just after sunrise.

Sun poked rays through the trees and warmed the water, creating a thick mist that paired well with the introspection of our early morning quietness. Even faster than the sun rose in the sky, so did our energies. We spent much of the morning reminiscing about last year's trip, discussing how the portage would work in a few hours, and hearing each other's best jokes.

We paddled for several hours north up Chesuncook Lake, stopping at Longley Stream for a lunch of Wowbutter, jelly, and granola sammies. For a while we sunned ourselves and digested the lunch we wolfed down, until Jett interrupted the calm. He had he lost something important, but luckily, he soon landed on its location.

We departed shortly afterward, intent on reaching the portage trail on Umbazooksus Lake before two in the afternoon. We paddled well and made it to the trail on time. At first look, the trail was barely a trail for the overgrown bushes spilled over the trail, folding to create a nearly impassable barricade. As it has been since the Penobscots of the Wabanaki carried their birch bark canoes over it, the trail is actually a steady flowing, but shallow brook. We pushed our gear and canoes through the jungle, reaching a more open trail.

Just up the trail was the smelly mud pile we would call home for the night. That first day we portaged our boats the entire 1.5 miles. The trail itself was incredibly muddy, if not fully liquid at many times and was rife with fallen trees, making portaging the least accessible activity imaginable.

At the end of that day we were all champions for having completed Kieve's most difficult portage, but among the best were the carry partners 1. Evan Wortman, Jack Kartsonis, and 2. Jett Kremer, David Summerville. These four

young men worked efficiently, fairly, and consistently throughout the entirety of the portage to a level all three of the counselors found especially notable.

Burnt out, the cabin almost fell asleep before eating dinner. Having to wake up some campers, the counselors handed out double chicken and beef burgers.

June 25th - Mud Pond to Thoroughfare

On this day Allagash I crawled out of our tents later than usual, rubbing our tired muscles. We ate a quick breakfast of bagels and M&Ms. We made short work of the gear portage, familiar with the trail enough to know we wanted to get out of there quickly. Reese Bommer and Finn McDonald displayed great devotion to the team today, for Reese carried one of the heaviest wannigans and Finn was the last to leave the campsite, meaning he swept the campsite for everything people had forgotten—a great deal of weight!

We exalted ourselves upon leaving the portage behind us, celebrating our triumph by dipping our feet in the refreshing water of Chamberlain Lake, planting our crumpled backs against the makeshift backrests of our canoes, and singing our favorite songs. Meanwhile, Aeolus himself seemed to grant us a tail wind, allowing us to float past the mouth of Chamberlin Lake greater and towards Gravel Beach, where we shared an exciting lunch with Wavus.

June 26th - Thoroughfare to Gravel Beach

This day was our resupply day! Having finished the most difficult portion of our trip and awaiting resupply goodies like children before Christmas, our group burst with excitement. We slept late and ate granola for breakfast. Then, we paddled five minutes down the river to meet trip director Garrett Phillips for mail, Coca-Colas, and the latest NBA news.

Staring at our wannigans, we saw the rest of the trip ahead of us and knew we had barely scratched the surface of our trip. Excited for what we had ahead of us, we said goodbye to Garrett, leaving for Gravel Beach. At Gravel Beach Teddy Janedis finally took a bath and aired out his clothing, and we all rejoiced for his sake. We also had the luck of running

into Allagash II, some great people.

June 27th - Gravel Beach to Farm Island

Today was the day of Jahse Onfroy—no cap. Allagash I started the day fighting for our lives against nearly invisible gnats that left very visible and bloody wounds behind. We ate our granola and berries with our legs in the lake to avoid the onslaught.

We traveled northeast for Lock Dam, where we completed three hours of community service for the State of Maine: destroying vacant beaver dams that inhibited inundation and blocked fish from spawning. Next, we ate a lunch of ravioli and grilled cheese.

Unfortunately, the storm Ranger Ben warned us of did pull up, catching us with our paddles out on Eagle Lake. The wind was severe and lightning aggressively splattered the sky around us. We pulled up on land at the south side of the lake. Semi-fearful for our lives, we allowed Bruce Wright to lead us in prayer to Jahse Onfroy.

Spotlight, uh, Moonlight, uh, Camper, why you trippin'? Get you mood right... Somehow, somewhere, something heard our prayer, and the storm let up enough for us to make a mad dash to Farm Island. Borderline hypothermic and exhausted, we landed at Farm Island. Some hospitable neighbors rushed over and gave us fire, warming us greatly.

Under the tarp we shared the fire's warmth and hot chocolate. At this time Quinn Dougherty exhibited himself as one of the cabin's best leaders, for instead of sitting by the fire warming himself, Quinn walked around checking in with everyone, making sure they had replaced their wet clothes with dry clothes and even sacrificed some of his snacks to make sure other campers ate.

Still under the tarp, we ate double bacon cheeseburgers, fortified with extra bread in the middle like a Big Mac. Building off of the day's eccentricity, we finished with the telling of a famous alien abduction story about the very island we were staying on.

June 28th - Farm Island to Scofield Point

The next day we woke up thankful



to supposedly getting through the night without any abductions. We broke our fast on oatmeal and left quickly for Scofield Point, a campsite well known at Kieve for its pine-needle padded tent sites and superb swimming spots.

On the way there, we stopped at a low hanging bridge, jumping off of it into the swollen river between Round Pond and Churchill Lake. The day was spent trading snacks, at which Darren Morris dominated and Reese Bommer suffered heavily. Horribly short of snacks, Reese, now lugubrious and primal in appearance, took to drinking watered down grape jelly – an event hilariously unpleasant for all involved.

The day ended on the long peninsula, where we skipped rocks, trying to enter Bruce and David's notorious "Slime Gang," which could only be entered if you skipped a rock a certain amount of time. Soon after darkness took over the sky, we fell asleep to a cool night, the sun still with us on our warm, slightly reddened skin.

June 29th - Scofield Point to Ledges

We left Scofield after a filling meal of breakfast sandwiches. We knew Chase Rapids was ahead of us, and we were all eager to hit the largest rapids of the Allagash Wilderness Waterways.

Paddling north to Churchill Dam, we passed the time going over swift water safety and canoe maneuvers. We gave our gear to a ranger, ate a snack, filled our waters at the pump, and prepared to send out on the rapids. With water levels much higher than normal, Chase Rapids proved legendary. Wave trains taller than our gunnels threatened to swamp and flip our boats. The young men of Allagash, however, demonstrated their growing confidence in paddling swift water, for Chase Rapids did not flip anyone. Teddy Janedis was an especially quick learner that day, for he quickly navigated the route around rocks and nailed an eddy pull out when he and I had to unpin another boat.

After Chase Rapids, we stopped to make chicken bacon caesar wraps. The rest of the paddle went by quickly, especially for Colton and Darren who played ghost the whole way to camp.

At Ledges, we all went into the lake with life jackets for a communal swim and we appreciated the simpler things in life – the sun, friends, and buoyancy.

Rain began to fall around dinner time, a few hours after our swim. Therefore, we dined on chicken rice bowls underneath our tarp. Our tarp billowed with steam as the rice absorbed the hot water and Uncle Ben's special seasoning. Next, chance and faith in cheese guided us to add cheese to our chicken and rice pot. Two types of hot sauces, some olive oil, and a splash of wush later, we possibly had our favorite meal of the entire trip. The cheesy rice eased itself into all the cracks of our souls while the flirty spice of the chicken awakened our minds, leaving us all with a happy, meditative quality of mind—thankful for a supine composure yet alert enough for tent time conversation... "Aww yeah! We got chicky gumbo in the house." -Unknown
June 30th - Ledges to Long Lake Dam

The boys of Allagash I awoke to the controversial breakfast of bagels with M&Ms. As the impartial and omnipotent author of these notes and the menu, I can confirm the combination is delicious. I will admit there are some renegades in the cabin, however.

Anyways, the day started out with some difficulty because it was dark and cold, and a nasty headwind pushed us backward if we did not paddle constantly forward. Playing contact and categories made the time pass quickly. Kieve people are adept at distracting the mind away from the pain of the body.

A little less than halfway through the day we stopped for lunch at a sand bar. After lunch, we wrestled! Colton won several matches. We continued paddling until we reached Long Lake Dam.

For dinner at Long Lake Dam, Quinn became a chef, chopping nearly all of the potatoes needed for loaded mashed potatoes that night. There was way too much food. Even Teddy Janedis could barely finish his portion. A magnificent sunset closed our day.

July 1st - Long Lake Dam to Inlet

This day was an easy day that relaxed our minds and bodies. Having a short distance to cover, we made quick work

of the day's itinerary. When we finished the day's work, we chilled all day long.

Our cabin was chilling so hard that the church group nearby gave us envious looks when the boys laid down tanning, went tubbing, and had massage trains. Additionally, we went swimming multiple times during the day.

Each meal today was better than the last. We started off with oatmeal, moved on to loaded quesadillas for lunch, and finished with pepperoni and bacon pizza for dinner. Most everyone was satiated by the end of the day. We ended the day with marshmallows around the fire.

July 2nd - Inlet to Allagash Falls

Allagash Falls was most memorable because we went cliff jumping here. Reese and Jerome jumped the most times in the entire cabin.

As Michael Van Panhuys mentioned during campfires, the portage is significant because just a few years ago none of the boys would have been able to complete the portage. This year, however, the boys met the portage with vigor and good humor. The portage stood no chance against the same guys who made Mud Pond look like nothing.

For dinner, the boys cooked us pasta with a meat sauce. We also saw a moose!

July 3rd - Allagash Falls to Debby's Field

The paddle between Allagash Falls and Debby's Field was very short and easy for the hardened boys of Allagash. But that's not to say it was a short in time paddle, for we drifted almost the entire way, opting instead to stretch our legs out and jump in the water whenever we over-heated. Swimming, tanning, and admiring the nature around him with possibly the most organic grin of all time, Finn McDonald displayed what it means to be a chiller on this day.

In the evening, we ate chicken alfredo. Jett Kremer, attempting brownies, produced some type of metal-flavored gelatin that contained trace amounts of sugar in it, so it was universally consumed. Overall, it was a rather uneventful day, but at the end of it we realized we needed a day to relax our bodies from previous days of exhaustion.

July 4th - Debby's Field to Pelletier's

We slept in late at Debby's Field. We ate a small breakfast of cereal bars. On the way to Pelletier's, we played pirates and swam in the last stretch of the Allagash.

When we reached Norman's Campsite, we loaded all of our boats and gear onto land in preparation for the next day's homecoming. While we waited for what we thought was pizza, we played pickle with a tennis ball that we lost and football with a deodorizing laundry ball that we still have. Jack Kartsonis, wearing a bug net and sprinting around the campsite, gave us a convincing impression from Mountain Monsters, calling to his friend, "TRAPPER! TRAAPPER!"

When the bus driver Mark arrived with our dinner we cheered more loudly than anyone in the area cheered for our nation's independence that night. If I had to give out an award for the final meal, it would be a tie between Bruce and Colton because I cannot decide who enjoyed the meal more.

Leaving the trip the next day, we realized that we were sad we never had the luck to see Allagash III, although they were on our tail the whole time.

July 5th - Pelletiers to Kieve

The boys of Allagash I woke up early, ready to load the van and start the journey back to camp. After a quick breakfast we hopped in the vans, and began the long drive back.

Before we knew it we were headed back down West Neck Road, eager to catch up with friends and finish the rest of the session.

Pete Cooke, HBC

Justin Callahan, Counselor

Keelan Woodard, Counselor

Allagash II Allagash Wilderness Waterway June 24th

The young men of Allagash II arose to the early blare of an alarm clock. The canoes, paddles, PFDs, kitchen wannigan, dry wannigans, cooler, freezer, and tents had all been loaded in the fifteen-passenger van during the previous evening. With our group gear loaded and covered, we marched solemnly toward Pasquaney Hall for our cereal-breakfast-send-off,

our backs strapped with nothing save our personal river duffels. One bowl of Cinnamon Toast Crunch later, we piled in the rental car and headed down the peninsular and iconic West Neck Road.

Several gas stops and REM cycles later, we arrived at Hannibal's Crossing on Maine's picturesque "Golden Road," just west of Baxter State Park. Liam served the boys delectable cold cut sandwiches, our driver took off for the south, and the boys put in on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. Linking up with our old counselor Carter Sednaoui, now an HBC for Long "Strong" Voyage, put a smile on the faces of Tyler Paik, Charles Henry, Davis Jordan, and Will Dixon. We caravanned down river toward the tropical Big Island. Big Island's magnificent beauty and notable popularity led Voyage to camp at Small Island on river right. Leaving the older boys in the splashing wake of our paddles, Gash II dug deep and hunkered down on the backside campsite on Big Island.

Tyler Paik and Chopper Cross cooked up mouthwatering cheesesteaks, which were officially Philadelphiazied when George and James Glomb (PA natives) took the liberty of blessing the meat rolls and saying grace. This particular Monday was, potentially, our most pleasant day of weather: cool and breezy yet clear and sunny. The boys opted to sleep without their rain tarps for the only night all trip.

June 25th

After Charles Henry and Brendan Howard whipped up some delicious sausage, egg, and cheese breakfast sammies, we set sail down the final stretch of Penobscot's West Branch. Our light paddle morphed into a "full send" as we entered the waters of Chesuncook Village, snacking frequently along the way. At a lakeside campsite, we lunched quickly on rocket fuel before portaging our boats around a bridge, through a stream, and over an old rusted dam.

The stench of Mud Pond lingered before us. Jamie Paterson spotted the portage trail: a mud-brown stream of water narrowly gushing toward us through the nestle of thick fallen pine trees. Alas, we had arrived at the most

difficult portion of our journey.

Facing the harsh reality of our trek, the boys followed the immaculate leadership of Maximus Buono, who took it upon himself to carry the bulk of our Old Town Discovery 169s through the sloppy muck of the Mud Pond Portage Trail. Mirroring his strength and will power was George Glomb, who served as lead hype man in addition to carrying several boats through the trail.

Waste-deep in slime, we persevered through the first half of our portage and regrouped at the Mud Pond campsite for Liam Duggan's famous chicken, bacon, and ranch dinners. Overwhelmed with mosquitoes and chilling rain, we slept soundly through the evening from the comfort of our Marmot Tungstens.

June 26th

Early birds get the worms; the birds of a feather from Allagash II would not go hungry today. Pop Tarts got our engine moving at the crack of dawn and the second half of our Mud Pond portage would be complete before ten o'clock that morning.

Leading the charge was, unsurprisingly, the fast and fierce combination of George Glomb and Maximus Buono. Sweeping the rear and lugging our weighty kitchen wannigan was Tyler Paik and Chopper Cross. Charles Henry carried the medicine kit and Brendan Howard escorted our barrel wannigan while Davis Jordan, Jamie Patterson, and James Glomb held the middle of the pack together carrying our cooler and freezer.

After a buggy snacking session at the end of the trail, we set out in the hot midday sun toward the promised land: Lake Chamberlain. Log fluming our way into the massive body of water, we were ushered to Gravel Beach by the beacon of golden light flashing narrowly through a stream-passage before us.

Linking up with the newly resupplied Allagash I boys at Grav, we lunched on hot Italian sausages and cheese. After a refreshing swim, we launched our Discoveries toward the southernmost branch of Chamberlain.

We met up with some Kieve alumni who were having a reunion trip along the way to the Thoroughfare campsite. Three-

foot headwinds and torrential winds wouldn't stop our scallywagging crew from reaching our evening's destination by a decent hour.

Traditional Boboli pizzas, topped with heaping piles of meat and veggies, were served and devoured before a bright night's rest under exciting crashes of thunder and electric strikes of lighting.

June 27th

Re-up day had arrived. Paddling toward the Chamberlain Bridge ranger station to meet our ranger/friend, Ben, we had one thing on our minds: new food! Before coming in with the new, we were obliged to go out with the old by cooking up the last of our perishable foods. Chopper Cross and Tyler Paik grilled and served tasty breakfast sammies with sausage, bacon, eggs, and cheese. Ryan Ford arrived at ten AM sharp with all of our gear, fresh fruit, and other new fodder that would energize our squad back to the legendary Gravel Beach Campsite.

Naturally, we smacked into noontime headwinds that were just as challenging as the ones we had encountered a mere twenty-four hours earlier. You can't make this stuff up. Perservering were the gents of Gash II as we arrived at Grav under sunny, cloudless skies. Davis Jordan, Chopper Cross, and Tyler Paik whipped up deliciously satisfying comfort food in grilled cheese and tomato soup.

"Slurp, slurp, crunch, slurp..." After an afternoon dip and soapy tub session, the boys dried off and rested before the same cooking crew from lunch served delectable chicken crunch wraps. It's not delivery, it's Digiorno.

Another wet and windy evening would approach, confirming the tone of racketous and eerily off-putting sleeping weather, set over the course of the previous night, that would stick to us like two frozen chicken patties for the next week of trip. Spooky yet tranquil was the night.

June 28th

After our first official business week of trip, we had done a good deal of business in Allagash II. "I'm not a businessman, I'm a business, man." We had worked diligently through the first leg of the trip, and this may have led us to be

overconfident in our tripping abilities. It came to pass that our Coleman grill was officially and mysteriously broken overnight, information we discovered as we attempted to make hot breakfast sammies first thing in the morning. Improvising and eager to get nearer to the river portion of our journey, we audibled and ate filling, nutritious power bars and Pop Tarts as we paddled the middle stretch up Chamberlain Lake.

Gloriously sunny weather was a nice change of pace from the evening rain storms we had been battling with for days, but looming over our peaceful daily itinerary was the cold hard fact that our source of food preparation was busted.

By lunchtime we had crushed through Chamberlain Lake, portaged around Lock Dam, and set sail on the alien-infested waters of Eagle Lake toward the notorious Farm Island. Trying to spot a patch of the lake inhabited by old rusty trains along the way had been put on the back burner; as the weather turned from clear to cloudy, we simply wanted to reach Farm Island and work to fix our Coleman.

Despite Brendan Howard, George Glomb, Will Dixon, and Jamie Paterson's valiant attempts to weld the inner pipes of the stove back together, we had to come to terms with the reality that we would be cooking over the fire for the foreseeable future. Wet and damp wood was in abundant supply. George Glomb, James Glomb, Maximus Buono, and Will Dixon put a lot of elbow grease into splitting and drying out our local supply of wood to ensure our nourishment for the next couple of meals. Dinner was a hickory-smoked version of the chicken crunch wrap; desperate times call for desperate measures. The evening's forecast would call for further t-storms and precipitation, so each of the boys banded together and devoted their crazy creeks toward preserving the integrity of our dry wood.

June 29th

It worked! Thanks to the sportsmanship and ingenuity of every member of our gang, we arose to a hot, dry, and smokey fire amidst the morning's drizzling rain. The wood had stayed dry, magnificently



which meant we were eating sausage, egg, and cheese sammies on English muffins. We devoured every last nook and cranny before packing up the well-used rain tarp and the rest of our gear.

An ominous paddle under threateningly dark, gray clouds would take us to the Scofield Point Campsite on Churchill Lake. Arriving in a downpour didn't prevent the boys from setting up an immaculate campsite and wolfing down enormous globs of peanut butter and jelly topped with a drizzle of honey on rye bread. This was the kind of lunch that had us licking our lips and the roofs of our mouths in order to savor every last bite. Will Dixon did a solid job of distributing the lunches.

Chopper Cross, Charles Henry, Brendan Howard, Maximus Buono, James Glomb, George Glomb, Jamie Paterson, and Davis Jordan established the first (legitimate) "Mock City" colony of the trip in stretching their ENOs from tree to tree around the campsite. Jack Kenyon joined the 'mock boys' for conversation and general hammocking as Liam Duggan tossed the frisbee with Will Dixon and Tyler Paik.

Maximus Buono and George Glomb cooked double down chicken sandwiches over the fire for dinner. Their creations were piled high with bacon and cheese that had been prepared by James Glomb. Tyler Paik ensured that the fire was properly stoked at all times, which proved to be a key ingredient of our success in primitive-style cooking.

June 30th

Breakfast consisted of oranges, raspberries, strawberries, blueberries, sweet and salty peanut bars, and NutriGrains. We arrived at the ranger station atop Chase Rapids by ten o'clock sharp. We had finally reached the cabin's eponymous Allagash River. Waiting for us at the start of the river was, quite possibly, the nicest Maineard we encountered all trip. Even more delightful was the news that Reid Anderson had courteously dropped us a brand-spanking-new Coleman grill at the Churchill Lake Dam. Sizzle and pop, baby, we're back!

The Chase Rapids ranger kindly portaged all of our gear and wannigans

down river for us as we ran the rapids with our dry, light, fast, and smooth Discos. "Draw, rock right! Cross-draw! Paddle hard!" The strong voices of our bowmen could be heard all along the riverbank, commanding the sternsmen on each and every technical move that had to be made.

Halfway through the rapids we regrouped on river left, made lunch styled breakfast sandwiches on our shiny new grill, and headed out for the legendary Ledges campsite. "Ledgeeeeeeees!" Crazy-epic views, no boost.

Dinner would be Liam Duggan's famous CBRs followed by a tasty dessert in honor of Brendan Howard's approaching birthday.

July 1st

Happy birthday, Brendan!!! For the first time since our inaugural evening of trip, it had not rained overnight. Liam and Jack cooked up mounds of bacon, egg, and cheese before piling them onto an assortment of English muffins and bagels, destination: flavor town.

Being absolutely blasted by headwinds would cause us to pull over to Sam Jalbert's campsite along Long Lake Dam in order to spread PB, J, & honey across slabs of tortilla for a refueling lunch.

Paddling the remainder of the lake would be a little less stressful, as we arrived at the Long Lake Dam portage and campsite around high noon. Maximus Buono and George Glomb would orchestrate the abridged portage for their cabinmates as Jack and Liam helped Tyler Paik to properly set up the rain tarp and kitchen area.

Frisbees flew, campers tubbed, and each of us filled the air with laughter as we waited for dinnertime to approach. Jack's patent-pending "Pizza Dillas" were served and devoured. James Glomb, in particular, took a liking to the chefery.

July 2nd

Candy for breakfast? Yes. M&Ms sprinkled over bagels with cream cheese and bacon would fuel our crew toward Round Pond. We ate a PB&J/tuna melt lunch at our campsite, Turk Island, which is really more of a peninsula rather than an island. It's strange how people name things in the woods.

Dinner consisted of pesto dank, which is rotini pasta smothered in delectable pesto sauce, served with cooked and spiced chunks of pep and parmesan cheese. This meal would solve the one or two stomach issues that had been voiced to-date. What goes up must come down.

The fireflies, or “peeny-wallys” at this campsite would put on an electric light performance for us as we drifted to sleep adjacent to the calming sounds of gurgling river water.

July 3rd

Boiling water, oatmeal, and raisins would prove to be enough energy for motivating our crew toward Allagash Falls, a campsite featuring incredible vistas and a noteworthy waterfall.

Arriving by eleven in the morning, we portaged our boats around the falls and set up camp along the trail. Liam cooked an appetizing beef ravioli lunch for the boys, which was followed by a long period of group swimming under the falls.

For dinner, Jack made pasta with red sauce. Snoozes and gassy smells filled the cool evening air as we slept through the constant “whoosing” of the falls.

July 4th

Allagash III arrived at our campsite at 7:30 in the morning, just as we were finishing breakfast and packing up our gear. This turned out to be a serendipitous moment for our crew, as we were low on toilet paper. Thanks, Gash III!

Corned beef hash would tide us over until lunch, when we had tuna melts with mayo under the balmy and sweltering sun that spanned the cloudless skies over Evelyn’s Field in Allagash Village.

In yet another instance of harmony and fate, our final tank of propane expired just as the evening’s pasta dinner had cooked. What a relief it was that George Glomb, Brendan Howard, and Maximus Buono had set up a makeshift fire pit by digging large rocks out of the river. This would allow us to properly cook and saute the meat that would accompany our alfredo dank. Yummy.

LNT is a lifestyle, it’s not a choice, and this meant that the fellas would all help to properly take down the firepit and redistribute its pieces back from whence

they had come. It had not felt like the true Fourth of July until dark, when the elderly population from Allagash Village grouped together at the bridge over our campsite and put on a fireworks spectacle that ought to be logged in the annals of patriotic history. What a show from the comfort of our campsite. Coca-Colas and starry skies would usher us into the final day of paddling.

July 5th

Pelletier’s Campground was the day’s objective. We munched on granola with powdered milk before packing up from Evelyn’s Field and heading northeast on what was now the St. Francis River. Flotilla styled boating was our transportation of choice as we casually drifted through some of the best and most exciting rapids of the trip.

Swimming along the way, we arrived to greet Norman L’Italien, proprietor of Pelletier’s Campground, by high noon. Double decker peanut butter & jelly sammies would satiate our hunger pains until the eventful pizza dinner that would mark the culmination of our journey. Ultimate frisbee and a group tub would cap off the evening.

July 6th

We arose at our usual time, dawn, and loaded up all of our canoes, wannigans, and personal gear. Heading south from the Canadian border, we stopped at Five Guys Burgers and Fries before arriving at camp around four o’clock in the evening. Jamie Paterson ate his first hamburger ever, Will Dixon was finally able to accompany his meal with as much ketchup as he desired, and Liam and Jack introduced the boys to the wondrous flavor of cajun-style french fries. Long live the legends of Allagash II.

Liam Duggan, HBC

Jack Kenyon, HBC

Allagash III

Allagash Wilderness Waterway

June 25th

After a hearty breakfast, encouraging goodbyes and trailer loading, the young men of Allagash III set north for the Allagash. Following a brief stop at Walmart to acquire some much needed triple A batteries, we arrived at Hannibal’s

Crossing. From there we unloaded our canoes and began our river adventure.

An hour and a half into the paddle we rested for a much needed Cheez-It break and geese watching. From there we continued until arriving at the Big Island campsite and celebrated with cold cuts. The crew went tubing, napped and then prepared for dinner skits. After some entertaining skits, MC, Jonathan and Cooper won first place and the prize of devouring some delicious cheesesteaks first. The boys talked in anticipation for the tough Mud Pond day ahead and retired early to rest up for the challenge.

June 26th

Waking up in the early hours of the morning, the men of Allagash III ate some filling breakfast sandwiches, knowing they would need the vital calories.

On the water by 6, overcast by dark grey skies, we paddled across Chesuncook. Simon and MC completed multiple renditions of 100 bottles of beer on the wall until Umbazooksus Lake where we finally arrived at the Mud Pond Portage. At noon the cabin broke out some much needed rocket fuel to make sure everyone was operating at peak performance.

Cooper soloed the entire portage shirtless in a display of perseverance and pain tolerance (it was quite buggy along the trail) that was inspiring. Following an impressively swift portage of 3 hours and 42 minutes the crew celebrated with tubing and double bacon cheeseburgers.

June 27th

Waking early once again, the men of Allagash III came to a consensus that the only way to complete the rest of this challenging portage was by doing it all in one trip. Bundled in boundary bags, wans, coolers, and group gear we set forward as a unit and after an hour and a half the portage was behind us and Mud Pond (the body of water not the portage trail) ahead.

Upon reaching Chamberlain Lake we rested for a quick pump and snack break. We then continued down Chamberlain towards the Thoroughfare campground, crossing paths with the fine men of Allagash II along the way.

Following a hearty lunch of cheese

melts and tomato soup, we met with Ranger Ben to assist in the digging and foundation laying of a brand new outhouse. After completing this laborious task, we celebrated with a hearty meal of fajitas with tons of chicken. Doug, Potter and Pete won the dinner skit with a hilarious creation of Kieve Allagash Breaking News.

Despite some evening rain, Quentin kept the fire alive long enough so that the cabin could test out some powder which changed the flames colors, much to the delight of everyone.

June 28th

On this day we woke at 9, enjoying a much needed sleep-in. After a 20-minute paddle we were resupplied by Walter and Newt. Thanks to Walter's generosity, the crew feasted on the traditional resupply snacks of fresh blueberries, raspberries, and Mountain Dew. After opening letters from home and packing up new wans, we set forth towards the legendary Gravel Beach campsite.

Passing Long Voyage I, we stopped to exchange an emergency wannigan as well as catch up on the news of each trip and photos. We arrived at Gravel Beach at noon and ate some yummy cold cuts. Everyone went tubing and siestaed the rest of the afternoon.

Dinner skits this night were by far the best across the board. Every tent group came up with complex, hilarious, and detailed scenes, as well as Fenwick, Finn and MC completing a full musical rendition. After a tasty cheesesteak dinner and a beautiful sunset, the crew learned how to chop wood via Quentin's expertise and made a fire on which we then roasted marshmallows.

June 29th

Well aware of Chamberlain's notorious headwinds, we woke to drizzling rain at the early hour of 5 am. Despite the looming dread of a more serious thunderstorm rolling through, the weather remained at a steady drizzle. Following a couple of lake crossings we arrived at the extremely popular destination (for mosquitoes and gnats) of Lock Dam.

A quick carry later we found ourselves on glass calm Eagle Lake, where we had our first moose sighting. After a



quick snack break, we pushed on to the legendary La Croix train tracks. It took some time to find the entrance, but Elkins, Pete and Quentin ultimately found it. These giant rusted steel trains were surreal and impressive, and we felt very accomplished.

During our push from the trains to Priestly Point, a friendly ranger recruited our cabin to once again assist in the inception of a new outhouse at the nearby Pumphandle Campsite. Pete, MC, Doug, Cooper and Duncan pushed on to help in this digging, and after 2 hours of hard work headed back to Priestly Point for a dinner of double downs. Unfortunately the arrival of rain squelched any hope of a fire that night and the cabin settled down for an early bedtime.

June 30th

After a midmorning wake-up and mouthwatering breakfast sandwiches, we hit the water. Despite some headwinds, we made good progress, and everyone made themselves a grilled cheese lunch at Scofield Cove, with Finn taking the lead on the tomato soup.

From there we pushed through more tough and tiring headwinds until finally reaching High Bank, just 30 minutes from the entrance of Chase Rapids. This campsite was awesome, with wind to get rid of the bugs, a beach, and plenty of scenic tent sites. Following a good tubbing session at the beach the men of Allagash III rested in anticipation for a filling meal of fajitas that night.

The work for dinner was divided among everyone, with Pete cutting peppers and onions, Cooper grilling the chicken, and Finn and Fenwick working on the rice. After two bowls a person we finally managed to finish the fajitas and we capped the night off with some great conversations around the campfire followed by stargazing on a cloudless sky.

July 1st

Waking up at 8, on the water by 9, we pushed towards the Heron Churchill Dam. Upon arriving at the dam we were greeted with potable water and a friendly ranger who offered us a tour of the museum there as well as much appreciated popsicles. The men of

Allagash III looked and listened in awe as the ranger illuminated the lake's storied past, and were delighted to see a picture of an original Kieve cabin from 1928 canoeing down Chase Rapids.

We then began the rapids. Although they were certainly challenging, we performed, and not a single canoe flipped. We even assisted in a rescue for a group ahead of us which wrapped a canoe around a rock!

After Chase Rapids we recovered with a yummy lunch of PB+J+H on the river, rejoicing and marveling at the speed with which we moved despite not one of us paddling. Pushing forward we arrived at Ledges and had a wonderful tubbing session off of the well-known rocky shore of the campsite.

After Cooper made a roaring fire, the entire crew grilled their burgers on the flames of the campfire, conserving much valued propane. Following some well earned hot chocolate (boiled by Finn) around the campfire, the crew retired for another early bedtime.

July 2nd

Knowing good and well that Long Lake has a reputation for brutal headwinds, the cabin decided that it would be wise to avoid them altogether. This meant yet another early wakeup and a hot oatmeal breakfast. On the water by 6, we enjoyed a 3-hour paddle of some of the calmest bodies of water we had encountered yet.

During the thoroughfare towards Long Lake, Doug and Potter spotted a moose. We watched this beautiful creature feeding as fog and steam rose up around him. After completing Long Lake relatively early, and determining that headwinds no longer posed a threat we contently "Gash Paddled" the rest of the way until reaching Long Lake Dam.

Arriving at 11 am, we put up the tents, with Fenwick leading the charge on tarp set up, before settling into another day of hardcore siestaing. Everyone took naps after a yummy peanut butter and jelly lunch.

The afternoon consisted of another group tub followed by a dinner of rice, pep, and bacon (we were planning on cooking pizza on the fire until rain dashed those hopes). Despite the rain

early in the evening, by nightfall the weather was clear once again, and we had the opportunity to witness a stunning sunset. Finn Jacobs took the lead on a cabin photo op in front of Long Lake Dam Rapids before a fire and sleep.

July 3rd

After the success of the day before's paddle, we slept in until 8:30 and then hit the river after another oatmeal breakfast. "Gash paddling" along the river, we made great progress. We stopped shortly before Round Pond for a lunch of pb+j+h. While we floated past a bridge, a logging truck drove by and gave us three honks, much to the cabin's delight and cheers.

Upon reaching Round Pond, we paddled past Wavus' Allagash cabin taking a lunch break at the Inlet Campsite and waved hello. During this encounter, Cooper and Fenwick somehow managed to ram their canoe into the mojo of Quentin, Pete and Elkins, and the three flipped their canoe on still lake water in front of the Wavus cabin.

Despite this hiccup, spirits remained high, and within 25 minutes we had arrived at our campsite for the night: Outlet. This campsite was one of the most beautiful ones we encountered on the trip. After setting up camp, with Potter taking the lead on the tarp, we went for a float with life jackets on Round Pond, enjoying the sun and untouched wilderness.

That night Cooper and Elkins built a hot fire with some great embers on which we cooked customized mozzarella pizza. After that very filling meal, we took canoes out on the pond to enjoy yet another calm stunning sunset.

July 4th

We woke early on the Fourth of July, rising at 5 am and paddling on the water by 5:45 with hopes of securing a much treasured Allagash Falls campsite. With fog so thick that one could hardly see further than a hundred feet, we carefully made our way down the river, passing the Wavus cabin we had spotted the day before.

It was a quiet morning paddle, and it felt unmistakably otherworldly as we glided down the snaking river with fog and trees looming on both banks. Eventually

the fog cleared, and we began in earnest, arriving at the ranger station before Allagash Falls at 9:30 am. After checking in we continued onward, completing the portage quickly and finishing setting up camp by 11 am.

After feasting on pb+j, the men of Allagash III explored the rocky shore by the falls and (after a counselor tested the depth of the water to insure safety and properly exercise risk management) we went cliff jumping. Pete and Finn were a little hesitant at first to jump, but after encouragement from the rest of the cabin summoned the mental fortitude and jumped to cheers and applause. After the first jump, the two got right into the groove and were dead set on jumping off as much as they safely could.

That night Doug, Finn, and Simon made some delicious rice, pep, and bacon bowls for everyone. Because it was the Fourth of July, Cooper gather a ton of firewood and we had a wonderful fire and invited Wavus' Allagash cabin to share some hot chocolate and stories from trip. To cap off a fantastic day, after the fire died down, we brought sleeping pads down to the beach in front of the falls and watched the starry sky.

July 5th

Anticipating a hot day, we made full use of Allagash Fall's shaded campsite and slept in until 10. After finishing the second half of the portage and loading up our boats, we decided to go cliff jumping one more time before hitting the river. With yesterday's experience, cliff jumping was a breeze and everyone had a blast.

We paddled our way along the river, eventually passing the sign which read "You are now leaving the Allagash Wilderness Waterways." With sadness that our trip was approaching its end, but excitement for camp and all the stories to tell we finished our paddle by 4 and arrived at Evelyn's Field. Much to everyone's disappointment, the ice cream store at Allagash Village was closed on Fridays, so we had to make due with some spaghetti and marinara sauce for dinner.

July 6th

We awoke bright and early, wanting to

make the most of our last day of the trip. After three super fun rips, we arrived at Pelletier's Campsite and settled in. Tubbing, sunbathing, and napping was the order of the day as we awaited with much anticipation for our pizza dinner to arrive.

After what felt like ages, 6 extra large pizzas arrived and were quickly devoured. While we couldn't have a campfire, the group next to us was kind enough to offer their extra marshmallows and we had a ball cooking them over their fire. The crew was delighted by the rest, but more than anything eager to return to camp and share the news of their successful trip.

July 7th

We woke up early, packed up camp, and prepared for the 6-hour drive back to West Neck Road. After an incredible 13 days, we arrived home at Kieve, greeted with open arms and many smiles.

Duncan Walsh, HBC
Quentin Abramo, Counselor

Long Voyage I The Long Voyage

June 21st

The beginning of our 18-day journey through the northern Maine woods began today, with all our gear packed and prepared the day before. The theme of the day was Australia day so our exit announcement consisted of our HBCs Ben Dixon and Jeff Coote talking in accents telling the rest of camp about our imminent expedition.

Once we finished breakfast, we loaded our gear into the trailer then, after saying goodbye, we started our drive north to Moosehead Lake. Quickly stopping at Walmart for some last minute supplies and lunch of cold cuts was the only stop before pulling into the Birches Campsite at 3:30 pm.

We unloaded the trailer and set up our first campsite of the trip. Coote made steak bombs for dinner. Once everyone ate, we had our first evening ACOP meeting of the trip. ACOP is an acronym that stands for: appreciations, concerns, observations, and plan for tomorrow. After ACOP we hung around the fire and told riddles before calling it a night.

June 22nd

5:15 am wake-up this morning as advised by the trip notes in order to beat the winds on Moosehead Lake. We made a quick breakfast of oatmeal and packed up camp before getting on the water at 6:30 am. After filling our water bottles, we started our 14-mile paddle to Seboomook Point.

Even though we woke up early, we did not beat the headwinds and they came with a vengeance. As we moved through the morning, the winds continued to grow and by 9:30 am the wind was blowing at 15-20 mph directly into our faces.

The day consisted of three exposed crossings where we were unprotected by the shore. After completing the first two crossings, we ran into trouble as we got spread out by heavy winds while trying to cut across a cove. Ben Dixon and one of our JCs Wes Dixon climbed into a boat together while Coote started to make lunch on a beach. Ben and Wes ensured that everyone made it to the beach safely; at 2 pm we chowed down on grilled cheese. Ben and Coote discussed the risk graph and talked about how to avoid dangerous situations like that in the future.

Once we finished lunch, we climbed back into our boats and started the final portion of the day. The final crossing of the day was the most treacherous as we had to paddle one mile across with large waves and strong winds blowing directly to our side. Despite the challenges we all navigated the crossing and pulled into our campsite at 5 pm.

Graham Abramo and Chase Tilson started making a dinner of Mexican bowls while everyone set up camp. After dinner Ben made cinnamon rolls for everyone, then we ended our day with the ACOP meeting. Very challenging day, but a good one.

June 23rd

7 am wake-up this morning for the Northeast Carry. Coote made us breakfast of bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches while we broke down camp. We got on the water by 9 am and made the short paddle to the beginning of the portage.

We created a game plan for who was carrying what and then started the

2.3 mile portage to the river on the far side. The portage was long, difficult, and painful but we finished it. Ben and Coote bought us some sodas and we all drank them at the put-in at the end of the portage. The Northeast Carry took us a long time as we didn't get back on the water until 3 pm.

The paddle from the put-in to our campsite at Big Island was uneventful apart from some rain. As we came up to the campsite we saw our friends Allagash I led by Pete Cooke, we said hello before setting up our campsite for the evening. Wes made CBRs for dinner, then we sat down for our ACOP meeting. Another long day but another good one.

June 2

Another 7 am wake-up this morning in preparation for a long day. After a breakfast of bagels, cream cheese, and Nutri-grain bars we hopped into our boats. While we filled out water bottles, Ben gave a lesson on hand and paddle signals for river paddling.

Once we started, we paddled towards Chesuncook Lake then turned left towards the Canvas Dam Campsite and Black Pond. When we arrived at Canvas Dam, we pulled in for a lunch of rocket fuel.

After lunch it was 1:15 pm and we still needed to paddle all of Black Pond. Unfortunately the winds were once again our enemy as we grinded through headwinds. Eventually we made it to the bottom of Horserace Rapids where we needed to drag our canoes up a Class III rapid for 1.5 miles, not an easy task. The late spring made the water much higher than usual, which only further complicated our mission.

At 5 pm we started up Horserace, it was very difficult. The bugs along the shoreline didn't hold back as we pulled our canoes upstream. After an hour and 40 minutes we reached the carry trail around the waterfall. Coote was leading the group and wasn't able to get across to the trail because there was a deep section of the river. Ben swam across then hiked up and set up the bowline to begin ferrying people across to the trail.

Once we had the whole cabin and all the gear across to the trail, we began

the 0.8 mile portage to our campsite. Everybody was tired and out of energy but we rallied and did the portage with the last of the gear getting to the campsite at 8 pm. We cooked a dinner of burger double downs and tomato soup before everyone fell asleep.

June 25th

A much needed chill day on Day 5 with no wake-up time. Everyone slept until they woke up. Ben made M&M pancakes for breakfast, then we all sat down for an ACOP meeting about yesterday. We also elected our first Leaders of the Day: 2 campers who were in charge of maps and guiding the group to our campsite for the day. Our first LODs were Stephen Smith and Nick Butts. After the meeting we all went tubing in the lake which felt unbelievable.

After we finished swimming, we broke down camp and loaded the boats. It was a very short 5 miles to Round Pond and we had tail winds which were a welcomed addition to the day. Once we entered the far end of Round Pond, we set up sails and sailed across to our campsite.

When we pulled into camp, we set up and Graham and Chase made lunch of tuna melts. After lunch we hung out, napped, and explored the area. For dinner we cooked up a Kieve classic: dank. Once we ate, we sat down for our ACOP meeting then called it a night.

June 26th

8 am wake-up this morning but a lazy one as we waited for our resupply. We had oatmeal for breakfast and Ben made oatmeal scones as well which were great. At 11:30 am Long Voyage II rolled into camp and we swapped stories about the beginning of our trips, they were fortunate to not have the headwinds we had but had experienced a challenging beginning to their trip as well.

At 12:30 Garrett rolled in with our resupply, we enjoyed sodas, fresh fruit, and bragged about how epic the beginning of our trip had been.

We then began the Allagash Lake portage, Garrett took 3 boats and 5 people at a time and we got all our gear to the portage trail in 3 trips. The portage was difficult, the road leading to the trailhead was being redone so the portage was a

half mile longer than usual.

Once we finished we all jumped in the lake for a swim. We cleaned our gear in preparation for leg 2 of the trip, then started on dinner of steak bombs. After dinner we had our ACOP meeting then went to bed.

June 27th

The plan for today was to sunrise hike Allagash Mountain but when our alarm went off at 3:40 am, we woke to heavy rain on the tent. We decided to not hike and rolled back over to sleep. In the morning we woke up at 7:30 am to an overcast day, we deemed that hiking the mountain wouldn't be worth it due to the clouds so we ate a quick breakfast of bars and tarts and got onto the water.

Sam Elkins and Noe Rogivue were our LODs and they led us to the Ice Caves. We all descended into the caves as Nic Valdes, Ben Meglin, Sam Elkins, and Nick Butts ventured deep in the caves.

After exploring the Ice Caves we paddled across Allagash Lake and hopped onto Allagash Stream towards our campsite at Little Allagash Falls. We pulled into camp and portaged our gear around the falls, then set up camp.

After a lunch of crunch wraps we all hunkered down in our tents while it rained for most of the afternoon. When dinner rolled around, we had loaded quesadillas before returning to our tents for bed.

June 28th

5 am wake-up this morning in preparation for the 18.5 mile Chamberlain Lake day. Once we got onto the water we had to navigate a few rapids. Someone needed to christen the trip with the first flip and the honor went to Graham and Elkins. After we got all their stuff back into the boat, we continued towards Chamberlain.

When we got to Chamberlain, our prayers of no headwinds had been answered and the lake was glass. We made our way down towards Gravel Beach. Along the way we ran into Ranger Ben who informed us the Telos Dam, the dam that feeds Webster Brook, was running at 200 cfs which seemed low. At Gravel Beach we ate lunch of PBJ&H before continuing down towards Boy

Scout campsite. During the paddle we saw Allagash III. They delivered us some gear we were missing.

After a group photo we finished the paddle down to Boy Scout. We set up camp, tubbed, played backyard baseball, and helped Ranger Ben dig a new outhouse hole. For dinner we ate chili con carne with pasta, then we had our ACOP meeting before retiring to our tents for an exciting 48 hours ahead.

June 29th

7 am wake-up this morning but we woke up to rain so we audibled to sleep in until 8:20. When we did finally get out of our tents, it was drizzling slightly but after our breakfast of sausage links and toast, the skies cleared and we got onto the water.

We paddled down to Chamberlain Bridge where we filled up our water bottles and ran into a Wavus Allagash cabin. We continued our paddle through Telos Lake towards Telos Dam where we portaged around the dam. After the portage we scarfed down pep and cheese for lunch.

Once everyone was done eating, we hiked down river a little to scout the rapids we were about to do. Ben and Coote talked about proper scouting procedure with WORMS (water, obstructions, route, markers, and safety). Feeling comfortable with the rapid, we launched from behind the dam and started down Telos Cut. We cruised through the rapids, only stopping occasionally to group up and bail out boats.

We arrived at Webster Lake soon after and split into our groups for the night, because Webster is in Baxter State Park there is a maximum group size of 12. Wes, Graham, Brett Glaser, and Jamie McDonnell spent the night at Little Coffeelos while the rest of the group slept at the Webster Outlet campsite. Once the groups pulled into their respective campsites we set up camp, made dinner, and called it an early night.

June 30th

7 am wake-up and once again it was raining, but this time sleeping in wasn't an option. We ate oatmeal for breakfast, then waited for the small group to make the paddle to Webster Outlet and join



the big group. At 8:40 Wes and his crew rolled into camp and by 9 am we had started down Webster Stream, the most difficult and dangerous whitewater canoeing that Kieve does.

With the rain coming down in sheets we navigated the first 30 minutes with relative ease until Coote got his boat stuck. Ben was in sweep so he and Wes were able to successfully unpin the boat. After getting everything in order, we continued forward until 20 minutes later when Teddy pinned his boat badly onto a rock. The counselors attempted to muscle the boat out but it wouldn't budge, Ben set up the pin kit but it was no use as the canoe was now completely wrapped around a rock. The boat was unsalvageable and we were forced to leave it behind and have 2 MOJOs for the remainder of the day.

Once everyone was ready, we started again, but 5 minutes later Teddy's boat with Remy Erdman in bow and Noe Rogivue in the middle flipped. As the boat floated downstream, Noe's ankle got stuck between a grass patch and the boat, Coote and Teddy were able to get the canoe off of Noe's ankle but he was in a lot of pain. Ben and Wes, who were further downstream, joined them and Ben splinted Noe's ankle.

Once the whole group was back together, we talked about what had just happened and how we as a group needed to help Noe because he was injured. Morale was low so we took a break for lunch of PBJ&H. After lunch we continued downstream past the Log Jam, successfully over the 1st and 2nd ledge and pulled into Indian Carry. We scouted the rapid; it looked daunting with the high water but we were confident. We went over one boat at a time and by the end we had all made it over without any flips, 7/7. It was an awesome moment as everyone cheered for the next boat and helped morale a lot.

After Indian Carry Webster Brook consists of 5 sets of rapids and with the sun coming out, we crushed all five only stopping to scout and bail water. The day concluded with the Grand Pitch Portage then a quick paddle to Little East campsite for the big group and NW Cove

for the small group of Teddy, Nick Butts, Chase Tilson, and Nic Valdes. The day ended with a beautiful sunset and news from Noe that his ankle was fine. Long day but an epic one for sure.

July 1st

Rabbit rabbit, first day of July. 8 am wake-up this morning but a lazy one as we sluggishly got the day going. Ben and Graham made CBH for breakfast as we all broke down camp and loaded boats. Once we got on the water we met up with Teddy's small group and began the 8.5 mile paddle of Grand Lake Matagamon.

The paddle was easy with a small tailwind and we made it to Matagamon Dam quickly. After completing the short carry around the dam, we finished our paddling for the day and pulled into Matagamon Wilderness where we would be staying the next two nights. Ben and Coote went to check in and ran into Reid who had just dropped off Bank I. He told us about the high water levels on the East Branch and about how Grindstone was running at an insanely high 3500 cfs.

At Matagamon we had our first taste of civilization in 10 days and we were able to catch up on world news, NBA free agency, and NHL free agency much to the excitement of the whole cabin. Once we were all checked in, we set up camp and ate a big meal of dank for dinner. After dinner we had a bonfire with the Bank I cabin, swapping stories from our trips.

July 2nd

The much anticipated Matagamon rest day was finally here. A 7:30 am wake-up was required so we could make it into the store for breakfast at 8 am. Once we all sat down, Mama Bear started to bring out an all-you-can-eat supply of pancakes, sausages, and bacon. The food did not disappoint as we stuffed our faces until we couldn't eat another bite. It was an odd feeling to sit at a real table being served food that we didn't have to clean up, but no one was complaining.

After breakfast we rolled down to the tented area and began our fly fishing instructional session. Once we learned the basics we had a chance to practice right on the East Branch before splitting into 5 smaller groups with guides for the day.

Before we left to go fishing, Garrett arrived with our 2nd resupply. We grabbed all of our new gear but noticed that somehow our coolers had been mixed up so we were going to need to wait for Ryan Ford and LVII's resupply the following day. It wasn't a big deal though as we all sat down for a lunch of cold cuts on fresh bread.

After lunch we met with our guides and spent the afternoon fishing around different areas near Matagamon Wilderness. Once all the groups were done fishing, we sat down for a wonderful dinner of steak, corn, potatoes, and mushrooms. After dinner we all munched dessert, then had a bonfire with LVII where we all laughed, exchanged stories, and compared notes on the trip.

July 3rd

Due to the fact that we had to wait for more gear in LVII's resupply we slept in until 8:20am. Once we woke up Coote and Ben went to the store and bought breakfast sandwiches for the whole cabin. After we finished eating Ryan rolled in and we sorted out the cooler situation with LV2. After thanking the people of Matagamon Wilderness we got back onto the river. The East Branch of the Penobscot is always great and the high water made things even more fun. Our day consisted of two and a half portages but after conquering the portages prior to these we knew that they would be no issue. We made it to Haskell Rock, the first portage of the day, in short order and crushed the portage quickly. The rapids below Haskell were tricky because of the water level and we had one flip but it was a warm, beautiful day so it was fine and everyone had a smile. Soon after that we pulled into Pond Pitch and by that point we had caught up to the Bank I cabin. Before starting the portage we ate cold cuts for lunch then cruised through the portage once again. We paddle down to Grand Pitch with the plan of doing the whole portage in complete silence do see if we could do it. When we pulled in we executed and did the portage with ease and in complete silence. After setting up camp we swam and tubbed in the falls then came back to the campsite and hung out while Ben made loaded quesadillas

for dinner. After we ate we had our ACOP meeting but this time we did it combined with Bank I, it was a really awesome moment seeing everyone come together and talk about their day and what they were going to do tomorrow. After the meeting we ate the brownies that we received on our resupply then called it a night.

July 4th

Happy 4th of July! 7:30 am wake-up this morning with Coote firing out breakfast burritos while everyone packed up camp. Once breakfast was finished, we grabbed the remaining gear and portaged it to the end of Grand Pitch. Everyone loaded the boats and we got onto the water at 9:30.

We quickly arrived at the final portage of the trip: the Hauling Machine. Excited to check off the final portage of the trip, we got right to work portaging gear. Once we finished the first trip, the Bank cabin arrived, but we grabbed the remainder of our gear and finished the portage in an hour and 20 minutes.

Once we were all back on the water, we scouted Bowlin Falls, led by our LODs Stephen Wright and Remy Erdman. After completing the falls we pulled into Bowlin Camps, filled water bottles, then floated down to Big Spring Brook where we stopped for lunch. We ate delicious BLT sandwiches. While we were eating, Bank I met up with us. We quickly got back onto the water and joined them. The rest of the day consisted of exclusively hanging out and letting the river take us where we needed to go. Our 8 boats combined with Bank's 6 boats made us quite the armada as we all laughed and talked down the river.

At 5 pm we said goodbye to our friends in Bank as we pulled into Big Seboeis. Wes cooked up a dinner of burgers and Ben made a vanilla cake scramble for dessert to celebrate the holiday.

July 5th

Lazy day today so a sleep-until-you-wake-up situation. Most of us fully utilized that as most people weren't awake until 9:30 am. When we did start the morning, Ben cooked up homefries with eggs and sausage patties for breakfast. Once everyone finished, we cleaned and broke down camp.

It was a super short 4-mile paddle to Lunksoos with very little paddling involved, we all floated or swam down the river, dry paddle kind of day. We rolled into camp at 1 pm and started lunch of quesadillas and chicken noodle soup. The rest of the afternoon was spent trying to beat the heat and bugs: swimming, napping, and playing cards were popular activities.

At 6 pm Teddy started on chicken pesto pasta for dinner. After dinner we had our ACOP meeting, then we sat around the fire telling stories before finally going to sleep.

July 6th

Last significant moving day of the trip today, 23 miles from Lunksoos to Pine Grove. We started the morning at 7 am and after a quick breakfast of granola with powdered milk and hot chocolate mix, we had camp broken down and boats on the water by 8 am.

We moved quickly through the mileage as we conquered the difficult Whetstone Rapid with no problems and continued to knock down miles. By 11:30 am we had pulled into the Grindstone scouting area. Since leaving Matagamom the water level had lowered to a much more manageable 2100 cfs. We ate PBJ&H on bagels for lunch then scouted the rapid.

After scouting we sent Grindstone and made it look easy as we made it through with no issues. Once we finished the 1st and 2nd sets of Grindstone, a huge storm started to brew behind as we completed the final push to Pine Grove. Just as we pulled the boats ashore, the skies parted, great timing. We unloaded the boats and set up camp.

It came to our attention that there was a live band and potluck that night, two welcome pieces of information. All afternoon we listened to music and hung out before returning to our site for a big dinner of crunch wraps. While we were eating dinner, the owner of Pine Grove invited us to come finish the remaining leftovers from the potluck and we happily accepted. After finishing our 1st and 2nd dinners, we returned to our campsite and slipped into a food coma for the night.

July 7th

Last day on the water today and a short

5-mile paddle to our take out at Medway. 7 am wake-up and a quick breakfast of cereal bars and oranges before we loaded our boats and pushed off for the last time. Our LODs, Jamie and Brett, decided that we should end the trip how we started with boat partners which was an awesome idea.

We flew through the paddle with tail winds and arrived at Medway at 9:30 am. We unloaded all the gear and prepared for Reid to arrive at 11 am. We all played a hilarious game of basketball and fooled around on the playground while we waited. At 11 am Reid hadn't arrived so Coote found a radio broadcast of the Women's World Cup Final between USA and Netherlands. We listened to the first half and it was 11:45 am, so Ben checked the trip notes and realized that the pickup was at 1 pm not 11 am. No one was mad though as we got to listen as the USA defeated the Netherlands 2-0 and won the World Cup.

At 1 pm Reid pulled in and we loaded the bus and trailer, then started the drive to NEOC. Along the way we stopped at Hannaford to buy supplies for dinner. Once at NEOC Reid left us with the trailer and we started the 3-hour prep session for steamboats. At 7:30 pm we all devoured our food, then sat down for our last ACOP meeting of the trip where we reflected on our epic journey.

July 8th

One last 7 am wake-up before our day of rafting. We ate bananas and donuts for breakfast, then packed up camp before heading to the lodge for our day of whitewater rafting. A Wavus Long Voyage was also there so we mixed the boats together. The day was filled with huge Class V rapids, water to the face, great food, and laughs.

At the end of the day we said goodbye to our Wavus sisters and hopped on the bus back to camp. After a quick stop for dinner at Five Guys, we rolled back into in the middle of the EA to the cheers of the whole camp, truly an epic way to end an epic trip.

Ben Dixon, HBC

Jeff Coote, HBC

Teddy Truex, Counselor

Wes Dixon, Counselor

Long Voyage II

The Long Voyage

June 22nd - Birches

The men of Long Voyage II awoke on the morning of June 22nd prepared to embark on one of the most exciting trips Kieve has to offer. After a quick exit announcement proclaiming 2019 to be the summer of the crop top, we hopped into a van with Kieve's own Reid Anderson to begin the four-hour drive to Moosehead Lake. As we drove, Reid regaled us with tales of his own experiences as a camper and beyond, helping build a cautious sense of excitement.

After a stop at Walmart and a quick lunch of cold cuts, we finally pulled in to our campsite at the Birches Resort and proceeded to set up camp. After some hard chilling we had a delicious dinner of Philly cheesesteaks before heading to bed at an early hour, excited to get out onto Moosehead and the rest of our 18-day odyssey.

June 23rd - Seboomook Point

Moosehead Lake is the biggest in Maine, and as such it can have some of the worst headwinds of any lake Kieve paddles. Knowing this, we woke up at 4:30 AM to watch the sun peek out over the opposite shore. After a super-fast breakfast of granola with milk, we loaded up the boats and got out onto the lake. The boys all proved to be strong paddlers right from the get-go, and we made quick work of the first five miles of the lake. After a quick break, we continued around into the North Bay of Moosehead, where our last 10 miles remained.

At first it seemed that our early wake-up had paid off, as the lake was impressively calm. However, our luck soon ran out, and the winds picked up to their normal levels, aggressively pushing our boats backwards as we struggled to will them forward. Despite the strong winds, the boys continued to persevere, and we made it to our last crossing of the day across a long bay. We made it to our campsite at Seboomook Point and enjoyed a beautiful campsite that was bug-free due to the constant breeze.

June 24th - Big Island

The Northeast Carry. The very mention of the name invokes a daunting sense of

power and respect. At 2.25 miles, it is the longest portage that Kieve does, and it is a rite of passage that is saved for the oldest canoers in camp. On day 3, the boys woke up at 4:30 AM ready to crush it.

After a quick breakfast of oatmeal, we paddled out onto the lake to head out to the portage. We were blessed with a beautiful blue sky and a perfectly calm lake, making quick work of our roughly four-mile paddle. Less than an hour after we started, we pulled onto shore in the town of Northeast Carry, Maine, population 10 (probably). We quickly gathered all of our gear at the end of the launch and prepared for the longest portage of the trip. In addition to the counselors, Reed and Charlie Gosk each volunteered to solo a boat, which greatly helped.

The boys absolutely crushed the portage, as we were done with the portage in no time. After the Northeast Carry, we paddled down the west branch of the Penobscot towards Hannibal's Crossing where the Allagash II cabin was putting in to begin their trip. We paddled down river and finally reached our campsite on Big Island. The boys were tired, but all felt quite accomplished.

June 25th - Caucomgomoc Dam

Despite the incredible challenge of the first two days, the hardest part of the trip was still to come. We once again woke up at 4:30, this time rising in the cold to see massive clouds of mist hovering over the river. After a breakfast of bagels and cream cheese, we headed out along the West Branch, excited to get to Horseraces and conquer the hardest day of Voyage.

For the first part of our paddle, the mist was incredibly thick, making for an almost otherworldly experience as we navigated through rips in a blanket of white. Eventually the fog cleared, and we could continue along the river without obstruction.

After a few miles the river widened and we entered Chesuncook Lake. We initially hugged the left shore before turning around a point and heading up into Black Pond and Caucomgomoc Stream. Black Pond can be an annoyingly long lake, but the weather gods decided to

be benevolent today and blessed us with tailwinds. We made quick work of the lake, getting to the base of Caucomgomac Stream at around 11 AM. Foolishly, we collectively decided to wait until after Horseraces to have lunch, and we began our upstream ascent.

Conventional wisdom would tell you that it is best to go down a river and avoid going up it. On day 4 of Long Voyage, conventional wisdom is thrown out the window. Horseraces Rapid is a roughly one mile stretch of rapids before a portage up to Caucomgomac Dam, and, unfortunately, it runs in the opposite direction of where Long Voyage wants to go. Therefore, the canoes must be dragged upstream against the force of raging water.

Normally, Horseraces is almost seen as a fun alternative to portaging. It is a rapid, but not a very big one, and it is usually not too difficult to find a route to quickly drag the canoes. However, this time around, due to the late spring melt and the heavy rainfall in northern Maine, Horseraces was raging. Where normally the canoes can be zig-zagged every which way up the rapid, we were muscled over to within an inch of the left shore to slog up over slippery rocks in the raging current.

Being that close to shore also meant that there was no reprieve from the bugs, particularly the sand flies, which would crawl up and down our arms and gnaw on our skin. It was an incredible test of grit and perseverance, and the boys proved that they were strong enough, both mentally and physically, to handle anything. Charlie Rhodes and Niall, especially, proved to be troopers, for even though they slipped several times into the current, they got back up every time and continued to grind forward.

After what seemed like forever, we finally reached the ledge marking the end of the draggable portion and the beginning of the portage to the dam. After some quick bushwhacking up to the ATV trail, we began to portage our canoes and gear over to our campsite. The portage was short, less than half a mile, but the fact that we had just spent three hours dragging upstream made it

much more difficult. Still, the boys all showed true determination and stepped up to the plate. Reed and Charlie Gosk both soloed again, and Niall also joined the ranks of soloers. Finally, after a couple trips back and forth, all our gear was at Caucomgomac Dam, and we had a well-deserved lunch of rocket fuel. By this point it was clear that it was going to rain, so we quickly set up camp and got into our tents.

A couple hours later we came out for a delicious dinner of burrito bowls and to check out the water gushing out of the dam. Exhausted after an absolutely monstrous day, we all headed to bed early, excited to wake up after dawn for the first time in several days.

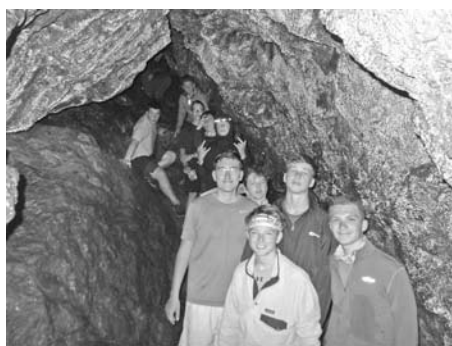
June 26th - Round Pond

We slept in until 8 AM this morning before heading out onto Caucomgomac Lake. Since we had such an easy paddle this morning, we decided to switch up the bows and sterns, much to the chagrin of Andrew and Byrne. Despite their complaining, we had little trouble paddling up the Elephant Graveyard towards Round Pond. It's called the Elephant Graveyard because years ago, when Caucomgomac Dam was put in, Ciss Stream flooded and became a huge marsh. The trees that had been there died, and their petrified remains now sit in the marsh, giving the appearance of an elephant graveyard.

After a while we paddled to a bridge and into Round Pond. Right at that moment, the sky, which had been completely gray all day, finally cleared up into beautiful sunshine, and we made quick work of our paddle to the other side.

We were greeted at our Round Pond North campsite by Voyage I, who were waiting for their resupply to arrive. We had some fun talking with them and comparing our trip experiences as we enjoyed our lunch of grilled cheese with tomato soup.

After a while Voyage I left on their resupply and we had the whole campsite to ourselves. There was a nice breeze that kept the bugs away, meaning we could actually hang out outside and enjoy the beautiful pond. Tubbing, reading, and other miscellaneous activities ensued as



we chilled until dinner, which was a big pot of chicken pesto alfredo pasta. After dinner we had a fire for a little bit before everyone realized that they wanted to go to bed.

June 27th - Carry Trail

We woke at 8 AM again this morning, taking our time with our breakfast of M&M pancakes. Around noon, Ryan Ford pulled up like Santa on Christmas with our resupply food and mail. The boys excitedly read their mail as they enjoyed cold sodas brought to us by Ryan. Wes was sent a pair of extremely fashionable Paw Patrol™ foldable sunglasses that would grow to become a staple of the cabin.

Our destination for tonight was Allagash Lake, which is one of the most pristine lakes in Maine. Part of what makes it so pristine is the fact that no motorized vehicles are allowed within a mile of the lake. Therefore, Ryan could drive us the first four miles up the road, but after that, the last mile would have to be portaged ourselves. To make matters worse, we had learned from Voyage I yesterday that there was work being done on the road to make it wider, meaning that we had to stop a quarter mile before the gate, extending our already mile-long portage.

Another difficult aspect of this portage is the fact that not everyone can start at the same time, as the pickup truck can only fit so much. In the first trip, Wes, Byrne, Charlie Gosk, Charlie Rhodes, and Forrest headed over with four canoes and a bunch of boundary bags, while in the second trip everyone else headed over with the last two canoes and all the wannigans.

June 28th - Little Allagash Falls

What a gorgeous day on Allagash Lake! After breakfast we hiked Allagash Mountain and climbed the fire tower on top. The boys were all blown away by the view, as it was absolutely beautiful. We then got in our canoes and paddled across the lake to ice caves. The boys had fun venturing into the cave and cooling down from the heat of the day.

We paddled across Allagash Lake to Allagash Stream and made our way through the twists and turns of the small

stream. We followed the stream all the way to Little Allagash Falls where we enjoyed an afternoon of swimming, reading, and napping. The sounds of the falls made for a very peaceful sleep.

June 29th - Boy Scouts

After delaying our start as much as we could in the hope that the rain would stop, we finally got out of our tents around 6 AM. We quickly took down camp in the pouring rain before eating a breakfast of granola with milk. We then pushed out into Little Allagash Stream and got ready to conquer Chamberlain. We quickly came up to two ledge drops that can be deceptively tricky, but luckily our boys knew what they were doing, and we made quick work of them.

After the ledges the stream slowed down significantly before emptying out into Chamberlain. By this point the rain had completely stopped, and while the sky was still very gray, Chamberlain looked dead calm, a rare sight on such an unpredictable lake. We quickly paddled ahead, passing a ruined railroad trestle from the logging days as we moved down the right shore. After a while we decided to stop for a quick lunch of PB&JH at Gravel Beach, and the boys all marveled at how much higher the water was than it had been when they stayed there last year on Allagash.

After lunch we continued down the four or so miles to Boy Scout, once again making excellent time due to the calmness of the lake. Along the way we passed a Wavus Allagash cabin paddling up from their resupply and said a quick hello. Finally, after a long day of lake paddling, we pulled into Boy Scout around 2:30 and set up for a full day of relaxation. After a few hours another Wavus Allagash cabin came by and set up across the lake at Thoroughfare. Both cabins had some fun yelling across the lake to talk to each other, although according to Andrew the conversation was terrible. Dinner that night was double bacon cheeseburgers.

June 30th

We woke up this morning to gray skies and got prepared for a relatively easy day. We paddled down to Chamberlain bridge and filled up our waters at the

ranger station before saying goodbye to the Wavus cabin and continuing into Telos Lake. After a while the skies got a little darker and it started to rain, much to the chagrin of Byrne “It definitely won’t rain” Matthews and Charlie “I’ll just wear a t-shirt” Gosk.

After a few miles of rainy, windy lake paddling, we got to Telos Dam and pulled off to the side. After a quick carry around the dam, we got ready to run Telos Cut, a one-mile stretch of rapids that can be fun but pretty tough. By now the rain had stopped, so everyone was excited to get into some rapids. Everything went well until Andrew and Forrest came around a bend to find Reed and Benny, but not their boat. They had flipped, but luckily the others had gotten their boat farther down the river. After we gathered all their stuff, we were able to get back on our way and head out into Webster Lake.

Once we got into Webster Lake, we pushed on all the way to the other side of the lake to Webster Outlet, our campsite for the night. The campsite was pretty small, and the path to the outhouse was dubbed “Mud Pond 2.0,” but the boys were able to make do and we ended up enjoying the campsite. After some general chilling we had a fan favorite dinner of chicken curry, which was universally enjoyed by all. After dinner we had an early bedtime, excited to conquer Webster Brook tomorrow.

July 1st

If there is anything else on Voyage that conjures up the same energy as the Northeast Carry, it would probably be Webster Brook. Most Kieve trips encounter at most two class III rapids on their entire runs. On Webster Brook, there are seven class III rapids within 3 miles of each other. It can be one of the toughest days of the trip, but also one of the most fun.

We woke up at 7 AM to a gorgeous, sunny sky ready to take on Webster Brook. Our breakfast was oatmeal, which we quickly scarfed down before heading out onto the river. Almost immediately after hitting the brook, we encountered our first set of rapids. The first third of Webster is pretty much continuous

smaller rapids, although some of them can be tricky if you don’t stay aware. After a while we came into the logjam area, which marks the end of the first third. By now the logjam has become pretty clear, but we still made sure to scout to find the correct route. The boys all got through easily, and we congratulated ourselves on getting through the first third of Webster without incident.

After the logjam comes the second third of Webster where the river flattens out and becomes calm. However, our rest was short-lived, as we soon came upon a ledge drop that marked the start of the final, gnarliest third of the river. After the first ledge we came upon another ledge before finally coming up to Indian Carry, the biggest, most technical rapid of the day. With the water as high as it was, we decided to portage our gear and scout from the portage trail. There was a strainer right in front of our desired eddy that would make things difficult, but the boys could see which line needed to be taken and were up for the challenge. Every single boat crushed it on Indian Carry, sending it down completely without incident.

After we gathered all our gear, we continued to the final five (but really six) sets of class III rapids. The waves were huge, and bailing was definitely the name of the game, but everyone enjoyed getting a chance to send it down such fun rapids. There were also some good laughs when Forrest and Andrew were paddling their swamped boat completely underwater after the fourth set, and when Charlie Rhodes was bailing water out of the mojo boat in the middle of the fifth set, but in the end we were all happy that we had crushed the rapids.

After the rapids was the Grand Pitch Portage, which was our last task of the day. The trail was only $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, and by now the boys were pros at portaging, so we made quick work of it.

Once we got to the end, it was a quick paddle along the river to Little East, our campsite for the night. It was a cool, open site up on a high river bank, and, compared to what we had been experiencing, it wasn’t super buggy. We all chilled in our tents before having a

big dinner of beef stew on noodles. We then went to bed knowing that we had just crushed the hardest rapids Kieve does.

July 2nd

We woke up at 6 AM this morning just to be sure we wouldn't be caught in headwinds on Grand Lake Matagamom. At this point Little East had gotten so unbearably buggy that we decided to forgo breakfast and instead eat it out on the lake. We ended up having a beautiful view as we sat and ate granola and milk amidst the mountains of Baxter State Park and the lake itself. Our early wake-up also paid off, as the lake was quite calm for the entire paddle. After passing several points we finally came up to Matagamom Dam. Vernon, Benny, Allistair, Andrew, and Byrne all tried their hand at soloing for the first time, and they absolutely crushed it.

We put in on the other side of Matagamom Dam and immediately noticed how high the water level was. Excited to be done with lake paddling, we got on the river and headed down to Matagamom Campground, our campsite for the next two days. Once there we were greeted by Voyage I and Bank I, who were both staying the night there as well. After a PBJH lunch we hung around the campground, swimming in the river and catching up with Voyage I and Bank. Later that night we had a meaty pot of DANK before having a big bonfire with our Voyage I brothers. We all went to bed excited for a rest day of guided fly fishing.

July 3rd

What a day. We woke up at 7:30 and walked up to the Matagamom Store for the best breakfast we had all trip. The boys gorged themselves with all-you-can-eat pancakes with bacon and sausage. After breakfast we met our fly-fishing guides who taught us step-by-step how to rig and prepare our flyrods. We were resupplied around lunch and after more instruction and a delicious lunch of BLTs, the boys were off with their guides. The guides took us all around the area enabling the boys to experience the joy of catching a fish on a fly-rod.

We all met back at the campsite around

5 and prepared ourselves for the feast that was ahead of us. I cannot put into words how good the dinner was at the Matagamom Store. We had fresh salad, homemade dinner rolls, baked potatoes, corn on the cob, and a beautifully cooked steak. After dinner, we had brownie sundaes which everyone thoroughly enjoyed. With full bellies and big smiles, we made our way to the campsite and had a big campfire. Matagamom was an oasis after eleven hard days in the woods and fueled us for the last leg of the trip.

July 4th - Grand Pitch

We woke up, packed our gear and headed down river for a fun, but challenging day on the river. We had to complete two and a half portages while going through some very fun white water.

The first portage was Haskell Rock, which the boys crushed. Next came Pond Pitch Portage. After completing our second portage, we made our way down river to Grand Pitch. We portaged the boats and set up camp at the top of the falls. Grand Pitch offers great swimming below the falls, of which the boys took full advantage. The day was long, but we all enjoyed a much needed swim before dinner. After a dinner of chicken quesadillas, we headed to bed to get ready for the next day.

July 5th - Big Seboeis

Today marked the last portage of the trip as well as the last portage of a Kieve trip. We paddled down river from Grand Pitch and stopped at the Hulling Machine Portage. After some bagels with cream cheese, the boys started the $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile portage around the Hulling Machine. The portage was not easy; however, the boys persevered and finished the portage at an impressive rate.

We paddled down river and reached Bowlin Falls, a fun stretch of white water that was running especially high that day. We quickly scouted the rapid, then eventually sent it unscathed. After Bowlin Falls we enjoyed a wonderful stretch of calm moving water to our camp site at Big Seboeis. We rafted up the boats and had cold cuts for lunch.

After lunch the boys enjoyed a wonderful float down river to our

campsite. Once reaching Big Seboeis, the boys swam and rested in their tents. After having dinner, we headed to bed, looking forward to a late sleep-in the next day.

July 6th - Lunksoos

We slept in as late as we could and made a batch of sausage, egg, and cheeses. We slowly loaded the boats and leisurely paddled the three miles to our campsite at Lunksoos. The boys made it to the campsite and enjoyed a plentiful lunch of burrito bowls, then went into their tents, as there were thunder showers in the afternoon. After the rain stopped we made pizza for dinner and prepared for the next day of paddling.

July 7th - Pine Grove

Today was a 21-mile day on the river, but it did not feel like it. We woke up early and were on the river by 7 am. We paddled down from Lunksoos to Whetstone Falls, a brief stretch of rapids, which we sailed through with no issue. We paddled farther down river and finally made it to Grindstone ahead of schedule.

We stopped at Grindstone and scouted the rapids, while going over possible routes with the boys. Due to the high water on the East Branch, Grindstone was running HIGH. We ran Grindstone at 2280cfs, which was quite exciting, however we had to pick our route carefully. We had one boat flip, but we quickly retrieved the gear and the boat. After Grindstone we rafted up and had PB&Js while recounting the intense whitewater we just canoed through. After lunch the boys Gash-paddled the 4 miles left to Pine Grove. We enjoyed clean water and great swimming at Pine Grove, as well as a roaring fire.

July 8th - NEOC

Today we woke up leisurely and enjoyed a late start to the day. We only had a three-mile paddle to our take-out at Medway. The boys soaked up their last moments on the river. After so many days in the canoes it was hard to believe that our time was over. We slowly made it to Medway and organized the gear and the boats. The boys enjoyed a game of basketball and frisbee while we waited for our driver to show up.

Our driver arrived and we packed up and drove to the New England Outdoor Center to camp before rafting the next day. The last night of the trip was peaceful and full of reminiscing around the camp fire. We all shared our favorite parts of the trip then crawled into our tents for the last time.

July 9th - Kieve

The last day was bittersweet to say the least; however, the boys were very excited to go rafting. We ventured to the lodge in the morning and met with our rafting guides. The West Branch of the Penobscot provides some of the most exhilarating rapids on the East Coast. We ended up rafting with our fellow Voyage campers from Wavus, which made the day of rafting even more fun.

After a great day on the river, we packed up and waited for our driver. The boys were excited to get back to camp; however, we were all sad that the trip was finally over. We stopped at the famous Big G's Deli for dinner, where the boys had sandwiches bigger than their heads. We made our entrance known to the rest of Kieve through the pounding of the horn right after flag. A wonderful end to an even better trip.

Carter Sednaoui, HBC
Forest Lazzara, Counselor

Maine Trails I Appalachian Trail June 20th

OD (adj.) /oh-DEE/ — an expression of excess; “Does anyone have some water for me, OD?”

A cool drizzle waited patiently for camp to rise on the morning of our departure. The early chill and the prospect of heavier rain to come brought once-nascent worries of the hardships ahead to the forefront of our collective minds. No one said Maine Trails would be easy.

Breakfast was waffles and cereal spooned uneasily into restive bellies; orange juice was drained glumly from cracked plastic cups. During announcements, Kieve's 3 Maine Trails cabins stood in sync for an emphatic “Shake-N-Pop” roundtable exit featuring default dances, whoas, and gosh darns.

Following our exit, the boys of Maine Trails I made final trip preparations — loading packs with personal and group gear, rolling tents, and filling water bottles. We piled into our van (driven by the lovely Sally) around 10 AM and stole a final glance at camp through rain-streaked windows. The first miles of the drive were quiet as we contemplated the journey to come.

After a brief stop at Walmart to purchase some last-minute trip essentials — bug spray, Nyquil, bug spray, and foot balm — we rumbled off the paved road and onto ungraded dirt terrain that roamed aimlessly along the shore of a fogged-over pond and past abandoned logging operations in various states of urban decay. The rain, once a patter, now splashed violently against the van windows, leaving thick rivulets of moisture that seemed to beckon us towards their cold embrace. The trailhead appeared — a garish hole in an otherwise-dense forest.

With one last longing look to the warmth and comfort of our van seats, we stepped out into the deluge and began loading packs with food while mud and sludge pooled around our hapless boots. Doing our best to conjure a meek smile, we waved softly to Sally as she pulled away. Alone at last, the trip began.

Though it was only 4 miles to our first campsite, the torrential downpour combined with heavy packs and untested legs made it an arduous 3-hour slog. Those first steps felt surreal, as they marked the beginning of a long-awaited rite of passage and of the unknown that accompanies a feat of such enormity.

All things considered, we made good time to our first campsite — Pierce Pond Lean-To — but were dismayed to find the rain's intensity only increased upon our arrival. We quickly erected our group tarps and two hammock tarps and huddled in small groups under each. It was evening but you wouldn't have known it; the day had been dark and gray since early afternoon.

Finally, we composed ourselves enough to begin dinner. The smell of bacon and hamburgers on the fry bake provided enough of a morale boost to

get us moving and those who were not cooking set up their tents and timidly changed into warmer and drier clothes. Bacon cheeseburgers were a fine first meal and left us with little left to do other than fall asleep. Although no tent was dry on this night, HBC Kaback opted to abandon JC Graham in their cramped, soggy 2-person tent and sleep in the marginally-more-spacious, marginally-less-soggy Marmot 4-person tent, a decision that left Graham quite grumpy indeed. But this was no time for a petty argument (there would be plenty of that later). Tired and a little intimidated by our first day, we found sleep quickly and slumbered as the rain pounded on.

June 21st

Balan (v.) /ball-IN/ — the act of playing basketball while on stable footing; “Balan? Balan? Oh! Balan!”

Of course the rain stopped eventually. We rose early on this morning with the knowledge that a hot breakfast also meant a later exit from camp and we needed to reach the Kennebec River between the hours of 9 and 11 AM. The downpour had turned into a thick mist in the middle of the night and painted the shore of Pierce Pond in an eerie light. Breakfast sandwiches of bacon, egg patties, and pepperjack cheese on an English muffin provided the fuel needed to lace up wet boots and strap up still-heavy packs.

We started our first full day by walking along the remains of a wooden dam that was now in a state of such decay that water ran over and through it like Walmart shoppers on Black Friday. The slippery conditions required enhanced focus and balan — something Graycen proved particularly adept at.

Next, we hiked 3 up-and-down miles to the infamous Kennebec River fording, which involves crossing the river at a point so wide and deep that a licensed Maine Guide — the Ferryman — shuttles hikers between each shore in a canoe. We patiently waited as he took two of us at a time to the opposite shore nearly 400 feet away. At the crossing, we met a section hiker named Awkward Turtle who certainly lived up to her trail name with a fine-tuned repertoire of side glances,

nervous laughs, and hand wringing.

On the other side of the river we ate lunch, sharing our chicken wraps — chicken strips, ranch, carrots, and hot sauce in a tortilla — with the Ferryman and his friendly dog. Then it was back to the trail, which remained relatively flat for the final 7 miles of the day.

After passing by the town of Caratunk, we slipped back into the woods and walked along a short ridge before cruising through an unremarkable and muddy final few miles. Our campsite was Pleasant Pond Lean-To and by the time we arrived, the day had turned pleasant, including some much-needed bursts of sunlight. Graham and I played a harmless trick on the boys — telling them our campsite was 1.5 miles farther from its actual location, a bit of well-meaning trickery that produced relieved smiles when the ruse was revealed.

Dinner was Uncle Ben's Fiesta Rice, grilled chicken strips, peppers, and onion in a fried tortilla — a Maine Trails Tex-Mex. Graham serenaded us with the ambient sounds of "Made Men" played through our sturdy waterproof speaker and we enjoyed laughs and conversation as the day slid into the meat of the evening. A contingency went swimming in the nearby Pleasant Pond while others rested in hammocks and tents. Just 24 hours removed from the trip's inauspicious beginning, we were dry, well-fed, and happy in spite of the mild exhaustion from the 10-mile day. Sleep found us easily and we retired as the sun set.

June 22nd

Cap (v.) /kap/ — to boost; "Do you smell something?" "Yes, I'm actually getting a bit sniffly, what is that?" "I do believe that is the CAPpalachian Trail."

Once again, we rose early but unlike the day before, we were out of camp in no time. Breakfast was granola with powdered milk and after filling water bottles in a nearby spring, we began hiking. The day's biggest challenge was also its first — a 1.2-mile climb to the summit of Pleasant Pond Mountain. The blue sky and hearty breakfast propelled us upwards and we made light work of our first mountain, reaching the summit

around 10 AM. We took pictures at the top, ate apples, and treated hot spots, in addition to utilizing the few crumbs of cellular service available to find out the news from the NBA Draft, which occurred 2 days prior.

As we began our descent towards flatter ground, the sounds of thunder reverberated behind us. Although the sky was still mostly blue, the air was colder now and it seemed as though we were in for a mammoth storm, the likes of which tends to pop up on hot June days in Maine. We hiked downhill as fast as we could with the thunder still at our backs but miraculously avoided any real issues apart from a few quick showers. The weather would alternate wildly between rain and sunshine for the rest of the day, a development that made hiking frustrating but also produced some magnificent double- and triple-rainbows.

We ate tuna on tortillas for lunch (much to the chagrin of Cobey and Sully) and while the meal was uninspiring, it gave us the needed bump to push through to the end of the day. A dirt road marked the beginning of our last 3 miles before tonight's campsite and shortly thereafter we came to a river fording, where Brooks took a swim allegedly at the hand (or lack thereof) of Graycen's absent support skills. Undeterred, Brooks let out a ferocious scream of "BOONK GANG" before taking off down the trail at a breakneck pace.

We made camp at Bald Mountain Brook Lean-To, where the weather continued to be wildly unpredictable. Dinner was pasta shells with fried broccoli and pepperoni in alfredo sauce — a true Trails treat and a meal we would come to know and love. While HBC Kaback was making Graycen's Very Special Gluten-Free pasta, he accidentally spilled the majority of the pasta container's contents after confidently proclaiming, "Here, let me open the pasta, I know how to do it." Graycen cursed his HBC's bumbling hand and vowed revenge at the small campfire.

Having made more pasta than any group of 8 could reasonably be expected to consume, we decided to offer the extra

helpings to a couple thru-hikers staying at the adjacent lean-to. Sam Hall went off to gauge their interest and much to our surprise, he returned 15 minutes later with Awkward Turtle awkwardly tailing him. She nervously accepted our alfredo-laden gift and sat with us in near silence as she slowly spooned lukewarm bites of now-rubbery pasta into her mouth. Her presence was a gift in itself and we were sad to see her go when she eventually waddled back to the lean-to with a murmur of thanks.

Properly fed and ready for bed, we entered our tents and slept soundly, dreaming of embarrassed terrapins and the special day ahead.

June 23rd

Will Bliss (n.) /will-bliss/ — not the HBC of South Harris; “Who’s the HBC of South Harris?” ‘I think Will Bliss.’ ‘Oh word so we get to see Will Bliss?’ ‘No, he’s not the HBC of South Harris.’ ‘Who is then?’ ‘Wait what? Will Bliss is the HBC of South Harris?’ ‘Yeah.’ ‘No.’ ‘Can’t wait to see Will Bliss.’”

If the first two mornings felt like early wake-ups, the third could be described as a wake-up from a mid-night nap. At the ripe time of 2:15 AM, tents began to be deconstructed and bags packed. We scarfed down bagels and cream cheese and after a brief period of directional confusion, we got to hiking, our headlamps illuminating the wide trail. The 2-mile hike to the summit of Moxie Bald Mountain was steep and long but promised a reward only available to those daring few willing to work for it.

We reached the summit at 4:45 AM as the sky brightened with expectation for the sun’s arrival. Although Cobey was temporarily off-trail after accidentally following a blue-blazed side path, we all made it to the top in time to watch the sunrise. The mountain’s bald summit lived up to its name and we looked on in awe at the powdery-orange sky that seemed to extend in all directions while gradually transitioning into equally-awesome shades of yellow, red, and blue. Pictures were taken for any and all social media profiles. Graham may have shed a tear. We huddled in sleeping bags and ate oranges while continuing to look on

at the majestic scene before us. To think that such sights occur at the dawn of each day.

With some fruit and snacks in our stomachs, we finally began our descent but not before sparing one final look at the vast miles of land below, now fully lit by the adolescent sun. It was just 2 more miles to our campsite and we cruised through it with the promise of a pseudo-rest day at the other end. We reached the Moxie Bald Lean-To at 7 AM just as the men of Maine Trails II (one day ahead of us on their itinerary) were rising from sleep and groggily taking down tents. We conversed with them for the next hour or so, sharing lively stories from our respective trips and gauging one another’s physical and mental status. We eventually said goodbye and parted ways — them to hike and us to our tents for a well-deserved nap.

We started moving again around noon, first to eat PBJH (or, in the case of texture-lover Sully, NutellaJH) for lunch. The meal was buoyed by our first Super Fruit fruit supplements of the trip — 2 servings of fruit and a whole lotta flavor! Then, it was time to swim in the beautiful Moxie Pond, conveniently situated next to our campsite. We also washed and dried our clothes and boots while tanning under the warm sun. A brigade of courageous pyromaniacs took it upon themselves to rid the pond of any and all leeches that came into sight (thank you for your service). On the whole, a relaxing afternoon spent recharging in a number of ways.

Dinner was pizza — thick and well-seasoned Boboli crusts topped with red sauce, dollops of mozzarella cheese (chopped up from their original cheese stick form,) and pepperoni fried in Worcester sauce. Graham went dumb with the spice kit as well. The hearty dinner produced ample gastrointestinal movements, leading Sam Hall to make his 11th trip to the privy of the day; upon his return, he loudly proclaimed: “There’s a lot of great Robert Frost poetry written on the outhouse walls. Really nice stuff.” Frostie was born.

Graham and I schemed relentlessly in the tent to create the best possible

Trail Names for a cabin that offered a seemingly-endless pool of ideas to consider. Eventually, we made our decisions: Cobey/Goofy/Hawkeye, Fergie/Stix, Sam/Ham/Frostie, Graycen/Bertie Botts, Colin/Skywalker, Brooks/Boonk/Honey Bun WITH the White Frosting, Sully/Cap'm.

A classic Kieve day had reached its waning hours and we made our way to the tents. For whatever reason, the Mellies seemed to be hitting different because we all fell asleep in little time. A fine day indeed. L'chaim!

June 24th

Bascetball (n.) /bass-KET-ball/ — a popular sport played at the highest level in collegiate intramural leagues; “Boy those ankles getting snatched next time I see you on the Hamilton College Intramural Bascetball courts!” See also: Balan.

The boys woke to the sound of loon calls on the water. Breakfast was loaded oatmeal — oatmeal, raisins, honey, and a scoop of peanut butter. It was another sunny morning and we set off on the trail with a pep in our step. The terrain was almost entirely flat and the leafy forest floor provided a soft cushion for our weary knees and ankles.

To pass the time, we played the first of what would come to be many games of GHOST. This spelling game quickly became a source of much consternation as we adamantly debated the correct spelling of words like “immediately” and “voltage.” Bertie Botts’ early childhood French education hampered his efforts to play a competitive game while others exposed themselves with surprising frequency and confidence. Read up, fellas. In the end, Boonk was no match for HBC Kaback (aka Wonderbread) and lost when faced with the impossible task of adding a letter to “urination” without spelling a word. It would be the first of many victories for Wonderbread.

At this point in the trip, it would be fair to say the boys had gotten their trail legs. We blasted through 9 miles in just over 3 hours, arriving at our planned campsite, Horseshoe Canyon, before noon. There, we took a load off, ate PB&JH for lunch, and hydrated to combat the

day’s heat. Bertie Botts and Wonderbread took a nice swim in the rapids below the canyon for which the campsite is named and we relaxed with pride knowing that we had made light work of a day’s work.

And then there was an idea. Some brilliant mind suggested that we [REDACTED] with the knowledge that [REDACTED]. Given the incredible task of [REDACTED], we [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. It was quite difficult to [REDACTED] and we found ourselves [REDACTED] in a [REDACTED] without a [REDACTED] inside of a [REDACTED] behind the [REDACTED] of the [REDACTED]. Before long, we reached [REDACTED] which left Ham Sall screaming for [REDACTED] and Stix looking in horror as [REDACTED]. Who’s to say what would have happened if we had just listened to [REDACTED] instead of following [REDACTED] and trying to [REDACTED]. At the very least, Skywalker would still have a [REDACTED] and Sully would be allowed to [REDACTED]. Oh well, at least we got to [REDACTED].

With all those exciting moments in the past, we made camp, cooked shells with fried pep and carrots with alfredo for dinner, and fell into a deep sleep. The first leg of the trip was nearing its end and we were rolling towards our resupply and rest day. In the words of JC Graham (aka Jenkem): “[REDACTED]!”

June 25th

Synecdoche (n.) /sin-EK-dote/ — a winning word in the game GHOST; “‘Spell synecdoche.’ ‘S-y-n-e-c-d-o-c-h-e.’ ‘Okay I’ll take a letter.’” See also: Dictator; blond.

We woke around 5:30 AM, ate a quick breakfast of Clif Bars and Pop-Tarts (crushed to bits by the weight of Frostie’s trash bag), and sped through the remaining miles to the spot of our resupply. Shortly before 10 AM we exited the woods and crossed Maine Highway 15 to reach the trailhead of the 100-Mile Wilderness. Although the trail beckoned, we were content to put off the Hundred for another day, knowing that we had much to look forward to between now and then.

We waited near the trailhead for about an hour before Brian “90 Min” Sperry

pulled into the parking lot and greeted us warmly. We loaded our packs into a trailer attached to Brian's van and had a pleasant 15-minute ride to Northeast Whitewater (NEWW) — the site of our first resupply and only official rest day. After disposing of trash, re-packing our bags with new food and gear, outfitting Bertie Botts with the Balenciagas, and ruining our appetites with brownies, candy, and Gatorade, we said farewell to Brian and made ourselves at home in NEWW's unique and homey yurts featuring bunk beds, mattresses, pillows, blankets, and most importantly, shelter from the rain, the promise of which hung imminent in the air as the day rolled into early afternoon.

NEWW featured a plethora of fun outdoor activities and we busied ourselves with beach volleyball, checkers, and football tossing before chowing down on a late lunch of cold cuts with fresh fruit on the side. We also took advantage of the opportunity to use their hot showers and bathrooms with flushable toilets. Some, like Graham, filled their bottles with potable water from spigots.

Soon it was time for dinner and we were overjoyed to have a break from cooking and cleaning our own food and dishes. A friendly but unintelligible chef cooked us a salivation-inducing meal of chicken, steak, river rice, homemade bread, and coleslaw, with iced tea to drink and more brownies to inhale for dessert.

Feeling full and satisfied, we turned to our next activity — a guided “Moose Safari” on the waters of Roach Pond. Our guide and driver, Bryce (Brice? Sorry, Bryce), transported us an hour to the put-in and we quickly familiarized ourselves with one of the more raucous name games in memory. Bryce, who no doubt was used to Boy Scouts and retired thrill-seekers on such safaris of the moose variety, was taken aback at first by our energy and intimacy with one another, but loosened up before long and laughed right along with us. On that van ride through the scenic Moosehead Lake Region, everyone was exposed... but none more than Skywalker, age 9.

At Roach Pond, we paddled for the

first time since Long Voyage. A light rain started to fall, but was more cooling and relaxing than anything else; the water was like ocean glass, its still surface disturbed only by the feathery precipitation. We paddled into a small cove and saw a large female moose shuffling around near the shore. We watched in silent wonder for a few minutes before it disappeared into the woods. As we turned the canoes around to investigate a nearby beaver dam, we saw two more moose, this time a mother and her calf. These two were much closer than the first had been, and we watched once more in amazement at the creatures before us. The rain, slightly heavier now, made the moment downright cinematic.

We paddled back to shore (narrowly avoiding a Ham Sall-sized splash in the process) and drove back to NEWW. We thanked Bryce for his patience and expertise and returned to the yurts, where we changed into warm and dry clothes and huddled together for a rousing game of Monopoly. Banker Ham was in his element, wheeling and dealing like pork at a pig roast, while others like Bertie Botts, Stix, and Boonk focused more on getting loose to DaBaby and Playboi Carti. Although it was relatively early (10 PM) by normal standards, our trip schedule soon had us crawling to the bunks and our sleep was unmatched in its depth and comfort. A rest day to remember.

June 26th

Terible (adj.) /terr-EE-bull/ — a PA education; “‘T-e-r-i to you.’ ‘BS.’ ‘Terible.’ ‘Where do you go to school again?’”

We slept in (by our standards) until 8 AM. The next 45 minutes were spent packing up and taking one last shower; then, we were treated to another delicious meal — a “Woodsmen's Breakfast” of blueberry pancakes, hash browns, sausage, and orange juice. Our muddy-mouthed chef drove us back to the trailhead of the Hundred and sent us off with a warm “Goobah ya boys you av ah nice ime outhere yahear?!”

Packs fully loaded and bodies rejuvenated, we took our first steps on the Hundred. When we reached a sign marking this historic and daunting section of the Trail, Bertie Botts made sure

to christen the hiker sign-in box. A short time later, Frostie proudly proclaimed that all should follow his path on the trail, as he “never falls.” Just before he could get out the final syllable, though, he planted awkwardly on a slick root and found himself face-first in the dirt faster than Stix can say “Hammmmmm.”

It was a short 3.5 miles to our campsite, Leeman Brook, and we made it there by lunchtime. After setting up camp, we cooked bacon grilled cheese in the lean-to and enjoyed a bit of shelter from the light rain that had followed us most of the day. We met a SOBO (Southbound) thru-hiker named Mike/RockNaps who told us to “run it!” He also added: “I can dig it!” We also encountered a Chewonki group that was also hiking the Hundred, albeit at a somewhat slower pace than our uber-speedy, trail-hardened caravan. It was a lazy afternoon spent conversing and napping.

Dinner was loaded double downs — two grilled chicken patties as buns with avocado, bacon, tomato, peppers, and ranch inside. Our only regret was that we didn’t pack it more often. We also made a small fire — courtesy of Hawkeye — to roast marshmallows over (or, in the case of Bertie Botts, to chubby bunny at dusk). Although a scintillating conversation with Appalachian Gail kept Hawkeye (who was perhaps mulling his next target) away from his own fire, we appreciated his effort nonetheless.

The day finished, we went to bed and slept soundly for our first night on the Hundred.

June 27th

Crc (adj.) /krack/ — something so good, it doesn’t need vowels; “How’s that double down?” ‘It’s crc brother.”

Werose at 7:30 AM and made a breakfast of bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches with peppers on English muffins. From Leeman Brook, it was a 3.5-mile hike to Little Wilson Falls, where we snacked on the edge of a 60-foot waterfall, one of the biggest on the entire Trail. At the base of the falls, we reached a tricky river crossing that proved too much for many of us. While some took the time to remove their boots and strap on water shoes, others merely accepted their fate

and trudged through the rushing water boots and all. Skywalker decided to try his hand at a rock path that had soaked Cap’m just moments before. Upon reaching the pivotal leap to the opposite shore, Skywalker slipped and tumbled magnificently into the stream. After proclaiming himself “alright,” he looked to his hand and quickly added, “Hey, looks like I’m actually bleeding quite a bit!” Fortunately, though he did earn three sizeable gashes to the palm and fingers, none were serious and all were treated with care and know-how by the recently-WAFA-certified Jenkem.

Back in one piece, Skywalker led us through the final 4 miles of the day, which, though not terribly steep in elevation gain or loss, were nonetheless tiring due to a number of additional river fordings. We reached our campsite, Wilson Valley, around 3 PM and had a quick lunch of tuna — extra juicy and just to Jenkem’s liking. While Frostie conversed with a couple of thru-hikers (aka “older friends”) and Hawkeye once more made a fire, the rest of us (mostly just the Kitchen Gang of Cap’m, Bertie Botts, Jenkem, and Wonderbread) concocted a fire dinner of chicken, bacon, and ranch subs.

Tired from the second day of the Hundred and looking ahead warily to the challenges of the next 4 days, we were in our tents by 8:30 PM and asleep by 9. Overnight, a monster thunderstorm rocked our campsite and left us white-knuckling the insides of our sleeping bags. With each clap of thunder, the ground shook, and lightning flashed ominously and frequently. A storm suited to the wild North Maine Woods and the rugged 100-Mile Wilderness.

June 28th

Super Fruit (n.) /sue-PER-froot/ — crc; “‘Ay, Kaback, is it a Super Fruit day?’ ‘Yessuh.’ ‘LFG.’”

Barren Day. The night’s storm gave way to nothing but blue sky as we exited our tents around 6:30 AM. As we recounted the weather’s power and ferocity, a bleary-eyed Bertie Botts emerged from his tent and asked, “What storm?” Must have been the oregano.

Breakfast was Pop-Tarts and Builder

Bars washed down with brook water. We departed Wilson Valley and had a steamy 5-mile walk to the base of Barren Mountain that again featured a number of tedious river fordings. We stopped to eat after the final ford of the day. Lunch was Rocket Fuel and certainly got us gassed up and ready to slay the mountain.

With Ham Sall leading the way, we cruised up the first 1.5-mile section and found ourselves at the Barren Rockslide, where we encountered a stunning view of the land and a massive boulder slide running up the side of the mountain. After a break for photos and hydration, we continued the rest of the way, eventually reaching the rickety remains of a fire tower marking Barren's summit. We ate oranges and GORP while chatting with a group of three weekend hikers who were also heading north.

From the summit, it was just over a mile to our campsite, Cloud Pond, which is located high in the sky in the middle of the Barren-Chairback Range. JC Graham took the boys for a swim in the Pond's, um, murky waters, a regrettable decision in hindsight — both for us and our hanging bag. Hawkeye kept his fire-making streak alive. We ate fiesta rice and fried pepperoni for dinner — a basic but hearty meal. Swarms of blackflies drove us to our tents early, leading to many lively games of cards. I'm told Frostie has the quickest hands on the Hundred.

It was a hot day and a warm night — Jenkem and Wonderbread slept shoulder to shoulder and aired out their toes.

June 29th

Water Polo (n.) /wah-TER-poh-low/ — not a sport; “‘What sports do you play?’ ‘IM Ball, D1 Squash, and Water Polo.’ ‘Oh nice, IM Ball and D1 Squash.’”

Bagels and cream cheese constituted a light breakfast but we supplemented with snacks and hit the trail ready to knock out another beast of a day. Bertie Botts got us fired up with an instant-classic of a pump-up speech — “We got some ups, some downs, some ups, some downs, some ups, and some downs!”

First on the docket was Fourth Mountain, which we summited quickly, stopping only to eat more oranges at the summit. The day was overcast and the

air heavy, so it was no surprise that by the time we reached our second summit of the day, Third Mountain, the rain had begun. We wasted no time ducking back under tree cover, where we set up two tarps on the side of the trail and ate PBJH for lunch. Ham Sall generously offered us his mammoth bag of carrots and we gorged on those as well.

By the time lunch was over, the rain had mostly passed and we shot up and over our final peak of the day, Columbus Mountain, before cruising down our final descent, a final mile stretch that was marred only by Boonk's insistence that Frostie “MOVE! JUST MOVE!” Instead, despite Cap'm's objections, he took a break.

Camp was the Chairback Gap Lean-To and we had a brief-but-forever-memorable interaction with Katka, the trail shaman. A peek of sun every now and then had us drying tents and clothes while we prepared rotellini pasta, fried broccoli and pep, and alfredo sauce for dinner. It was a delicious meal aided by good music and jaw-dropping SneakNGeeking by Wonderbread. Hawkeye did an enthusiastic job cleaning the Scrub Daddy, really going above and beyond to the degree that he returned from the job in a state of considerable exhaustion. It was to be an early night for the fiend.

Tired from a long day, we bid Katka goodnight and slept peacefully under the starry sky.

June 30th

Ham (n.) /hammmmmmm/ — Hammmmmmm; “Hammmmmmm.” See also: The Trash Man, The Banker, The Keeper of the Carrots.

Today was granola and powdered milk for breakfast and Bertie Botts showed that what he lacks in the ability to consume gluten, he makes up for in his ability to consume powdered milk.

We scampered up the side of Chairback Mountain, then down the northern backside of the Barren-Chairback Range, knocking out 6 miles in the blink of an eye. It had become quite buggy and rainy by the time we reached Gulf Hags and thus the challenging river ford that waited for us there was an unwelcome sight. After talking for a bit with a Maine

Guide posted at the start of the ford, we made our way across and had a fast PB&J lunch on the other side. Ham Sall was boosting off half a Gatorade energy bar and nearly sprinted the next mile; his speed on that day was never seen or heard from again.

We made our way through Gulf Hagas in a drizzle, hiking steadily uphill with a rapid to our left. At one point, stopping for a break, we were taken by surprise by a SOBO hiker who came whipping around a sharp turn in the trail and greeted us by bellowing: "I think I got my trail legs!" The Will Bliss Effect in full effect, we answered: "Oh nice, what's your trail name?" Unphased, this mystery hiker answered: "Oz! Some call me the craziest hiker on the Trail! I'm hiking from Maine to Georgia, then back up to Harper's Ferry! Y'all mind if I take your picture for social media? My YouTube channel is called HikerSailor and I'm taking pictures of all the fine folks I meet on my hike!"

Somewhat stunned by Oz's enthusiasm, we gathered for a picture on the HikerSailor's Android phone, knowing our faces would be too pixelated and blurry to be recognizable should they make it to the interwebs. Picture taken, Oz pocketed the camera and pondered our group for a moment. "So what are y'all doing? Rafting?" he asked. Shooting glances at our very-much-visible packs on the side of the trail and confirming in our minds the lack of any commercial whitewater rafting in the vicinity, we laughed nervously and answered: "No, just hiking." A goofy smile broke out on Oz's face. "Oh cool! You wanna know why they call me Oz?" he asked. "Is it because you're a wizard?" we answered. "No! Y'all ever heard of Ozzie Osborne?" At this moment, a gleeful Ham Sall piped up. "Oh yeah!" he exclaimed. "My family has a dog named Ozzie Pawsborne, Prince of Barkness." Ham held out a hamnd for a celebratory hamndshake at their shared affinity for the Osborne name. The smile dropped from Oz's face. "Nice one, buddy," he muttered and countered Frostie's hand with a fist. "Never shake hands on the trail," he said, and the two limply touched fists. Oz had given

us a new lease on life with his presence alone, but we needed one more piece of information from him before we were ready to depart. "How much farther to the lean-to?" we asked. "Oh about 1.5 miles," he said. Then, the grin broke back out onto his face. "I just did in about 15 minutes!" With that, he took off down the trail, never to be seen again.

Although it took longer than 15 minutes, we reached the campsite — Carl E. Newhall — shortly thereafter. We made camp, noting the quality of the privy and the decaying assortment of pots and metal poles piled in the middle of the site. Dinner was fiesta rice and fried pep in a fried tortilla — good eats! Jenkem serenaded us once again with some tunes and Bertie Botts invaded his hammock to ensure the requisite Soldier Kidd songs would be played.

With three of four days done in this challenging section of the trip, we retired with a burgeoning sense of accomplishment. The end of this day also marked the halfway point in our trip, and though the first 11 days had been packed with plenty of achievements and memories, we knew the next 11 were sure to bring even more.

July 1st

Hotspot (n.) /HOT-spot/ — a blister to be that makes itself known right after the Med Kit has been put away; "Alright boys, we're finally packed up. Let's go, packs on." "Wait, I have a hotspot, can I get the Med Kit?"

4 Peak Day. Loaded oatmeal got us started and ready to roll, while Graycen's signature huddle speech pumped us up despite the addition of another "Up then Down." We made light work of the first peak — Gulf Hagas Mountain — and took our first packs-off break at the Sidney Tappan campsite, where Skywalker impressed us all with his ability to do one-legged squats. Frostie also mentioned that he does not steal his boyfriend's clothes, which was a relief.

The initially-overcast day turned sunny by mid-morning and we made it up, over, and down the next 2 peaks — West Peak and Hay Mountains — in a short of GHOST-induced fugue state. Wonderbread took another W despite



some controversy over the spelling of blond. Just before noon, we broke through tree line near the summit of our final peak of the day and saw the impressive white boulder summit of Whitecap Mountain.

At the top, we took pictures of the breathtaking view (a theme for most of the summits on this trip) and made a phone call to Mr. Stephen Kaback, who informed us of all the biggest news from the craziest day in NBA free agency history. Durant, Kyrie, D-Lo, Kemba, and Horford — oh my! We ate a makeshift PBJH lunch (Hawkeye had not managed to keep our English muffins in one piece) and contemplated the news while listening to some relaxing music, like “One Night in NYC.” A “found footage”-style survival tapes video was made in preparation for our entrance, and Hawkeye showed us all why he is the best seizure-er in the game.

We also walked down a side trail to the other side of the summit to get our first true look at Katahdin. We got a great view of the great mountain and were struck by its proximity to our position. We were getting closer.

The last stretch of the day was a 6-mile hike down the Northern side of Whitecap. We debated the merits of various fast food establishments, coming to a consensus only on the fact that Boonk’s love of White Castle is disqualifying for all food discussions. Also, LeBron is the GOAT. About halfway down, we stopped at Logan Brook Lean-To to fill our water bottles in the cold and clear spring adjacent to the campsite. The deep pools fed by the spring reminded us of Emerald Pools from trips to the White Mountains in years past.

It was a tough final 2 miles, as the combination of the day’s taxing terrain, the heat, and the cloud of mosquitos and deer flies suddenly descended on us. Eventually, we made it to East Branch, our campsite for the night. The boys swam in the river next to our tent site and we all layered up with longs and longs (and Jungle Juice) to combat the never-ending stream of mosquito attacks.

We made dinner in the golden hour — three-cheese tortellini with fried pep and alfredo sauce. It was a tasty meal, though

not as filling as some of the other pasta dishes we’d had, which was perhaps a good thing given the lack of any Awkward Turtles to help us finish our food.

4 Peak Day, the last full day of Leg 2, was complete. We all slept peacefully, especially Bertie Botts, who made it a mission to test the limits of melatonin on man’s body. A fine day.

July 2nd

Rafting (v.) /raff-TING/ — the act of hiking; “‘Y’all rafting?’ ‘Yes, Oz, we are rafting.’”

With no meals left in our packs, it was a double Clif Bar morning and a quick exit from camp. We crushed Little Boardman Mountain, our only peak of the day, and cooked the 5.5 miles to the site of our second resupply on Kokadjo B-Pond Road. We arrived a bit early and, after organizing our trash and gear for the resupply, set up tents to lounge and relax in away from the bugs.

Brian pulled up just a bit later than we expected but we were thrilled to see him and treats he brought with him. The day had started sunny and humid but now turned thundery and humid; bursts of pounding rain made us scramble to cover the tents with rainflies and we stole anxious glances at the darkening sky with each clap of thunder in the distance. Fortunately, we missed the brunt of the storm and were able to complete the resupply in relative peace.

The number and content of the packages we received constituted an embarrassment of riches and we dined on cookies, beef jerky, and Gatorade with intermittent bites of cold cuts and fruit — our actual lunch. Brian bid us adieu and drove off while we strapped on our now-heavy-again packs and started our final stretch of hiking for the day. It was 3 flat miles to Cooper Brook campsite, and upon our arrival, we were thrilled to find soft tent sites on flat ground, a steady breeze to mitigate some of the bugs, and a roaring water feature ripe for swimming on a hot summer day like this one.

And swim we did. It was a sweet afternoon spent splashing and tubbing in the rapids and the vibes were remarkably positive (No Beef Leg) as evening rolled around.

Dinner was a big production — cheeseburgers cooked with Worchester sauce + salt + pepper, crispy bacon, and smeared avocado on toasted English muffin buns. But we weren't done eating yet. Hawkeye's fire made for some money s'mores and we took advantage of Stix's 5-lb. bag of Starbursts to experiment with all the different ways to consume the boxy treats (in addition to doing a tier-ranking of the flavors/colors.) Frostie made the mistake of filling his water bottle near a Dr. Bronner's depository. Bertie Botts stuffed his cheeks with mallows, per tradition. We alternated between sugar highs and lows, resulting in plenty of shenanigans and hijinks.

Finally, our bodies utterly exhausted from the assault of processed sugar throughout the day, we headed for the tents. Late-night card games abounded but eventually we slept, the sound of the brook gloriously cancelling out the whine of mosquitos.

July 3rd

MT3 (n.) /em-TEE-three/ — a group against whom we weigh ourselves; "I wonder how MT3 is doing."

The sun rose to nothing but blue skies and we slept in till 8 AM. We took our time breaking down camp, mostly because of the feast we were preparing. With five leftover burgers from the night before, we made ground beef and fried it in the pan with diced bacon. Then, we sautéed peppers and chopped up egg patties with olive oil. After cooking each, we combined all four into the pot and added shredded cheese, which acted as the glue keeping all the delicious components together. Finally, we fried tortillas and smeared them with avocado before depositing great dollops of the meat/pepper/egg/cheese scramble into their toasty, buttery embrace. Upon taking his first bite of the delicacy, Jenkem looked up at Wonderbread and said, "We mighta just done something."

Stomachs full of hot breakfast, we thought it might be a slow start once we finally hit the trail. This assumption would prove false. Taking advantage of the flat, wide terrain that characterizes much of the back half of the Hundred, we had our speediest hour of the trip,

cranking out 4 miles in just over an hour. We took a quick break at Jo Mary Road but were soon hiking again to escape the scourge of mosquitos that swarmed us like mice to unbrushed teeth whenever we stopped moving.

The last 4 miles of the day were similarly quick and by lunchtime we had reached Antlers, our campsite for the night. After setting up camp, we had chicken wraps for lunch and swam in Lower Jo-Mary Lake, located just 50 feet away from our tents.

As the afternoon progressed, all focus was directed towards relaxation. Skywalker produced the first pack of Perky Jerky Wagyu Beef Jerky and sensuously read aloud the brand's attempts at differentiating themselves from every other beef jerky company. These efforts ranged from cringe-worthy to Hawkeye-talking-to-RunYoPockets-Mason's-mom-at-Pine-Grove-tinge-worthy. After all the buildup about Perky Jerky's incredible jerky, the product turned out to be little more than a gristly hunk of beef with too much pepper flavoring. Wagyu indeed.

Boonk took a walk in Wonderbread and Jenkem's tent, Frostie struggled to keep his balance while exiting the lake, and Wonderbread woke up from a late afternoon nap with a face covered in Gold Bond. This cabin.

With visions of fish fillets dancing in our heads, we made dinner of CBR subs, a meal that was inversely as tasty as the behavior had been in the afternoon. Bertie Botts read aloud from his gripping Dan Brown novel; evening came as we listened fixedly to the harrowing adventures of Rachel Sexton. The humidity of the day gave way to a cool breeze off the lake and we lumbered to bed as night fell. The bugs were loud as they strained fruitlessly to break through the tent wall, but we hardly noticed because we were asleep.

July 4th

Toes (n.) /tOHs/ — Objects of fixation, love, and care; "Them toes is smacking today y'ear!" See also: FTBT.

The weather was hot and sunny once again and as we ate a breakfast of bagels and cream cheese, we prepared for a long, sweaty day. With double-digit mileage

ahead of us for the first time, we set off on a breakneck pace.

The first stop was 4 miles in at Potaywadjo Spring Lean-To on Potaywadjo Ridge, where we pumped water from a fantastically-cold spring. The middle 6 or 7 miles of the day were relatively flat but passed by a number of interesting bodies of water, including Nahmakanta Stream. One lookout spot we passed sported a clear view of Katahdin, which was growing ever nearer.

Lunch was bacon grilled cheese on tortillas at Nahmakanta Stream Lean-To. Then we pushed on another 3 miles to a state campsite on a sand beach on the south end of Nahmakanta Lake. Though we had initially planned to move past this spot to Wadleigh Lean-To, the fun of swimming in the lake combined with the spot's cushy grass tent spots convinced us to stop for the day and enjoy the afternoon. Our bodies (especially the feet) were tired from many miles of hiking on rocky and rooty terrain and the swimming felt especially rejuvenating. Taking full advantage of the location, we made dinner on the beach; tonight it was pepperoni and pepper pizzas (with some bacon jerky mixed in by Hawkeye.)

Shortly after eating, an older couple approached our campsite and asked for some help setting up their own campsite at an adjacent spot on the lake. The boys all lent a hand and in return for their assistance, the couple loaned us their kayaks for the boys to use to watch the 4th of July sunset on the water. It was a gorgeous sunset to conclude what ended up being a fun trip holiday — definitely S-Tier.

After respectfully using and returning the kayaks, we watched the last light lead the sky from the beach — arms around shoulders — and contemplated the first two weeks of the trip and the final one we were about to enter.

With the forecast calling for clear skies through the night, we slept without rainflies in our tents and saw the stars as we drifted to sleep.

July 5th

Tuna (n.) /TOO-nah/ — a trip delicacy, especially when made with extra mayonnaise and hot sauce; “JC Graham

what we having for lunch?’ ‘Tuna, brother.’ ‘Bet, and you making that extra juicy OD?’ ‘Yessuh.’” See also: nausea.

Breakfast was granola and powdered milk, which we shoveled down while looking out across the lake and the mountains behind it. We hiked 2.5 miles to Wadleigh, where we once again took a packs-off break and filled water in a cool stream. Shortly after resuming hiking, we reached Nesuntabunt Mountain, our final peak before the big K. After days of flat ground, it was a struggle to get our legs moving upwards again, but we managed just fine and, with Frostie in the lead, we reached the summit by lunch.

We ate PBJH for lunch while checking out a scenic overlook of a small lake...with Katahdin looming in the background. The sight of the mountain restarted our earlier conversations about fast food and the beginning of our descent of Nesuntabunt was characterized by shouting matches over the merits of Barqs vs. MUG root beer and Sprite vs. Coke.

Our day was still far from over. We hiked another 7 miles across up and down terrain, the roots and rocks once again taking a toll on our bodies. Earlier in the day, Frostie rolled his ankle on one such treacherous rock and Skywalker, perhaps partially remembering his own close call on the river ford in the previous week, graciously lent his ankle brace to help his cabinmate continue on the trail.

Now, with over 10 miles under our belts, including a difficult summit, we were feeling gassed. The heat didn't help either, and when we finally came to a break point next to a rushing stream, many of the boys simply dropped their packs and hopped in the water. While we filled bottles from the stream, we looked at the map and saw that we had 2 miles to go to our campsite — Rainbow Stream. In spite of the exhaustion, we embraced the challenge and finished the day on a strong note, reaching the lean-to with ample time left in the day to take advantage of the swimming in the rapids next to our tents. We hiked past multiple mini-drops upriver in our water shoes and had a grand time sliding down and sitting underneath their powerful cascades.

We had a great group of helpers for dinner, and Frostie, Cap'm, Bertie Botts, and Hawkeye showed off their dicing and cutting skills on the meats and veggies we planned to add to the pasta entrée. The result was an alfredo shells with fried pep and onion dish that filled our stomachs to maximum capacity. Unfortunately for Jenkem, we (I) forgot to save him a non-alfredo-covered portion of pasta and the resulting ingestion of heavy dairy resulted in the pasta's swift exit from his reeling stomach. LNT baby. The dairy that remained fermented into a powerful A-Bomb of odor that Mr. Nielsen saved for liberation until he reached the close quarters of the tent.

The boys played cards in the tent and read from Dan Brown (quite loudly, as we came to find out) to wrap up the day. The consensus from our physical and emotional state was that this was a subtly hard day — one of the hardest of the entire trip in fact. Still, it was now over, and we found sleep easily with the aid of some good ole Rainbow Stream white noise.

July 6th

Copy (v.) /caw-PEE/ — to catch one slipping and/or to acquire verbal ammunition for later use; “No Boonk, I don't steal my boyfriend's clothes!” ‘Copy.’” See also: paste.

Still sore from the previous day, we took a little extra time getting out of camp in the morning. Breakfast was loaded oatmeal; this favorite of Cap'm's once again provided a much-needed boost to start the day. The mantra of the next 12 miles was: “Git ‘er done!”

Off we went. The first 4 miles went by nearly as fast as the first ones on Day 14 when we were headed to Antlers. The mental hiking was made easier by Jenkem's introduction of a game in which a person gives the person behind him in the order a word to freestyle rap/sing about. The bars ranged from 1s to 10s, but we all agreed Stix's Cheeseman/Glock line took the cake.

We stopped at aptly-named Rainbow Spring campsite to fill our bottles in site's spring. Then it was off once more to the base of Rainbow Ledges — not a mountain but steep like one, especially in

the suffocating humidity, which seemed to grow worse by the day. Powering through the adversity, we made it to the top and took in the 360-degree views of the surrounding mountain ranges. PBJH was lunch again, and while Ham and Boonk complained of this meal's frequency, others like Wonderbread and Stix appreciated it for the scrumptious combo it was and is. Meanwhile, Cap'm was off by his lonesome scooping solidary spoonfuls of Nutella onto a tortilla — for texture reasons.

Just as we were preparing to leave the Ledges and complete the final 2.5 miles of the day, we saw and heard a sizeable thunderstorm headed our way. We managed to make it well under tree line before the storm really hit, but once it did, we had no choice but to move off to the side of the trail and sit on our packs while we waited for it to pass. With the knowledge that the forecast was solid for the next 2 days, we didn't mind the rain too much at all; if anything it was a welcome change of pace from the humidity of the past week.

The storm eventually moved on and we cruised through the day's final stretch to Hurd Brook Lean-To. We all made it safe and sound, though Frostie did take a swim in the river just 50 feet from the campsite. When he finally made it, he held out his hand and exclaimed in deep agony. “Finger craaaaaaaaamp!” he bellowed, prompting sympathetic and not at all humorous responses from Stix and Jenkem.

While Frostie's hand hardened into a rigor mortis-type of state — pointer finger and thumb out, other fingers curled in — we chatted with a couple who were on their way to completing the Hundred and who had camped next to us the night before. We discovered they had been able to hear the Dan Brown read aloud from the tent over and had many questions about the status of Rachel Sexton. Bertie Botts was only too happy to talk conspiracy theories.

We made a relatively early dinner of fiesta rice, fried pep, and onion in a fried tortilla — our final time enjoying this beast of a meal. Skywalker, Bertie Botts, and Stix shared a poop in the moldering

privity to demonstrate the tautness of their bond. We fell asleep before dark; more clear skies marked our final night in the Hundred.

July 7th

Melatonin (n.) /mell-AH-tone-in/ a sleep aid, best enjoyed in the chewy cherry flavor; “Cap’m you got me on those good cherry melly jawns?” ‘OD?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘Yessuh.’” See also: placebo.

We woke to the comforting sound of a father berating his two young children, who seemingly had a vendetta against banana pudding-flavored oatmeal. Already smiling after such a joyous start, we ate Clif Bars for breakfast and set off into the sunny day, essentially the 7th one in a row.

After a quick 3.5 miles, we came to an inconspicuous sign marking the end of the NOBO 100-Mile Wilderness and beginning of the SOBO one. We took pictures with the signs and Bertie Botts proved far less destructive than the first time. The end of the Hundred bumped us out onto a flat dirt road that extended towards the infamous Abol Store, a site of much anticipation for the boys. We crossed Abol Bridge on the way over and caught a view of Katahdin that truly made us realize how close we were and how far we had come. If Mama K had looked like a puppy dog from the summit of Whitecap, it now was a growling, fully-grown German Shepard. The time was nearly upon us.

At the Abol Store, Jenkem and Wonderbread bought an assortment of snacks and drinks to celebrate the end of one of the major sections of the trip. We dined on soda, Gatorade, All-Dressed chips, bocolate bip bookies (bewy), Swedish Fish, and more soda. Additionally, we all received Honey Buns to carry with us to the top of Katahdin the next day, an idea courtesy of Boonk, whose alter-alter ego — Honey Bun (with the white frosting) — provided the inspiration for the treat.

We had a long day still ahead but with the sun shining and nothing to do but keep hiking, we took our time on the scenic and well-maintained Baxter State Park section of the Trail. After about 5 miles, we came to a set of natural waterslides —

the same ones we did while whitewater rafting with NEOC the previous year. We all jumped in and swam the rapids; the activity itself, combined with an air of accomplishment, made it one of the most memorable moments of the trip.

Lunch was PBJH on the rocks next to the natural water slides. Some tanned while others talked; some did a combination of the two. Not wanting to go but knowing we had to, we departed and walked another 2 miles to Big and Little Niagara Falls, where we looked out from scenic viewpoints over the massive water features. Taking a shortcut on the Highwater Trail helped us avoid 2 river fords, and soon enough we were in the final 2-mile stretch to the base of Katahdin and to our campsite, Katahdin Stream.

The final mile took deceptively long, but once we made it, we all congratulated one another on the accomplishment. From Pierce Pond that miserable first night to now, we had walked all the way to the base of the Northern Terminus of the Appalachian Trail.

We settled into our two Baxter-assigned campsites as the day entered its final stage. Dinner was 3-cheese tortellini with fried pep and smoked sausage purchased at Abol earlier in the day. Jenkem played some tunes and we hit the tents early ahead of a much earlier wake-up than we were used to. Sleep was fast and victorious.

July 8th

Wagyu (n.) /wah-GOO/ — A supposedly Japanese steak delivered in limited stock to the US each year but really just a Perky Jerky gimmick to lure in gullible consumers; “Mmmhmmm, oh yeah, mmmhmmmmmm yep. This Perky Jerky Wagyu with Salt & Pepper is sooooo good!”

Katahdin Day. Or, in the words of Katka (and other sages): “KAT-AH-DEEEEEEN!!!!” We woke at 4 AM just as the sky was beginning to lighten. We packed up camp and ate Builder’s Bars in near-silence so as not to disturb the other campers around us. While they stayed sleeping, we were about to do something much more exciting.

We were on the trail by 5:30 AM and

made good time through the first 1.5 miles of Katahdin's Hunt Trail, our path up and down the mountain. Soon, we started to gain elevation rapidly, and even though we were hiking mostly without packs (aside from the three brought to carry water, snacks, the Med Kit/forms, InReach, and camera,) the duration and scale of the uphill left us winded.

Just over an hour into our climb, we broke out of tree line to find a massive rock slide waiting for us. For the next 2 hours, we moved steadily past enormous boulders and metal handholds hammered into the rocks to aid in the most difficult parts of the hike. The sun mitigated some of the effects of the breeze and we made it to the Tablelands at 8:30 AM. The remaining 1.6 miles were much flatter than the last 3 or so had been, and we made good time to the top, beating out our pre-set turnaround time of 9:30 AM by 15 minutes.

We were the first hikers to the summit for the day, and it was relaxing to have the mountain seemingly to ourselves. We marveled at the views extending in all directions for what seemed like hundreds of miles; although we had enjoyed many epic sights on the way up, this was the best, not just for the quality of the view but also the work it took to reach this point. We deleted our Honey Buns with expert efficiency and took group and individual pictures with the Katahdin summit sign.

Shortly before beginning our descent, we met a thru-hiker finishing his 2,200-mile journey and his friend, who was completing his own 1,100-mile half-thru-hike. We swapped stories (mostly we just wanted to hear from them) and considered their feats with a fair degree of awe. It was an honor to take their pictures as they stood at the sign, overjoyed to have finally accomplished their long-awaited mission.

The way down went by in a blur. We sped down the Tablelands and rock slide, stopping only to curl over in laughter when an elderly hiker told Frostie to "Stop wearing out the trail, West Point." Boonk and Skywalker threw deuces and "Howdy!"s to passing hikers, but otherwise, there wasn't much

memorable about the descent besides taking pleasure in the warm glow of our own accomplishment.

We finished Katahdin at 12:30 PM and were thrilled to see the welcoming face of Tripping Director Garrett Phillips waiting for us at the bottom. We loaded into Garrett's van and chowed on the Dunkin Donuts, Gatorade, and care package candy he brought us. We drove an hour to McDonald's in Millinocket, where the boys narrowly avoid a Fish Filet fate, instead getting to munch on Big Macs and McNuggets by the good graces of their doting counselors.

It was a long, 4-hour drive down to our campsite at Round Barn in the Bigelows Range. We talked NBA news with Garrett (Kawhi and Paul George to the Clippers?!) and listened to some of our favorite songs — "Stop Snitchin'" and "Beautiful Girls," to name a couple. Riding in the van was a strange but gratifying experience after 19 days in the woods, and even though it was slightly disheartening to drive south past everything we had just hiked, it was also rewarding to consider just how far we had come by the power of our bodies alone.

We obtained new food and gear at Round Barn for our third and final resupply, then said farewell to Garrett, but not before recording the second installment of our "Survival Diaries: Mosquito Plague" video series to be shown to camp at breakfast the next day.

Our campsite at Round Barn was beautiful — situated on a clean lake with warm water and perfectly positioned to maximize the breeze off the water and keep the bugs away. Even though Ham Sall cut his foot, we had a fine afternoon. We made bacon cheeseburgers with peppers, fried onion strings, and avocado smear on a toasted English muffin bun for dinner.

Hawkeye's fire catalyzed an evening of s'mores and we roasted mallows while peacefully watching the colorful sunset over the lake. Our time at the summit of Katahdin earlier in the day was certainly a highlight of the trip, but this moment was a perfect way to wind down after such a feat. As darkness spread across the water and to land, we collapsed

happily onto sleeping pads (of various states of inflation) and fell asleep almost instantly.

July 9th

Poop Kit (n.) /poop-KIT/ — the most-requested item of the trip and a good friend of Frostie's; "'I'm gonna need the poop kit, JC Graham.' 'Seriously? This is the third time today.'"

Leg 3 complete, we began our 4th and final leg of the trip. The day officially got underway with a filling (but greasy) BEC breakfast on English muffins. We slept in and were in no rush to leave the awesome campsite, so it was close to 10 AM before we actually hit the trail. Despite the late start, we were pumped up thanks to Stix's instant-classic pump-up speech, which concluded with an all-cabin cheer of "HAM SALL KUT FOOT!"

First on the docket was connecting to the AT itself from our starting point, so after a brief bit of confusion over locating the correct trailhead, we started off on the blue-blazed Safford Brook Trail. Many would tell you it is perhaps the hardest 2.2-mile stretch of the trip given its timing and proximity to our hike of Katahdin, and this was certainly the case. When we finally reached Safford Notch, the intersection of the side trail and the AT, it was a major relief and we needed an extra-long packs-off break to refuel. The hardest part of our day was behind us, however, and we took the next stretch at a much slower pace. At one point, we sat on the side of the trail for over an hour discussing Ham Sall Fit Checks and defending the wilderness from the toxic cap of Hawkeye, who refused to admit to his deception and deceit even after Wonderbread exposed his story's inconsistencies.

Finally, we reached the peak of Little Bigelow Mountain and ate PBJH lunch while checking out a sweet view of the Bigelows Range, including "Big" Bigelow Mountain to the south and Sugarloaf to the northeast. It was a flat and easy skirt across the top of Little Bigelow before the descent began. The steep downhill wore on our embattled knees (especially for poor Cap'm), but we fortunately did not have to make it all the way down on this day. Instead, we stopped at Little Bigelow

Lean-To and made camp for the night.

Some swam in the campsite's "tubs," which were Emerald Pool-like in a Logan Brook-like way, while others lounged about and basked in the warm weather. Of note here is the exceptional number of sunny days we had in a row during the latter half of the trip; even though the bugs were bad and the afternoons scorching, we still appreciated the consistent companionship of the sun.

Dinner was CBRs with veggies on toasted hoagie rolls. Stix showed off his photography skills, beautifully capturing a wild Ham Sall in his element. We ate carrots and hung out in hammocks as dusk fell. Appetites assuaged and bodies ready for rest, we clambered into the familiar embrace of our tents and sleeping bags for our second-to-last night of the trip.

July 10th

Wi-BBQ (n.) /wuh-BAR-BEE-kyu/ — name given to the annual Ham Sall Family Pig Roast; "What should we put on the t-shirts this year? Oh I know! Wi-BBQ! Nothing wrong or euphemistic about that!" See also: alternatives, allusions, snitchin'.

Breakfast was granola and powdered milk and we were out of camp by 9 AM. We finished the descent of Little Bigelow and walked along a dirt road for 100 yards until the trail reappeared on the opposite side. We had 7 miles of hiking and two small hills/mountains to climb on the day and we moved steadily through the first one, an unnamed ridge. We took a break at the bottom of the ridge and Stix once again demonstrated his photography skills; this time his subject was Hawkeye. Frostie told us all about his annual BBQ and we consumed oranges and super fruit.

The second uphill of the day was Round Top Mountain. We battled through a short-but-steep first section of the mountain before settling into a steady uphill to the top. The AT runs along the side of Round Top's summit, so we didn't have a true view at the top, but it hardly mattered as we were more focused on finishing our last full day.

We reached camp, West Carry Pond Lean-To, at 1 PM. Thus began a slew

of “lasts” for the trip — last InReach message, last tents set up, last sitting in Jenkem’s hammock against his will, etc. Lunch was also our last PBJH, to which some were happy to say goodbye.

The rest of the afternoon was spent napping and swimming in West Carry Pond. Wonderbread reluctantly gave up control of the dinner sticks and allowed Jenkem to take the lead on the final dinner — shells with fried pep and broccoli with alfredo. Cap’m tested his trip cooking know-how by hiding the Worchester sauce and seeing if it was asked for; unfortunately for Jenkem, he did not pass the test. Still, it was a lip-smacking dinner that had us all running like faucets to thank Jenkem for his creation. Also wise was the decision to set aside a non-alfredo portion for Mr. JC; we remembered what happened at Rainbow Stream all too well.

The sun set on our final day of trip. When it was nearly dark, we all piled into Cap’m and Bertie Botts’s tent to do some reflecting on what we had done and what we had to look forward to upon our return to camp. It was a relatively peaceful end to the day and one that led naturally to sleep once we finally called it a day and went back to our respective tents. The woods were dark and quiet.

July 11th

To the sun set (ph.) /to-thuh-ryte/ — a protective measure used by vigilant hikers on the trail; “‘Snitch Wi-BBQ, B—’ ‘Whoa whoa whoa whoa, okay okay okay okay, to the right, my guy.’” See also: That’s your trip.

The end was nigh! For once, we struggled to sleep in, our minds racing with anticipation like it was Christmas

morning. We exited tents at 7 AM and had a fast breakfast of Builder’s Bars and Pop-Tarts. Then we were off.

The first 3 miles of the hike were normal in terms of our conversation and trail demeanor. The terrain was flat and we cruised over it as though our bags were filled only with air. About 1.5 hours into the day, we came to a pleasant-looking sand beach on a small pond and took a relaxing break, letting the soft breeze wash over our bodies.

For the next 30 minutes, we hiked in silence, giving each other some room to reflect on the trip and perhaps begin the mental preparation of re-entry into camp. When the half hour had passed, we could feel how close we were. Not 15 minutes later, we heard the rumbling of trucks on the dirt road where we had been dropped off by Sally 21 days prior. We came around a corner and...boom! We could see the signature white van with the attached trailer rolling towards us from the right side. All sense of composure went out the window and we screeched in celebration and ran to the road.

Sally was our driver once again and we greeted her enthusiastically before loading our packs into the trailer. We took one last look at the road, struggling to appreciate and/or believe that we had actually started the journey here and were now ending it in the same place.

We played music and shared stories with Sally for most of the 3-hour ride back to camp. For lunch, we stopped at the Kieve staple Big G’s and finished off what was left of our pouch money. While we were eating in an outdoor picnic area, we were stunned when a helicopter approached the large grass



field and landed in it not 30 feet from where we were stuffing ourselves. We watched with mouths agape as a man (potentially a celebrity) exited the copter, walked inside Big G's, and returned a few minutes later with sandwich in hand. "I like your helicopter," shouted Bertie Botts. "Me too," the man of mystery responded. He hopped back in and took off while eating his sandwich; it was a display of badassery none of us had seen or expected.

And then we were back. We rolled into camp just before 2 PM and made ourselves busy cleaning up from the trip. At dinner we performed our entrance, which had all of camp in stitches, especially Jenkem's appearance as the Kat-ah-deen shaman. From there it was Small Campfires, where Wonderbread managed to stay unexposed and Jenkem said he liked watching the boys sweem. Despite a bit of rain, we had a blast watching the traditional Thursday night fireworks show with our sisters at Wavus. The K-W Maine Trails viewing party featured a Shake-N-Pop breakout dance and Hawkeye made runs back and forth from the kitchen. Day 22 wrapped up with a Maine Trails pizza party in the Buck packing room where we ate pizza, wings, mozzarella sticks, and soda.

In the course of the day, we had been all over the place, going from West Carry Pond to Big G's to Kieve. Now, as the day reached its conclusion, we could finally say it: We did Maine Trails.

Graham/JC/Jenkem, Cobey/Goofy/Hawkeye, Fergie/Stix, Sam/Ham/Frostie, Graycen/Bertie Botts, Colin/Skywalker, Brooks/Boonk/Honey Bun WITH the White Frosting, Sully/Cap'm — we did that! Thanks to all for the trip of a lifetime.

Will Kaback, HBC
Graham Nielson, Counselor

Maine Trails II Appalachian Trail June 20th – Pleasant Pond

North was the direction for our Maine Odyssey and we started our trip with very northern weather, cold rain and heavy fog. The drive north to Caratunk was filled with excitement and nervousness.

We were dropped off on the north side of the Kennebec River and started hiking towards the Pleasant Pond Lean-To. The rain seemed to increase with each step we took and soon we were soaked to the bone and ready to make camp.

After 6 wet miles we made camp near the shores of Pleasant Pond. After a quick dinner of hamburgers we all settled into tents for an early night trying to escape the rain and warm up. The rain continued all night but we were warm and dry.

June 21st - Bald Mountain Brook

The rain had stopped when we woke up, but the weather was still grey and foggy as we broke camp. We had our first mountain today, Pleasant Pond Mountain. As we climbed, we hoped that the weather would clear so that we could have good views from the top but our hopes were dashed when we emerged on a foggy summit. Just as we were convincing ourselves to continue without a view, we came upon a lookout point right when the clouds were parting. Our hopes were answered and we had a window frame view into the green valley below. Smiles were wide as we continued down the ridge.

The summer solstice usually is celebrated with long hours of summer sun and although the start of the day was cold and grey, the last half of the day was wonderfully sunny and dry. As we made camp next to Bald Mountain Brook, the sun came out and we spent the evening drying out, eating quesadillas, and washing up in the brook. We had an early night as we planned on an alpine start for Moxie Bald Mountain.

June 22nd - Moxie Bald Pond

We woke up at the cold hour of 3 A.M. to start our sunrise hike of Moxie Bald Mountain. The stars were bright as we struggled up the 2-mile ascent of the mountain. We hiked fast and hard and made it to the top just as the sun was beginning to rise. Moxie Bald Mountain has amazing 360° views and we were all in awe as we watched the world wake up. James led us in some yoga and Kieran finished it off with some meditation. The happiness was tangible as we shared this unique experience.

We took our time on top and found

a spot out of the wind where we had oatmeal and coffee before heading down the other side. It was just a 2-mile descent to Moxie Bald Pond where we swam and washed our clothes and had a relaxing day reading, napping, and playing cards.

June 23rd - Lake Hebron

The Maine Trails I cabin met us for breakfast this morning after just summiting Moxie Bald as they were a day behind us. It was fun to see them and share our experiences of the Appalachian Trail so far. We had a long day but had fun talking and thinking as we walked. We hiked through Horseshoe Canyon along the shores of a small stream and then through dense forest to Lake Hebron where we made camp and enjoyed sitting by the lake and talking as the sun went down. It was our longest mileage day but everyone did well and we slept well because of the effort.

June 24th - Northeast Whitewater

Today was our first resupply day and everyone was excited to get treats and mail. We hiked 4 miles from Lake Hebron to a road outside of Monson where we met our van who drove us to Northeast Whitewater. We got all our fresh food and treats and mail and then settled in to our luxurious yurts for a relaxing day.

We had showers and then had fun playing volleyball against the other groups at the campsite. After a delicious river dinner of rice, chicken, veggies and brownies for dessert, we headed out on our evening moose safari. We didn't see any moose but enjoyed the change of pace that paddling brought and we had fun talking to our guide.

June 25th - Leeman Brook

We started the famous 100-mile wilderness today, the longest uninhabited section the Appalachian Trail and famous for its bugs and big peaks. We had a short 3-mile hike to the Leeman Brook Lean-To, on the edge of a steep ravine. Packs were heavy as it was the start of our longest leg without a resupply. We had a relaxing afternoon reading and preparing for the next long stretch of hiking.

June 26th - Wilson Valley

A very long and wet day. It had rained the night before, so the roots and rocks

were slippery as we trudged higher up to the Barren-Chairback Mountain range. We hiked through a lot of mud and streams, so boots were wet by the time we crossed the railroad tracks close to our lean-to at the base of Barren Mountain. We had an awesome dinner of chicken burritos and then played the card game presidents into the night.

June 27th - Cloud Pond

Today was an epic climb up to the top of Barren Mountain. It was a hard climb with really steep terrain and sharp rocks. We had fun taking pictures near the barren rockslides and then summited Barren Mountain and climbed an old fire tower to get 360° views of lush green mountains as far as the eye could see.

We stayed up high at a place called Cloud Pond, in between Barren Mountain and Chairback Gap. It was cool to watch the fog come in to this high alpine pond. We had a great pizza dinner and talked to some thru-hikers headed south. Unfortunately, the campsite was a bit crowded, so we didn't get the best spot but luckily, we were dry when a big thunderstorm hit later that night.

June 28th - Chairback Gap

We were all enjoying staying high up in the mountains. The air was fresh and cool, and the bugs weren't as bad. Today we summited three peaks in a row with views of green forests all around. It made us feel grateful for trees and the good they do for our world. Standing on top of a mountain peak makes one feel tall and small at the same time. We can see far but also, we can see how big the world is. We made camp a little lower down the mountain range and had great mac'n'cheese with veggies for dinner.

June 29th - Carl Newhall Lean-to

Today we hiked out of the Barren-Chairback range and down across the valley floor and then up through Gulf Hagas, known as the Grand Canyon of Maine. It was a warm and humid day with lots of bugs, but we all pushed on and covered lots of ground. There was a lot of slipping and falling on rocks and roots but we were happy to make camp. The highlight of the day was the M&M pancakes for dinner to celebrate a long hard day.



June 30th - East Branch Pleasant River

A storm had moved in overnight and we had a slow morning with oatmeal eaten in the lean-to out of the rain. The fog and rain were thick as we climbed up to Whitecap Mountain, our tallest peak so far. We were disappointed because of the poor weather as we couldn't see the views of Katahdin that Whitecap shows, but we all agreed that it was a unique experience to hike in the fog. It gave the trail an eerie feeling.

On the trail we learned quickly how dependent we were on the weather. It is a good experience to realize we aren't dependent on modern comforts and can survive despite the elements. On the trail small things become big things. Things like the weather, our food, each step we take, or even where we sleep.

It was a good day to learn from adversity and luckily as we dropped out of the Whitecap range the weather cleared and we made camp in the sun near the East Branch of the Pleasant River.

July 1st - Cooper Brook Falls

The weather and terrain were easy and smooth today and we made great time on the trail. It was flat and wide, and the only annoyance was thick swarms of mosquitoes, a constant companion on the trail but just part of the North Maine woods experience. We got into camp early and had a great time playing and swimming in Cooper Brook Falls and then a relaxing afternoon reading and talking. The boys cooked dinner and made a great veggie pasta.

July 2nd - Antlers Campsite

Our second resupply took place today on Jo-Mary Road, a small road a little less than halfway through the 100-mile wilderness. We were all happy to get fresh food and mail and then we cruised the remaining miles to Antlers campsite on a peninsula out into Jo-Mary Lake. After being attacked by bugs previously, this campsite was like paradise with open tent sites and a nice breeze. We all swam in the lake and then relaxed until we had a nice campfire to round out a great day.

July 3rd - Nahmankata Lake

Another long but very flat day. We crushed the miles and were rewarded

with another beautiful campsite on the shores of Nahmankata Lake where we swam again and watched the sunset behind Nesuntabunt Mountain. We saw lots of snakes basking in the warm sun and some fish in the clear lake. We all were enjoying the warm weather and felt grateful to be out in the wilderness.

July 4th - Rainbow Spring Lean-to

A wonderful Independence Day. We all agreed that climbing mountains and enjoying the wild was a great way to celebrate our country. We talked about the reasons we were grateful for America and felt blessed to enjoy the natural beauty of Maine.

We hiked along the shores of Nahmankata Lake then a hard and steep climb up Nesuntabunt Mountain. We were rewarded with our first good view of Mount Katahdin, a great granite giant off in the distance. We were all happy to eat lunch looking north towards Katahdin and although our lunch was the same peanut butter and tortilla, it tasted different with such a great view.

We had some long miles that afternoon but a beautiful climb alongside Rainbow Stream which has unique pink granite lining the riverbed.

July 5th - Hurd Brook

A very hot day today as we climbed up to Rainbow Ledges with great views of Katahdin. Unfortunately, we were too early for all the blueberries that grow on the ledge, but we enjoyed the hike anyways. We made camp at Hurd Brook, close to the end of the 100-mile wilderness, but the bugs were so bad that we spent the evening playing cards in the tent. As it was our last night in the 100-mile, we decided that whoever won the card game presidents would be the President of the 100-mile and Cameron had that honor.

July 6th - Katahdin Steam

Today we finished the 100-mile wilderness. Everyone felt a huge sense of accomplishment as we walked out onto the Golden Road and enjoyed cold drinks from the Abol Bridge store. The 100-mile was not easy for any of us. Lots of hard peaks to climb, long miles, terrible bugs, but all worth it. We learned a lot and grew close spending so much time in the

deep wilderness.

It was cool to look over the West Branch of the Penobscot river and reminisce about the Long Voyage trip from last year and to reflect on all of the Kieve trips we have done. As we entered Baxter State Park, everyone was thinking about how close we were to finishing and all were excited to climb Katahdin. We took a break where the Nesawdnehunk Stream runs into the West Branch and had fun on the natural rock slide.

After sending it dozens of times and getting sufficiently sore from the rocks, we continued up the Nesawdnehunk Stream up to Big Niagra Falls where we had lunch and watched a thunderstorm roll in. We wanted to swim near the falls, but the skies opened up right after lunch and we got positively soaked as we hiked through ankle deep puddles and mud. Some of us were foolish enough to hike without a shirt and as the rain stopped the mosquitos came out in force, attacking us relentlessly. But luckily, we had a short hike to our campsite at Katahdin Stream, at the base of the mountain. We found a lean-to and dried out as the weather cleared for a beautiful clear evening. We feasted on pancakes and played another game of presidents.

July 7th - Round Barn

An epic day and a big symbol of this trip. We woke up and cleaned up camp and left our packs at the ranger station and started our 5-mile ascent of Mount Katahdin, the tallest mountain in Maine and the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail. While we hadn't hiked from Springer Mountain in Georgia as some other thru-hikers, we still felt a special excitement as we neared the symbolic end of our trip.



We hiked up past Katahdin Stream, a crystal-clear ice-melt stream with beautiful waterfalls. We cleared the tree line and then the real climb began up steep big boulders. We all felt like we were in an action movie as we climbed and enjoyed the view behind us. Then we crossed the tableland, a flat section along the ridge leading up to the final summit. We made it on top to breathtaking views all around and had fun taking pictures and enjoying our Snickers bars.

Then we made our way down to our van and had a long drive down to Round Barn Campsite on the shore of Flagstaff Lake at the base of the Bigelow Range.

July 8th - Little Bigelow Lean-to

We had a late start this morning as we were all tired from Katahdin. But we had our favorite breakfast of oatmeal and fresh fruit from the resupply. Then we hiked a steep 2-mile trail up to the notch between Avery Peak and Little Bigelow Mountain. We hiked the remaining 2 miles in bright sun up to the top of Little Bigelow Mountain where we enjoyed lunch with a view of Sugarloaf Mountain, Avery Peak, and Flagstaff Lake below. We continued down the ridge a little way to the Little Bigelow Lean-To and had another relaxing afternoon of reading and playing games.

July 9th - West Carry Pond Lean-to

Another great day through lowland deciduous forest. We hiked quietly today and everyone had time to think as the trip was coming to an end. We passed a couple of beautiful lakes and as we neared the shores of West Carry Pond, we saw a young moose near the trail. We had a very early finish today so lots of time to read and play cards. We played cards with a thru-hiker and spent the afternoon resting and swimming in the pond.

July 10th - Pierce Pond Lean-to

Our last full day on the AT. We did 10 miles today, but they seemed to fly by as we all have been hiking for so many days. We all had a great swim in the pond and had one last final game of presidents to decide the President of the Appalachian Trail. That honor went to me, Lars Larson, and the honor of Vice President went to Benny Adler. We all had trouble falling asleep as we were so

excited to be finishing our long odyssey on the trail.

July 11th - Caratunk

We all woke up early, anxious to finish. We quickly hiked the 4 miles to the shore of the Kennebec River where we were ferried across in a canoe. 22 days and 180 miles later we walked right back to where we started in the little town of Caratunk, Maine.

We had heard that there was a place to get milkshakes but we walked past the store and walked a mile down the road to an inn that didn't have milkshakes, just Ben & Jerry's and boiled eggs. But the man there was kind enough to drive us back to the correct spot, the one we had walked past, and we all enjoyed our milkshakes waiting for our driver.

We headed back to Kieve with a traditional lunch stop at Big G's. Everyone was tired but happy to have had such a wonderful and fulfilling trip.

Lars Larson, HBC

Mike Hornung, Counselor

Maine Trails III

Appalachian Trail

June 20th – Jo-Mary Road to Antlers

We woke up this morning at 6:30, eager for equal parts shaking and popping, but were tasked with first placing all of our gear into the "what" door and cleaning Buck. We ate bagels in Pasquaney, our last meal in the front country, before departing. Our drive was uneventful, stopping at Walmart for broccoli, beets, bottled water, and composition notebooks.

We successfully found Jo-Mary Road on only our second try, and after checking in, we quickly found ourselves at the trailhead. The morning's rain had become the afternoon's, and we hid from the bugs as we ate cold cuts in the van. The process of packing group gear into packs was uneventful and slow. When we finished, we hit the trail, hoping to outpace the rainstorms and mosquito clouds. We could not.

Around 5 PM we arrived at Antlers and set up our tents on the peninsula. We cooked chicken, rice and veggie burrito bowls for dinner, and then quickly retreated to our tents, for the afternoon's

rain had lazily become the evening's.

God damn mosquitoes

Boy can Kaback Shake and Pop

Show me the toilet

Leader of the Day: Hayden McKee

June 21st – Antlers to Nahmakanta Lake

We woke at 6 and packed up slowly for our first day out. We ate granola and powdered milk, affectionately known as cow pow, for breakfast. It was adored by some and detested by others.

We left around 8 and hiked two miles before stopping for a break. It was slow going since we all had very heavy packs, and untrained legs.

After the break we encountered our first incline, which we managed without too much difficulty. The next 4 miles were uneventful other than a few small fords through streams. We had chicken wraps with lettuce for lunch and arrived at camp at 3.

In camp we set up tents and relaxed our tired feet before eating pizza for dinner. After dinner we watched a beautiful sunset over the mountains beyond Nahmakanta Lake. Thoroughly exhausted, we went to bed after a Moon Moon session in which I selected Andrew DeLuca as tomorrow's LOD.

Up our first mountain

Through our first stream with wet feet
Finally to camp

LOD: Billy Kitchel

June 22nd – Nahmakanta Lake to Rainbow Stream

Lazily, we awoke at 6. After eating oatmeal for breakfast, we departed at 8. We took a long and enjoyable break at a Gravel Beach on the other side of the lake, about 2 miles into the day.

Upon departing we mentally prepared for Nesuntabunt Mountain. It would be our first true test. Each step up felt more than the last as the mountain rose steeply above us. At the summit, the view was worth the struggle. The viewpoint overlooked a beautiful expanse of dense forests dotted with calm ponds. Towering over the immense wilderness stood Katahdin. It was humbling to be able to see the beautiful mountain, and the terrain approaching it, all of which we would cover in the coming days.

After descending the mountain, we

stopped for lunch on a rock clearing on Crescent Pond, where we recovered the missing ranch packets in Billy Marin's pack, earning him the trail name Cool Ranch Man. The pond was full of leeches, but fortunately we were still able to fill our bottles.

After lunch we soon took another short break to see Pollwog Gorge, which was beautiful. We covered 4 more miles along Rainbow Stream before arriving at camp for the day. We were able to swim in a small pool in the stream, which was refreshing, before eating quesadillas for dinner, and retiring for the night.

Oatmeal for breakfast

Nesuntabunt was brutal

My shoulders are sore

LOD: Andrew DeLuca

June 23rd - Rainbow Stream to Hurd Brook

We woke at 6:15 with ambitious plans to depart at 7. Instead we slept in and had cow pow. We ended up leaving around 8:30, only to cross a river immediately, which required a stop on both sides to change into our camp shoes and back into boots.

We hiked fast today, averaging around 20-minute miles for the first 4. We were all proud of our pacing considering the weight of our packs, and the hopscotch-like maneuvering our feet perform over rocks and roots.

After a short break we continued another 3.5 miles to an unnamed campsite on Rainbow Lake before taking on Rainbow Ledges. We ate carrots there for a quick snack. The wind caused the lake to swell like the ocean and knocked carrots out of our hands and into the lake. Eddie unsuccessfully dove to rescue them, while the rest of us got our Tanning Tiger qual on the rocks.

We then pushed 2 miles up Rainbow Ledges, an easy and gradual climb, to be rewarded by another incredible view of Katahdin. We ate tuna wraps for lunch while enjoying the view.

We descended the mountain to arrive at Hurd Brook where we chilled in our tents and filled up water before eating alfredo pasta with veggies for dinner and going to bed.

Fast along the Trail

Talk for long then carrot dive

Packs don't break our backs

LOD: Frazier Dougherty

June 24th – Hurd Brook to Katahdin Stream

We got to sleep in today; we didn't wake up until 6:45. We broke camp in under an hour thanks to a quick breakfast of oatmeal. We cruised for our first four miles, getting to Abol Store around 9:30. At the store, we feasted on chips and soda before continuing.

We hiked for 3 more miles, before reaching the natural waterslide Reid had so passionately described. We all slid down, and then laid on the sunny rocks for a while, drying off and soaking in the sun.

We walked for 3 more miles before we got to Big Niagara Falls. We jumped from a tall rock, and swam in the falls, then rested on the rocks again for over an hour.

Once we were ready to go, we had a quick lunch of pep and cheese, and loaded up our packs. An hour and a half later we arrived at Katahdin Stream, where we would camp for the night.

We ate Spank for dinner which is a combination of powdered mashed potatoes and tuna. We went to sleep feeling a mix of anxiety and anticipation in our guts for the day ahead.

Above the water

My feet, hanging in the air

Suddenly, a splash!

LOD: Billy Marin

June 25th – Katahdin Stream to Round Barn

The saga continues. We awoke at 4 AM to bitter cold which kept us bundled in our sleeping bags. When we finally emerged, we broke camp, ate oatmeal for breakfast, and by 5:30 we were headed north on the Hunt Trail, the final stretch of the entire Appalachian Trail, Baxter Peak bound.

The first mile to the Katahdin Stream crossing was a breeze, but from there the trail gets much more difficult. The next mile or so was steep uphill with a few rock scrambles before hitting tree line. The next stretch of trail is a super technical boulder field known as the Gateway. Climbing between, over, and

around the boulders was exhilarating, and at times terrifying.

Above the Gateway lies the Tablelands, a part of the mountain where the trail flattens out, and the flora changes to lichen and fragile grasses. We hiked through the Tablelands to the peak and took in the views peacefully. After some snacks and photos, we began our descent. The descent was tough on the knees, but we were able to complete it in about 2 hours.

Andrew Robinson was waiting for us there for our transfer to Round Barn, and resupply. After loading our packs into the box trailer, we headed to McDonald's in Millinocket for lunch. After lunch we stopped at several locations looking for a new sleeping pad for Nick, before deciding on a model we dubbed the Ice Cream Dream. The drive down to Round Barn was about 2 more hours after the last stop during which we missed a turn, had to turn the van around, and subsequently got stuck in some wet sand. The boys all got out of the van to help push it out, and we were on our way in no time.

We finally arrived at Round Barn around 7:45 PM, and it was raining. We frantically set up the tarp and did the resupply in about an hour and said goodbye to Andrew Robinson. It was too late to cook our planned dinner, so we ate brownies made for us by Lauren in our tents.

Katahdin is big
I mean like, really damn big.
And theres lots of rocks.
Alternatively:
Duo of Andrews.
The resupply brings a third.
Trio of Andrews.

LOD: Hayden McKee

June 26th – Round Barn to Little Bigelow

We woke at 8 AM to sad news that Andrew DeLuca would have to be evacuated due to an infected pimple on his back (earning him the trail name El Pimp), which was discovered the night before. Fortunately, Andrew Robinson was still nearby last night when he got the news, so he came back last night, slept in the van, and by 10 AM was driving away with Andrew DeLuca.

The melancholy mood that resulted slowed down our packing process, and we didn't get on the trail until 12:30 PM or so. We began the 7-mile day with a treacherously steep ascent of the Safford Brook Trail to get back to the AT, which was about 2 miles. We only took a few breaks, however, which got us to the intersection quickly.

After another hour and a half of hiking we finally reached the summit of Little Bigelow. The view was beautiful, despite the clouds that filled the sky. We ate chicken wraps for lunch on a rock clearing and began the descent.

When we reached the campsite, we were surprised by Andrew DeLuca and Robinson, who had hiked in a mile and a half from a road. Though we had gained one DeLuca, we lost the other. Zander had missed the turn for the lean-to and kept hiking north. He made it all the way to the road where the Kieve van was parked. Puzzled, he waited.

When Andrew Robinson made it back to the van, he found Zander waiting there, and told him to turn around. He arrived at the campsite unharmed, but emotionally shaken by getting lost, and then seeing his brother again. After an eventful day we took a collective breath, ate dinner, and went to sleep.

Late start to the day
What's the name of the steep climb?
Little foggy climb

LOD: Andrew Naber

June 27th – Little Bigelow to West Carry Pond

We woke up at 8:30 today which felt really nice compared to the earlier wake-ups. We had cow pow for breakfast but as soon as it had been eaten, Naber found a hole in the granola bag. Whether from a human, rodent, or something else, we may never know. After a fierce debate about what caused the hole, we departed for our 7.5-mile day.

We all expected an easy day, but that was not the case for many of us. We encountered a mini ridge by Flagstaff Lake that looked much easier on the map than it was in real life. But that's beside the point... we pushed up and down this "hill" and had PB&J at Long Falls Dam Road. We were entertained by truck

drivers flying by at 80+ mph and blasting their horns at us.

We finished up lunch and made our way up Roundtop Mountain, which was surprisingly easier than the one earlier in the day despite it being taller. From the summit, we made our way downhill to West Carry Pond.

We set up camp, filled up water, and relaxed for the rest of the afternoon/evening. Naber and Zander cooked controversial pizzas for dinner, but mine was delicious. After dinner we played a few funny games of mafia and slowly retreated to our tents for bed.

Mice in the Cow Pow

Truck drivers honking their horns

More sauce on the pie

LOD: Nick Marshall

June 28th – West Carry Pond to Pierce Pond

We woke up at 8 o'clock today, to a breakfast of oatmeal and packed up camp. We departed our campsite at a swift 10 AM.

After about a mile and a half of hiking we encountered a wall of mosquitoes, which followed us all the way through Arnold Swamp. After we passed the swamp though they finally began to thin out.

After hiking through a stretch of very rough terrain, we arrived at a sand beach where we decided to take a 15-minute break. This break ended up quadrupling the anticipated time during which Nick led trivia with the rest of his resupply goodies as prizes.

The next stretch of hiking featured conversation about our favorite meals, before we arrived at the Main Logging Road for lunch. After lunch we hiked for a couple of hours without any extended break, which took us all the way to Pierce Pond. It is a nice campsite but lacks good tent sites. Nevertheless, we made do.

Before eating dinner, we encountered a friendly snake which we named Kevin. Unfortunately, Kevin did not take a liking to us, and quickly slithered under his rock, never to emerge again. We enjoyed pasta with alfredo sauce and broccoli for dinner, did Moon Moon, and played cards before drifting off to our tents.

Cow Pow is so bad

But Oatmeal is so much worse

Breakfast is the worst

LOD: Zander DeLuca

June 29th – Pierce Pond to Pleasant Pond

We woke up at 6 with a long day ahead. We ate cow pow for breakfast, and Nick spilled his on the ground. We didn't get out of camp until 7:50 AM, but it was 3.7 miles of downhill to start the day, so we were able to make up the lost time by taking very few breaks.

We made it to the ferry at 9:30, and crossed the Kennebec in about 45 minutes, going two at a time in the canoe. 0.3 miles after the ferry, we took a break in a small parking lot and played Mafia while we waited for Hayden to return from Caratunk with toilet paper. When he came back, he surprised us with milkshakes and chips, which was awesome. After the feast we hit the trail again.

The rest of the day was uphill, but very gradual. We cruised on the first 3 miles, then stopped for a water break. After that we only took one more break before pushing all the way to Pleasant Pond. During the last bit of hiking for the day it began to rain, which continued when we arrived, so we set up our tents quickly and enjoyed tuna wraps for lunch.

After the rain dissipated many of us migrated to the dock on the pond to play mafia and cards. The water was super clear, and there were many other people on the pond kayaking and enjoying the day. Later we ate pepperoni quesadillas for dinner, then went back to our tents before the rain started up again.

The trail is very wet

Naber fell in the water

Campsite is quite tight

LOD: Myles Anderson

June 30th – Pleasant Pond to Bald Mountain Brook

We woke up at 7 this morning and had oatmeal for breakfast. It took a while for the water to heat up because someone knocked over the water accidentally, but we finally got going.

When we started hiking, we immediately began climbing Pleasant Mountain. It was super steep, but the uphill portion was only a mile long.



Unfortunately, we were deep in fog, so there was no view, but it was cool in its own way. The descent was a much longer, slipperier 5 miles.

When we arrived at Moxie Pond Road, we stopped to eat PB and J for lunch. An unnamed culprit however, consumed large quantities of jelly at the previous PB and J meal, so we only had peanut butter and honey. The next 3 miles were quick, and we arrived at Bald Mountain Brook around 4.

Before dinner, everyone napped or played Kemps. During our dinner of pasta alfredo, we enjoyed a few games of Mafia. We went to bed early after deciding to get up early tomorrow to sunrise Moxie Bald.

Halfway there today

Early morning tomorrow

This is a long walk

LOD: Billy Kitchel

July 1st – Bald Mountain Brook to Moxie Bald

We woke up at 1:15 AM to clear skies, with hopes of seeing a beautiful sunrise on top of Moxie Bald. It was pitch black, so we all donned our headlamps. We broke camp quickly, then consumed Pop-Tarts and Nutri-grain Bars for fuel, and left camp at 2:30 AM. It was an easier 2 miles than expected, but it was dark and wet.

We arrived at the summit at 4 AM, and the sun was set to rise at 4:52. The summit, however, was fogged in, windy and cold, so we all got in our sleeping bags to wait for the fog to clear. Unfortunately, it never did, but the hike was still cool. We climbed down the mountain and got into camp by 6:30 AM.

As soon as the people who were still camped there from the previous night left, we set up our tents and went back to bed. We awoke for tuna wraps for lunch around noon. The afternoon was pretty uneventful, some people played kemps, read their books, and chilled on the rocks. We ate pizza for dinner before retiring to our tents early to get some rest for the 14-mile day tomorrow.

Only four miles

We have fourteen tomorrow

Four-mile day next

LOD: Zander DeLuca

July 2nd – Moxie Bald to Lake Hebron

We woke up at 4 AM to a moose right outside our tent. It was so early that I didn't even register the event until I was packing up my tent later that morning and talking to Eddie who was the only person to actually see the moose.

We had a 14.6-mile day ahead of us, longest of the trip. We were excited because we would be arriving at our last campsite of this leg and doing our resupply tomorrow. It took us a bit longer than usual to get out of camp that morning, but we were on the trail around 8:30.

We had a few river crossings that day, but other than it was a pretty flat and straight forward 14 miles. The group crushed the day, we were able to get 9 miles done by 1 PM, which gave us an hour for lunch.

After lunch, we had one final river ford and 5 additional miles before reaching our campsite on Lake Hebron. We got in right on schedule and were able to take a short trip to Monson.

Five campers accompanied Hayden on the 2.5 mile walk into Monson to get some snacks for the group. The snacks and bevs were a celebration of the end of Leg 2, and we went to sleep in anticipation of news about the NBA offseason at our resupply the next day.

Big Fourteen today

Packs were light, we were cruisin'

Snacks to celebrate

LOD: Andrew DeLuca

July 3rd – Lake Hebron to Northeast Whitewater

We woke up at 7 to a slow start, not getting out until 8:30 to begin the short 4-mile day. The hike was fairly easy and was broken into sections: the first 0.7 miles to a side trail to Monson, the next 1.1 miles to the top of a small hill, 1.2 miles down the hill, and the final 1.5 to Route 15 in Monson. It took us about 2 hours total to reach the highway, where we waited in a parking lot for Andrew Robinson.

When he arrived, we loaded our packs into the box trailer, and headed to Northeast Whitewater. From there, we unloaded the box trailer, finished the resupply, and said goodbye to Andrew.

After showering we had dinner cooked for us: steak and chicken with rice, which immediately preceded our moose safari. We didn't see any moose, but the highlight was certainly when Nick, Billy K, and Zander flipped their boat in still, ankle deep water.

On the drive back we ate brownies, played trivia, and watched a beautiful sunset. Once we got back to the lodge, we ate even more brownies (Lauren's that we got on the resupply) and hit the yurts for the night.

One canoe flipped

The others were way too loud

We did not see moose

LOD: Myles Anderson

July 4th – Northeast Whitewater to Leeman Brook

This morning we were treated to an excellent, and filling breakfast of eggs, pancakes and orange juice at 7:45 AM. Afterwards we finished packing up group gear and decided who got which food pile by playing rock-paper-scissors-split.

When that process was complete, we loaded up the van and a NE Whitewater employee drove us back to the trailhead.

We hiked an easy 3 miles from Route 15 to Leeman Brook in intense heat and arrived in about an hour and a half. For lunch Zander and I cooked some excellent grilled cheeses which were served with tomato soup. After resting until dinner, we capped off the 4th of July with CBRs for dinner, and a restful night's sleep.

A nice hot shower.

A very filling breakfast.

A rushed car ride.

LOD: Andrew Naber

July 5th – Leeman Brook to Wilson Valley

This morning, Andrew, Billy K and I had the honor of cooking the first hot breakfast of the trip (other than oatmeal); bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches. We enjoyed our breakfast, and set out around 9:30, ready for the difficult 8 miles that lay ahead.

We hiked our first section of the day pretty quickly even though it was much steeper than we anticipated. I found that running up/down the short up/

downhills was easier for me than just slowly walking them.

We made it to the top of Bear Pond Ledge, and realized we were only 1 short mile away from Wilson Falls, which are some of the tallest in Maine. We made it to the falls in no time, and all crowded on the rocks to take in the awesome view. We ate some PB and J wraps and headed down to the bottom of the falls to swim.

While we were there, 3 friendly locals showed us the safest and most fun ways to jump, and climb back up. There was also a massive snapping turtle at the base of the falls, which was really cool, and we cautiously avoided it.

We chilled for a little while longer, before heading out onto the trail to finish the rest of the day. We soon made it to the top of a pretty big hill and took a break on a big rock ledge for about half an hour. There was a cool breeze, which was welcome considering that this was the hottest day of the trip yet.

We set back out and hiked our last section of the day. We finally pulled into our campsite around 5. Soon after setting up camp, my tent group cooked pizzas under the tarp while it was pouring rain. It eventually stopped raining and we played Presidents for about 20 minutes and then slowly headed back to our tents to sleep.

Our first hot breakfast

Jumping into Wilson Falls

Presidents is fun

LOD: Nick Marshall

July 6th – Wilson Valley to Cloud Pond

We lazily woke around 7 AM, with a daunting hike ahead of us. We packed camp and had granola with cow pow. Most people think its disgusting, but I enjoy it, and they tolerate it, knowing we need the energy for the 8.7 mile hike ahead of us. Once we pumped water, which was an extremely long process, we got going around 9 AM.

The first part of the day was uphill, but there was no distinct summit, nor a view, which was uneventful. We then went down the other side until we reached Wilber Brook and Vaughn Stream. Both could be crossed with ease. During a break after the crossings we discussed entrance ideas. The day, like yesterday,

was extremely hot and humid, and we all soaked our shirts.

We hiked a bit longer until we arrived at Long Pond Stream. This crossing was much more difficult. The river was wider, the water moved faster, and the rocks were very slippery. Consequently, Eddie and I both fell in, soaking our boots and socks. We took a short break as people pumped water, and Eddie and I changed socks. This proved to be useless, however, since the skies opened up with little warning immediately afterwards. After rapidly putting on our raincoats, we departed.

When we arrived at Long Pond Stream Lean-to, we took a break to eat Cliff Bars and mentally prepare for Barren Mountain. The climb was an uphill battle to say the least. The slides got so steep that they were like stairs except slipperier, with rocks that were super far apart, and tall.

We eventually got to the top of the slides, soaked in rain and sweat. We went out to the look-out point which was super cool because half of the view was covered in clouds, and the other half was clear with steam rising from the forest. We took lots of pictures but continued on to another look-out point about 2 minutes down the trail for lunch.

Once we got there, the storm intensified. The rain and wind both pick up, and now there was thunder and lightning as well, which caused some concern, but it was far enough away that we were all safe. The chaos of the storm encouraged chaotic conversation about space lighting, and space New York.

We pushed on to the summit, which was surprisingly far still. Once we reached the top, we climbed the abandoned fire tower, and took some pictures. Everyone was pretty cold, and since we were in a cloud with no view, there was no point in staying.

The next 1.2 miles to Cloud Pond went by quickly. Upon arriving we set up tents immediately, and chilled until dinner, grateful for finally being able to change into dry gear. We ate Alfredo for dinner and did Moon Moon before going to bed.

Barren Mountain Rough.

Rain makes us wet. Hike in clouds.

Climb fire tower. Cold.

LOD: Frazier Dougherty

July 7th – Cloud Pond to Chairback Gap

After a lazy morning we left Cloud Pond Campsite at 11 AM. We cruised the first 2 miles before climbing our first mountain, confusingly named Fourth Mountain.

Fourth was steep, but short. Once we reached the summit, we chilled at the top for almost an hour, setting the tone for a very relaxed day. Two hours after we departed the summit of Fourth, we arrived at the summit of Third Mountain, passing countless false peaks. The view was incredible, which made all the false peaks worth the wait. We ate a 3:00 PM lunch at the top and played some interesting games of mafia.

When we finally left at 4:30, we booked it down the mountain to a stream crossing, where we stopped for another somewhat long break to fill up our water before the next campsite, since we knew it had a bad water source.

The last two miles were done quickly, without even stopping at the peak of Columbus Mountain, our third and final peak of the day. We arrived at Chairback Gap at 6:15 PM, only 2 hours and 15 minutes behind schedule. We were blessed to be the only group there and had our pick of the best tent sites. After setting up camp we cooked quesadillas for dinner, did Moon Moon, and went to sleep. It was a fun day.

I don't want to write,

A haiku in this journal

But I have to. Damn.

LOD: Billy Marin

July 8th – Chairback Gap to

Carl A. Newhall

We up this morning at 7:30 and had cow pow for breakfast, but many of us just wound up eating snacks. We left camp with nice weather and clear skies at 9 AM, excited to start the day of hiking.

It was a really quick hike to the summit of Chairback Mountain, where we took only a short break. The rest of the morning was a steep descent, followed by a plateau, and then a gradual descent all the way to the West Branch of the Pleasant River.

Just before arriving at the river we stopped at a road and saw the French-Canadian group that we had been camping with for several days. They were excited to see us again, and the feeling was mutual. They shared their “Swedish Berries” with us, which we were all grateful for.

After crossing the river, we hiked one more mile before stopping at Screw Auger Falls for lunch, some refreshing swimming, and a few games of mafia. The remainder of the day was a gradual uphill hike along the Gulf Hagas Brook, until we arrived at Carl A Newhall Lean-to at 5 PM.

The French-Canadians were there, along with a group of girls from Alford Lake Camp, forcing us to settle for the second-tier tent sites. After eating alfredo for dinner we played Presidents. Marin lost 3 times in a row.

He got called a four.

But he knows it's not true.

He knows he's a two.

LOD: Billy Kitchel

July 9th – Carl A. Newhall to East Branch

We woke up at 7, planning to leave by 9, but fortunately we were able to shave 20 minutes off of our 2-hour wake-up, and left Carl A Newhall at 8:40.

We knew that the day ahead would be one of the toughest of our trip. It was 4-peaks Day, so-called due to the four peaks of the range that we summit, including White Cap which stands at 3,600 feet above sea level. The first three were anticlimactic, and none of them had views. We still took a break at each peak though, to play mafia, and eat snacks.

The final peak was White Cap, which was anything but anticlimactic. The view was incredible, and I felt like I was on top of the world. Katahdin was visible in the distance from one side of the mountain, and on the other you could see south, almost all the way to the Bigelows. Looking in both directions, virtually the entire trip was visible, which was an awesome realization, as we were nearing the end.

After a long break for lunch and mafia, we began the descent. We only had 4 miles remaining, which we cruised through.

When we got to camp, we chilled in our tents to avoid the bugs, then had Pizza for dinner, did Moon Moon, and went to sleep in anticipation of our final full day of hiking.

White Cap had the views

Mafia on all four peaks

Campsite was buggy

LOD: Andrew DeLuca

July 10th – East Branch to Cooper Brook

We woke up excited for the last full day of the trip. Everyone feels bittersweet as we know it will be our last full trip day as campers, but we're also very anxious to get back to Kieve. We ate cow pow for breakfast, which was boycotted by some, then hit the trail.

The first part of the day was steep uphill, then leveled off for a nice flat few miles leading to the base of Little Boardman Mountain. We climbed the mountain fairly quickly, but were disappointed by a viewless summit, which was just a rock 300 feet off trail. We played Mafia, and Role Call until we met a SoBo Thru Hiker who was very talkative and informed us that he had worked in “Railroad.” Logically, we concluded that he was a train.

We descended the mountain, passing a sign indicating that Jo-Mary Road (the end of our trip) was 6.9 miles away, which was exciting. We stopped for a long lunch break on a sand beach, during which we played many rounds of Contact, with increasingly absurd words being used as clues culminating with the legendary Pluto-phone-lake.

We took another break shortly after that at a supposedly good swimming spot on the same lake. It turned out not to be a great spot, and none of us felt like swimming, so we pushed on.

The rest of the day was a gradual downhill, which we cruised through, all the way to Cooper Brook Falls, where we were camping for the night. After setting up tents we all went to the falls to swim, which was really fun. We sat on the rocks letting the falls crash over our heads and swam against the current in the refreshingly cold water.

When we got tired of swimming, we went back to our tents and chilled until

dinner, which was beet-pink alfredo. After dinner we all crammed into one tent (the bugs were bad) and did Moon Moon. Since it was the last night of the trip Moon Moon ended with some reflective, and speculative discussion about being a counselor, preparing for adulthood, and why we all continued to be at Kieve.

Afterwards we played some silent games of Mafia, distributed Bars and Tarts for tomorrow's breakfast, and headed to bed for our last time on trip as Kieve campers.

Shabooya Roll Call

Name is train guy, work railroads

Got the bag and bread

LOD: Frazier Dougherty

July 11th – Cooper Brook to

Jo-Mary Road

Many of us had restless nights, lying awaking thinking about the excitement of the day ahead. Counterintuitively, rising from our sleeping bags at 7 AM was no trouble at all. The anticipation in our guts was a strong motivator.

We broke camp quickly, ate our Bars and Tarts, and began to walk. We only had 4 miles to go to Jo-Mary Road, and they were some of the easiest of the trip, with virtually no elevation change, and well-groomed trail. We walked fast. After about 2 miles we stopped to regroup.

After a short break, we began individual, reflective hikes with no breaks all the way to Jo-Mary Road. I went first and made it to Jo-Mary quickly. I put my pack down and waited for each person to emerge from the forest. Each person had different reaction to seeing the road, but they all stemmed from a similar feeling of bewilderment to be done. It is an odd feeling to know that you are about to return to a normal and busy day-to-day existence, when your life has been dominated recently by the wonderful simplicity of walking. It's bittersweet.

When we all made it to the road, we waited for about 20 minutes for the van to arrive to pick us up. We were all pleasantly surprised to see not only that our driver was Mark (my guy), but also that he had brought Ryan Howard, a long-time member of the cabin. We loaded the trailer and hit the road. We had lunch at Big G's on the way back to camp, and in no time at all we were reaching the end of West Neck Road. The boys were anxious to experience all the glory and excitement of the last few days of camp that they had worked so hard to earn.

Mark lays on the horn

Rollin' in to Temperature

Happy to be home

LOD: Eddie Fischer

Hayden McKee, HBC

Eddie Fischer, HBC



Second Session Trip Reports

Junior Kieve Courage Bremen & Hog Island July 30th

On a beautiful bright and sunny morning on the 30th of July, the men of JKC set out on our righteous quest to find our inner peace on the island known to locals as Hogtucket. We began our quest as proverbial babies nestled close to comfort in Pasquaney Hall where we had breakfast.

After breakfast we piled into our van and set out on our first leg of our journey. This was the beautiful, stunning and sublime hike around Dodge Point. The men of JKC took the longer and more intense Ravine Trail. On the trail Augie Renzi and Calder Frederick led the pack. They had decided to show the world their muscles and hike shirtless. They paid the iron price for this deed, however, and wound up with a few bug bites. After about thirty minutes putting one foot in front of the other, we found ourselves at the end of the Ravine Trail.

The men were utterly awestruck at the sheer beauty of the beach that the trail spit out onto. The only thing better than the beach was the chocolate Rice Krispie Treat that each of them deleted and the photos we took. We hiked back on the Old Farm Road Trail. Chase Welty noted that we should watch for ticks near the tall grass. This wise advice was heeded and we avoided anything that could even come close to resembling tall grass. We sustained no losses to ticks that day.

After we finished our loop, we flocked back into our space van and set out upon our conquest to the Bremen landing, where lunch was waiting. Lunch was so delicious it literally caused several campers including Cole Anderson and James Johnson to declare that peanut butter and jelly sandwiches were in fact "yummy."

After lunch we loaded our gear onto the coveted beauty known as the Snowgoose. The men swooned when they saw the magnificent watercraft glide across the bay with the grace of the 1936 US Olympic men's crew team's winning boat. On the



boat the men pulled up lobster traps and even found a few “keepers” that were lobsters big enough to sell on the rocky shores of coastal Maine.

Later on that day, the men could test their might by jumping off the top of the Snowgoose. Grant made history by sending a pain dive off of the top. This action was so notable and formidable that the typically tacit Tom Linkas let out a holler of joy and excitement. Murphy also jumped off at least twenty times, something he should be incredibly proud of.

At the end of our voyage, Captain Bill challenged the men to stay quiet for two minutes. The men completed this task after a few fart noises, and we were rewarded with Skittles. After the Skittles we finally landed on Hog Island and set up camp. We pitched our tents and played on the beach. The men annihilated a dinner of delicious wonderful cheeseburgers and then enjoyed s’mores by the campfire. No day could be better than this.

July 31st

The men of JK Courage had so much fun on their first night that they ended up waking up at 5 am just so excited to tackle the next day. However, they had to be patient and wait until the proper wake up time of 7 am. After two grueling hours of waiting, the men finally could enjoy breakfast. Breakfast was the best thing in the world bar none: sausage, egg and cheese sandwiches. By the hammer of Thor himself, there had never been a more delightful meal than that breakfast.

After breakfast Theo began conducting interviews of the campers with his camera. We then packed up camp and set out on an exploring mission to see some carnivorous plants. We set out on a grueling ten minute journey to the bog where these magnificent beastly plants make their home. The men took turns on the bridge learning about how carnivorous plants get their nutrients from Hog Island Ted.

After the hike back the men decided it was time to cool off and swim off the dock. It was the best of times. George Brown and Drake Royal had immense fun jumping and being flung off of the

dock. After this cooling off, we had time to make sure we had properly packed up camp.

While waiting for lunch, Theo Turitz, Peter Mennen, and James Pope Robbins, among others, invented new spells from Harry Potter and had fashioned beautiful wands out of driftwood they found on the island. Some of these spells would make Dumbledore himself raise an eyebrow and say “my goodness, that’s brilliant.” Teddy Biggins also led the group in a card game called Dungeon Mayhem, that Ted had allowed us to play.

After this we enjoyed another lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. They were phenomenal to say the least. After lunch we piled back onto the Snowgoose and said goodbye to Hog Island Ted and Hog Island. We then landed on Bremen and climbed back into our vans. From Bremen we explored the beautiful Pemaquid Point. On the point there is a lighthouse and a vast ocean to gaze at.

The men had a wondrous time playing on the rocks and tide pools on the beach. Luke Alessi sent some time lounging in the hot noonday sun. After a bit of time exploring we decided it was time to head on home. But not before a delightful treat so good that it was only gifted to mortal men in 1924. Round Top ice cream. The men lined up politely in the ice cream shop and enjoyed their tasty treat. After we filled our bellies with the yumminess of Round Top, we headed on home to Kieve. What a beautiful and awe-inspiring trip!

George Cole, HBC
Wes Dixon, Counselor
Tom Linkas, Counselor
Blake Cote, Counselor

Junior Kieve Perseverance Bremen & Hog Island July 30th

After a hearty breakfast of pancakes, the young men of Junior Kieve Perseverance packed up their boundary bags and set forth for the adventures that lay ahead. A joint caravan of two white vans and two chase vans pushed east towards the infamous Dodge Point hiking trail as Teddy pleaded for the van driver to play Post Malone.



Upon arriving at the buggy trailhead, we pushed 1.4 miles while Rhys explained to the cabin why the Dodge Point Trail would make a perfect mountain biking path. Eventually we arrived at a scenic beach where Wiley, Jay, and Jack all waded out into the water and enjoyed the warm sun.

After a quick snack break of chocolate Rice Krispies, we returned to the van to head off for Bremen landing. Warmed up by the invigorating hike, the crew was pumped up and ready to head towards Hog Island. After nourishing ourselves with turkey and ham cold cut sandwiches and listening to Tidepool Ted lay out the norms of Hog Island, the cabin was equipped and ready to board the Snowgoose for our ferry across along with the fellow cabin of Junior Kieve Courage.

After unpacking from the Snowgoose, Alec, Griffin, and Henry M took the lead on tent setup, showing the rest of the cabin some good techniques. From there the men of JKP inflated their sleeping pads and laid out their sleeping bags. This successful camp setup called for a celebration, so the whole crew munched on Cheez-Its.

After pausing to digest these delicious snacks, the entire cabin ventured down to the beach to frolic in the waves. Asher found a massive green crab and proudly showed the entire cabin. Hunter and Brady were the first two to dare to go into the ocean, surviving the frigid waters and even dunking their heads! George had a great time playing in the clay and helped make a hermit crab zoo with Thomas (there were tons of hermit crabs on the beach).

After baking in the hot sun for hours (with frequent sunscreen reapplications), the Perseverance counselors grilled up a succulent meal of bacon cheeseburgers which the cabin devoured in no time at all. To cap off the night the entire cabin roasted marshmallows around a beautiful beach campfire, curtesy of Tidepool Ted.

July 31st

Rising with the sun, the men of JKP were up early. After a yummy breakfast of bacon, egg, sausage sandwiches, the crew was ready to conquer to Snowgoose.

After listening to Captain Bill explain the rules of the ship, we set off, cruising past an island full of seals which we could see in beautiful detail thanks to the binoculars kept on the boat.

After enjoying the view, the cabin pulled up lobster traps and found some crabby critters inside the cages (lobsters). Captain Bill explained the way lobster fishing is regulated and the boys listened intently. Eventually we set off to the jumping point. Henry G was the first to take the risk and jump off the Snowgoose, but quickly the rest of the cabin joined in the fun. Our boat was anchored next to a huge school of fish, and we were fortunate to have the opportunity to watch fisherman encircle the school of fish with nets and pull them up to be used as bait for their lobster traps! This entertained the cabin endlessly.

After finishing up our jumps off the boat, we headed back to Hog, finished packing up camp, and boated back towards Bremen Landing. By now it was lunch, and the boys were ready to eat. A quick meal of PB and J was eaten, and the boys loaded back into the vans to head towards Pemaquid Point.

At Pemaquid Point the cabin explored the lighthouse and enjoyed the stunning rock face along the coast. After spending an hour at Pemaquid it was time for the most anticipated Kieve Tradition: Round Top Ice Cream. The cabin wasted no time devouring mounds of ice cream before ultimately driving back to camp with Cascada serenading their triumphant return.

Duncan Walsh, HBC
Jack Hall, Counselor
Teddy Truex, Counselor
Ella White, Counselor

Junior Kieve Loyalty Bremen & Hog Island July 31st

The rough riders of Junior Kieve Loyalty took off from camp a little later than usual—consequence of a well-needed sleep-in. Having packed themselves and asked a million and a half questions, JK Loyalty was ready for our nearly two-day adventure.

On our way to Hog Island, we stopped



at Dodge Point, a nature preserve on the shore of the Damariscotta river. We split off from JK Kindness and Respect and took the Ravine Trail. While hiking, we talked of many things, but the most interesting conversation I witnessed was a discussion on the trajectory of the film industry. Our hour-long meditation yielded the conclusion that too many sequels were coming out and not enough original content, but also that Marvel's End Game was still an epic movie. On the trail, campers Reed, Andrew, Walker, Sean, and Ben were especially interested in examining the wildlife surrounding us and the geographic features we were walking on.

Later on that day, we took a boat ride on the Snowgoose. Jumping off a nearly ten foot roof into icy water, all the campers proved themselves courageous and adventurous. For dinner, we cooked bacon cheeseburgers with carrot sticks on the side. Zach England and Conor both helped me cook that meal for everybody. Then, for many people's first time, we slept in tents underneath the stars and some angry looking clouds off in the distance.

August 1st

On day two, we went for a nature walk with Osprey Ted and he taught us all about carnivorous plants, the mycinium tree, the biome we were in (called crumholst), and seals, much to everyone's delight.

Afterwards, we all jumped off of the dock, where campers Will, Hugh, Conor, Zach, and Brooks, showed themselves off as great swimmers and athletes, for we were throwing a sea onion at each other while the one in the air tried to catch it. Before we knew it, our time was over at Hog Island, and we returned victorious to Kieve right after a well-earned trip to Round Top.

Pete Cooke, HBC
Hayes Zierden, Counselor
John Lewis, Counselor
Isabelle Kitchell, Counselor

Junior Kieve Kindness and Respect Bremen & Hog Island

July 31st

Rather than remaining to enjoy

the comforts of camp life, the men of JK Kindness and Respect decided to venture on an excursion to Hog Island and channel their inner Maine Trails. The trip to Hog Island began by loading up the vans after breakfast and heading to Bremen, where the Snowgoose yacht awaited.

After donning their Sperry Docksiders and sweaters, the K&R men set sail to Hog Island on the yacht. The tumultuous five minute ride challenged the mental and physical toughness of the men, yet all persevered and wept tears of joy when they set foot on solid ground.

After proving their nautical worth on the seas, the men wasted no time upon arrival at Hog Island and began swimming at the beach cove. There was a wide variety of fun to be had down by the water in the afternoon. While some campers led the charge in throwing the frisbee (Luke, Hayden and Tommy), others (David, Hayden and Wells Johnson) observed the crabs in the tide pools.

Once the men were tuckered out and had their fill with the beach cove, we then began cooking dinner. Much to the boys' delight, dinner consisted of cheeseburgers. After inhaling burgers, the boys were then surprised with a dessert of s'mores. Max, Teddy and Dean all led the group in demonstrating their ability to perfectly roast a golden marshmallow with a brownish hue. Drew led the gentleman in perfecting the chocolate stuffed in marshmallow method.

August 1st

The second day of our trip began with a breakfast of bagels and M&M cream cheese. After consuming the breakfast, the boys packed up their tents, gear and personal bags and loaded up the Snowgoose.

The morning consisted of all fourteen guys hanging out on the boat, pulling up lobster traps, jumping off the top and soaking up the sun rays next to ocean seals. More specifically, Wells Tucker jumping off the boat fifty-one times and Hammy boosting into the ocean with an athleticism only seen in Olympic divers.

Once the boat trip was over, we returned to the island for a quick lunch of



quesadillas. After eating this hot lunch, we hopped back on the boat and arrived back to Bremen. We then loaded into the vans and headed back to Kieve. On our way back, however, we made two stops, at Pemaquid Point and Round Top Ice Cream. Hayes and Mathew, specifically, proved their ability to consume ice cream at an astonishing speed.

Bo Hawkes, HBC
Drew Marshall, Counselor
Zephyr Pascador, Counselor
Abby Rockefeller, Counselor



South Glenayr I Primer Trip – Damariscotta Lake July 23rd

Well fed and fully packed, the boys of South Glenayr I were fired up for our first overnight trip to Cool Island. We made it to our departure location on the Buck porch with time to spare. With all of our gear loaded in the bus and water bottles filled, we were ready to be driven to our drop-off point at the Jefferson boat launch on the other side of Lake Damariscotta.

Henry Kennedy drove us and in no time, we had arrived. Despite this being their first trip as a cabin, the group looked like seasoned veterans as they unloaded all of the gear with ease. Henry wished us all good luck before leaving us and we began to load our canoes with gear.

Between the boat launch and Cool Island was about two miles of paddling. Even though it was an overcast day and it was drizzling, spirits were all around high for the boys of South Glenayr I. The boys were ready and it was clear from the moment that we pushed off of the shore that they would have little trouble making the paddle.

The group stayed close for the entire paddle and when stomachs began to rumble, we decided to stop at a small island called Blueberry Island. This name is due to the fact that the tiny surface area was almost completely covered with blueberries.

With boats pulled up, we ate peanut butter, jelly, and honey sandwiches. As we ate our sandwiches, many people were relieved to be able to see our campsite from where we were sitting. It was only a short paddle away and many



members of the cabin were very excited about that. With bellies full and spirits high, we resumed our paddle to the campsite.

As we continued on our final stretch of paddling, the clouds began to fade and the rain came to a halt. Pulling into camp around 2:30 that afternoon, the boys again demonstrated their tripping expertise by quickly unloading boats and putting their gear into separate piles around the campsite.

Once the boats were brought out of the water, it was time for a tent set-up demonstration. Because this was many people's first real wilderness trip, there were very few kids who knew how to properly set up a tent. Despite this, I can confidently say that each member of the cabin now knows how to set up a tent very well.

After a short rest hour, we played a few games around the campsite, filled up water bottles, and began to prepare for dinner. The eating order was decided by whichever tent group could best explain one of the information cards given to each cabin. The topics were weather, proper packing, cleaning, and fire making. The skits were performed and the bacon cheeseburgers were served.

As many people finished up eating, the members of the cabin were excited to attempt to use their newly found fire building skills. Before lighting the fire, it was time to do a cleaning tutorial. The kids learned how to properly clean all of the dishes using the slop bucket and wash basins. As well, they learned how to properly use the Gravity Bag water filter.

After the teaching was done, the cleaning group went off to complete the dishes, while the others finished the final touches on the fire and lit it. It was a very impressive fire and we were all lucky enough to have the opportunity to roast s'mores over the fire before heading off to our respective tents.

July 24th

Since we were all used to waking up around 7:30 am, everyone was up and ready to go early that morning. Before taking down tents, we began to prepare a hearty breakfast of breakfast burritos with

eggs, bacon, and cheese, all wrapped in a tortilla. The burritos were excellent and before the cleaning crew took over, we had to demonstrate the proper way to take down and roll up our tents. The boys grasped this concept easily and the tents were taken down in no time. Once the tents were taken down, the other gear was packed up and set in piles that were ready to be loaded in boats.

Before heading out that day, the cabin insisted on playing our favorite game, Froggy. The game is almost identical to the classic campfire game; however, instead of the mafia killing the townspeople, the froggies politely ask the flies to leave. It is an extremely fun game and it kept all of us entertained for hours.

As the time approached noon, we decided to pack up our boats and head across the small cove to the Southover campsite. The dock at Southover allowed us all to swim in the water before making grilled ham and cheese sandwiches.

Before we knew it, the time approached for us to head back to Kieve. The short paddle from Southover to the waterfront was effortless compared to the paddle that we had completed the day before. The boys of South Glenayr I unloaded the boats like seasoned veterans. We all cleaned up our gear from the trip, set up our tents, and headed off to the lake to tub before our dinner that evening at Pasquaney.

Taylor Cashman, HBC
Nick Menice, Counselor
Henry Ledyard, Counselor
Wes Dixon, Counselor
Abby Rockefeller, Counselor

South Glenayr I Sugarloaf Mountain August 4th

As we prepared to embark on our two-night trip to Sugarloaf Mountain, the sun was out, the van was loaded, and spirits were high. At around 10:30 am, the boys of South Glenayr I rolled out with high expectations. After about an hour long van ride, we arrived at our first stop: the Augusta Walmart. We quickly grabbed the few items that we would need for our trip and loaded back up in the van to continue our journey.

Our next stop was just five minutes later in a park called Bond Brook Park. The counselors began to set up lunch on a picnic table in the shade, while many of the campers threw a frisbee in the field. Together we ate turkey, ham, and cheese sandwiches underneath the cloudless sky. What an incredible start to the trip! We took our time eating and played games in the field until people had gotten much of their energy out.

As we rolled out of Bond Brook Park, we knew our next stop would be our final destination, but we still had about another two hours of driving left. With great music and positive attitudes, the seemingly long drive flew by in no time and before we knew it, we had arrived at Cathedral Pines Campsite.

Once we filled up our water bottles, we went over to our campsite for the next two nights. We unpacked the van, making piles of personal gear and group gear and then began to assign tent groups. As the tent groups dispersed around the campsite, I was surprised to see that everyone still remembered how to set up a tent. Many of the campers had never set up a tent before our primer on Cool Island, so it was a pleasant surprise to see tents being assembled with ease.

With the campsite set up, some campers retreated to their tents, while others played cards or frisbee. Soon it was time to begin to prepare dinner. For dinner, we ate burritos with chicken, rice, cheese, peppers, and onions inside. With full bellies, the cleanup crew began to scrub the dishes, while others worked on a fire. Before long, the dishes were scrubbed and a fire was raging.

As the sun began to set, Abby read us all a few chapters from the book, *Wonder*. This, of course, was followed by Nick's telling of his made-up fairy tale. Before long, the sky became dark and it was time to go to bed. We knew we needed to rest up for the big hike that was ahead of us the following day.

August 5th

Although we planned on waking up around 7:30 am, voices started coming from tents as early as 5:30 am. Despite this early wake-up, we remained on the same schedule. As we rose from our

tents at 7:30, it was difficult to avoid shivering. Overnight, the temperature had dropped to the forties, making for a chilly morning. Despite this, we packed our daypacks, filled up our water bottles, and put on our hiking shoes before eating bagels and cream cheese for breakfast.

Once we were fueled up, we loaded up in the van and we were on our way! As opposed to going straight to the mountain, our first stop was at Henry and B.J. Kennedy's apartment. Since, of course, South Glenayr I is the best cabin in camp, Henry, Brownie, and Teri decided to come up to Sugarloaf and join us on our hike. Lucky for us, they decided to bring their dogs as well. We quickly met up and drove over to the Burnt Mountain trailhead.

Instead of hiking Sugarloaf, we would be hiking a neighboring peak called Burnt Mountain. They both present similar challenges, but the Sugarloaf hiking trail is very exposed to the sun, whereas the Burnt Mountain trail is far more covered by trees.

When we arrived, Henry and his dog, Stanley, led the way. We all followed as the trail brought us up and down and all around the trees, rocks, and streams of Burnt Mountain. Throughout our hike up, we stopped occasionally to rest our legs and stay hydrated. The trail was steep and even a little slippery at times, but the boys of South Glenayr I were prepared. Steve marched through the challenging terrain with his favorite pair of shoes on, his crocs. He claimed that they were far more comfortable than his hiking shoes and he agreed to wear wool socks with them. Steve held a very good pace and showed no signs of discomfort from his odd shoe choice.

The hike continued pretty uneventfully. The only minor incident that we had to face was deterring Alvin from running away. Every so often, Alvin would stop walking, say that he could not do it, and then attempt to walk off the trail and into the thick woods. I am not sure what he was trying to accomplish, but I do not think it worked. Despite this, the cabin pushed on with Henry leading the way and Stanley right by his side.

Finally, after about two hours and



thirty minutes, we made it to the top of the mountain. What an incredible view! In every direction you could see for miles. As everyone attempted to soak in the beautiful terrain that stretched endlessly around us, we began preparing PB, J, and H sandwiches. The bread was loaded with all of the goods until they were bursting at the seams. The wind at the peak allowed us to cool down after our strenuous trek up.

After our bellies were full and we had taken all the pictures that we possibly could, we began to pack our bags for the descent. Same as before, Henry and Stanley took the lead and the rest followed. Although the hike down was much less strenuous, the trail proved to be very treacherous. We took our time going down the trail, ensuring to take each step with care.

As we continued down, we began to debate whether it is more challenging to go uphill or to go downhill. With great points being made by both sides, we ultimately concluded that going downhill was actually more difficult. Wow! Who would have thought?! We slowly continued down the trail, speeding up when the trail was safe and slowing down when it became more dangerous.

After about an hour and a half, we reached a swimming hole. The water was crystal clear, but ice cold. The chill of the water deterred very few people and before I knew it, most of the cabin was splashing one another with the ice-cold stream water. We hung out there for about forty-five minutes in order to allow everyone to cool down in the water and then dry off before we began walking again. We had a short walk from the swimming hole back to the car and before we knew it, we were all loaded in the van.

The fun does not stop there though! We earned a special invitation to go back to the Kennedys' house to cool down with some ice cream after the long hike. It was much needed and as the boys demolished the ice cream, we reflected on the tiring day that we had just completed.

After we had all licked our popsicle sticks clean, we loaded into the van and we were finally on our way home. What

a day! When we arrived at the campsite, we refilled water bottles and the kids retreated to their tents for a much needed rest hour.

Once the boys re-emerged from their tents, it was time for dinner. Of course, dinner was going to be the only thing that could possibly fuel you after such a strenuous day, bacon cheeseburgers. YUM! They were delicious, and they certainly did what they were supposed to do. However, we were not done yet.

Once we got the fire roaring, it was time to attempt to make brownies in the fry bake. With the batter poured into the pan and the lid put on, the pan was put into the hot coals of the fire to cook. The brownies cooked for a few minutes before being pulled out. Of course, the edges were very burned, but inside of the burnt crust, there were some delicious brownies.

Now that everyone had truly been fed, it was time, of course, for camper announcements. The kids spent about twenty minutes pretending like they were counselors making announcements. The group would erupt in chants, they would applaud, and they even featured a spinoff of *Around the Porch*, *Around the Campfire*.

As the announcements came to a close, Nick continued with his fairytale and before we knew it, it was time for bed. Once everyone was in their tents, it did not take much to quiet everyone down. Everyone was extremely tired from the day and they needed their sleep.

August 6th

Everyone did a much better job of sleeping in today and we were able to make it all the way until 7:30 am before the first whispers began coming out of tents. As we awoke, the kids were in charge of packing up their gear and taking down the tents, while I began cooking the hearty breakfast of pancakes. YUM! The first pancakes were ready just as the tents were being packed up and the whole cabin feasted together. We ate until our bellies were full and finally began to pack up all of the gear.

Today was the day that we would be heading home. It is crazy how fast time flies when you are having fun and this

trip was no exception. It felt like I blinked my eyes and the trip was over. Before I knew it, all of the gear was loaded in the van, water bottles were full, and the kids were buckled in their seats.

Instead of packing a lunch for this day, we had the privilege of eating at a restaurant. So, of course we chose Chipotle. It was delicious, and it was just what we needed to cap off an amazing trip. As we got closer to camp, we couldn't resist stopping for ice cream at Round Top before finally pulling back into camp. We unloaded the van, set up tents, and cleaned dishes like seasoned veterans. SOUTH GLENAYR I IS BACKKKK!!!!

Taylor Cashman, HBC
Nick Menice, Counselor
Henry Ledyard, Counselor
Wes Dixon, Counselor
Abby Rockefeller, Counselor

South Glenayr II Primer Trip – Damariscotta Lake July 21st

The adventurers of South Glenayr II took their time preparing for their very first trip. For some it was their first Kieve trip ever. An expedition for the campground at Cool Island had been called for, and SGII headed the call eagerly.

After a traditional pancake breakfast they went back down to the sparkling new cabin to pack. Before packing, each and every member of the cabin tidied up his own area, swept beneath the beds and made the cabin look truly brand new. Grant was pivotal in the efforts to scrub the latrines.

After a crash course canoe clinic, where the boys learned the ins and outs of an Old Town canoe and the paddle strokes to match it, SGII took off running. Willem and Jace each took bold leaps taking to the stern of canoes, where steering is the key skill.

The sky was completely clear and the heat wave was beating down on us, but we made it to Khul with time to kill. After a filling cold cut burrito lunch, during which brave souls like Jack, Nat and Phin tried Jalapeno Tabasco on their lunch for the very first time, SGII took a

collective rest hour to beat the worst of the heat.

After that, we all took a trip to Southover, canoeing past Hackett's Swamp to the sunbathed dock of Southover. Here the boys diapered their life jackets and practiced their pain dives until the sun was hanging low in the sky. After paddling back the boys played "killer wink" until dinner was ready. Graham prepared a delicious meal of chicken fajitas.

Many of the boys went out of their comfort zones to try peppers on their wraps and were happy to try it. After dinner Jace led the boys on a fishing expedition, where Ben was nearly able to catch a fish for the first time at Kieve. Sandy and Nat continued to cook up games in their imaginations to keep the games going. After a long day of adventure in prime summer heat, SGII quickly fell asleep to the gentle chirps of bullfrogs.

July 22nd

After a light sleep-in, the boys of SGII woke up to the distant sounds of the Kieve bell ringing and camp getting underway. The boys ate French toast while playing game after game of mafia. Desi, Grant and Rainey were all key orchestrators of the games. Elliot helped clean with Charlie, after which each of the boys were given a clinic on how to break down and roll up tents and sweep camp.

After a maps session the boys said so long to Cool Island and headed down Damariscotta Lake. After a brief stop at Blueberry Island, which included some canoe swaps, the boys made it to the public landing where they portaged the boats and ate PB&J sammies while they waited for Henry Kennedy to pick them up.

A victory lap to Round Top concluded the day. Smiles and full stomachs were badges of honor as the cabin rolled back in to camp.

Lexi Kemp, HBC
Graham Kelley, Counselor
Charlie Hansen, Counselor
Tom Linkas, Counselor
Kate Fluke, Counselor

South Glenayr II Sugarloaf Mountain August 1st

The gentleman of South Glenayr II awoke to sunshine through the glass of the new cabin. This was not a new trend. After nearly flawless weather for the entirety of the session, SGII had high hopes for their trip to Stratton, Maine. The weather continued to shine and after morning bagels we packed and hit the road.

After an extended drive across Maine's western half, we neared the Carrabassett Valley area. The views slowly changed as we drove: sprawling countryside grew slowly into rolling hills which, once crested, revealed the granite behemoths. Sugarloaf could be seen from far off, its towering western peak bare from the same fire which many years ago scorched the top of Burnt Mountain, its brother to the west.

Route 26 began to wind through the old towns of Carrabassett Valley before reaching the edge of the goliath lake Flagstaff. Here at Cathedral Pines the boys of SGII unpacked and prepped for their first night of the trip. With no clouds in sight the boys skipped the tarp and began to set up group gear. Elliot was the first to offer help, but each and every camper took his fair share, including the fully packed wannigans and coolers. Phin, Rainey and Sandy set up their own frof course around the campsite, making special use of the backwoods latrine.

After a few games of killer wink and a little rest hour, the boys headed over to Cathedral Pines public beach for a little swim in Flagstaff Lake. After a much needed swim, a hearty meal of pasta and kielbasa was cooked by sous chefs Charlie and Graham. The boys had a camping essentials workshop. Fire, cooking, cleaning and bomb-proofing were all essential. Nat's gathering skills proved to be exceptional, finding old man's beard for the kindling. After a nice long fire and a rice krispy treat, the boys headed to bed with hopes of sunny skies and clear views.

August 2nd

SGII was up bright and early. No one could go back to sleep. Excitement for

the upcoming hike was at a maximum. Oatmeal would prove to be the most fuel efficient breakfast. Although some did not like their oatmeal, Jace was happy to help his buddies out, housing three whole bowls of unwanted oatmeal.

After taking off from the campsite, stoke was high and the tunes were bumping. After a quick bathroom pitstop at the illustrious Sugarloaf base camp, we drove on to the Burnt Mountain Trailhead. Crossing a wooden bridge which spanned a trickling brook, the trail began. Ben and Willem led the charge, with everyone else behind them keeping pace. Jack brought up the caboose, carefully making sure that everyone stayed hydrated. Grant was the decider of our first snack break spot, and after an oats and raisins bar, everyone fearlessly trudged on. Energized by the snacks and slowly melting tree line, the group pressed on. Desi was quick to point out his favorite winter ski spots; secret glades with cool drops that even Nat didn't know about. Matthew was quick to share his water with friends when they needed it.

Upon reaching the alpine zone, above the trees the boys rejoiced with a trail mix snack. The view was astonishing and there was not a cloud insight. From here Ben led the charge, too eager to wait up for anyone else, each of us scrambled up the rocky burnt ridge to the summit. At the top the boys howled at the unseen moon in victory. Graham and Charlie made everyone PB&J burritos with the cabin favorite, strawberry jelly.

The view from the top offered a 360 degree view of the mountains surrounding Sugarloaf. Ski trails went off down into the valley, where the bowl of evergreen trees rose once more, making up the Bigelow mountains adjacent to us. Eventually the wind began to howl and the prospect of walking downhill became more enticing. The pace was at a crawl at first, traversing over the many rocks and ledges of the top of the mountain.

Once we reached the lower tree level a brisk walk turned into a brief jog as some of us realized we were racing against our bowels. Everyone made it down in time. We pulled out of Sugarloaf, not before



taking another exquisite bathroom break, and rode off into the sunset back to the campsite. Bacon, egg, cheese, chicken, and ranch sammies were for dinner. They were delicious. S'mores were the icing on the cake. The whole cabin was ready for bed early; the boys fell asleep to the light crackle of the fire dwindling to embers.

August 3rd

The morning was quick. A sudden lack of propane had left everyone without breakfast fuel. An executive decision was made and the boys took off fully packed headed to Farmington's finest dining establishment: McDonalds! Jace ate his first ever Egg McMuffin. The whole merry company rejoiced as breakfast finished and the next destination was revealed: the world famous Big G's sandwich shop.

After bumping into Bank I, who were clearly just as smart (and hungry) as we were, we departed Big G's and headed home. Before rounding out the gloriously sunny trip, the boys made a pit stop at Round Top for some victory ice cream. Tubbing and dodgeball rounded out the perfect string of days.

Lexi Kemp, HBC
Graham Kelley, Counselor
Charlie Hansen, Counselor
Tom Linkas, Counselor
Kate Fluke, Counselor

North Glenayr

Primer Trip – Mt. Megunticook

July 19th

The boys of North Glenayr had a fairly regular start to the morning. Waking up at our usual 7:30 am, we brushed our teeth and headed up to flag. The theme was sports, but we wouldn't be playing football or tennis; rather, we would be hiking for today we head to Mt. Megunticook! After a delicious breakfast at Pasquaney, the boys loaded up our trailer with coolers, wannigans, tents, and personal bags. With that, we were ready for our 45-minute drive to Camden Hills State Park.

Though the drive was short, it felt long as we anticipated what was to come for the remainder of the day. The sun was shining, and the air was hot as we

arrived at our campsite. Patrick, Thomas, and Charlie reminded the campers how to set up tents before they attempted to do so on their own. Impressively quick, Gerry, Luca, Henry O., and Henry D. had set up their tent first! Sleeping gear was then put in the tent followed by a pick-up game of frof the boys made around the campsite. While this was going on, counselors prepared a lunch of cold-cut sandwiches.

Stomachs full, the fifteen of us crossed the road to the start of the trail. When we reached our destination, we were unsure whether or not it was truly the beginning of the trail. With only one way to find out, the boys headed into the woods hoping to find a sign.

With a little luck, we stumbled upon a sign stating that Mt. Megunticook was to the right and Mt. Battie to the left. Both mountains would be hiked by these boys, but the counselors allowed the cabin to decide which to hike first. With knowledge that tomorrow was supposed to be 96 degrees and humid, North Glenayr overwhelmingly voted to hike the longer, more difficult Mt. Megunticook first!

Henry Dixon led the way up the mountain which was averagely steep the entire way. Mt. Megunticook has an elevation of 1,385 feet, but the trail is 1.8 miles. Stopping for water a few times, the boys practically sprinted up the mountain. Kindly, Brooks carried Rush's water bottles up the mountain, proving the cabin's brotherhood.

Before we knew it, we were at the scenic ocean view that overlooks the town of Camden, Maine. A breathtaking view, we chilled along the rocks, being careful to stay far from the cliff. We took in the view for a solid thirty minutes before deciding to complete the rest of the trail, which had very little elevation. In no time, we had reached the summit!

Feeling accomplished, we indulged in a snack of Oreos. While some chose to devour them in seconds, others like Gerry decided to store most of the snack on their face! We then started making our way down the mountain, stomachs satisfied. In no time, we had successfully made it down the mountain and back to



the campsite. The heat combined with backpacks on made our backs incredibly sweaty and smelly!

Rest hour began as counselors worked on dinner. We had worked up quite an appetite throughout the day, so making a double chicken-bacon-ranch, or CBR, sandwich hit the spot. Alexander even claimed it was the best sandwich he's ever had! Following dinner, we brushed our teeth and headed to bed, excited for our hike up Mt. Battie the next day.

July 20th

The day began at 7:00 am with a loud "GOOD MORNING, NORTH GLENAYR." However, this proved unnecessary as the counselors emerged from the tent to find that all the campers had packed up their stuff back into their boundary bags! Thomas helped Alexander, Bear, Otto, and Charles fold up their tent, while simultaneously teaching the remaining eight campers how to do so. Breakfast sandwiches were served with copious amounts of bacon which was appreciated by everyone.

The rest of the early morning was spent packing up coolers and wannigans, loading them into the trailer, and filling up water bottles. After a quick, but thorough sweep of the campsite for trash or left-behind items, we loaded into the van and drove to the beginning of the trail. As time carried on, we felt the heat and mugginess around us. We were sweating before we had even started!

Instead of heading right, today we turned left, making our way towards the top of Mt. Battie. The path seemingly went downwards as we sped along. The trail remained fairly flat for most of the trek, but certainly included several steep parts that quickly increased our elevation. Twice along the hike we ran into places that required us to cross a road. At one point, we reached a spot that we thought was most definitely the peak of the mountain. The lack of sign stating we had reached the top was unsettling and we decided to continue hiking after a water break.

We trekked on thankfully, for we eventually reached the summit of the mountain. The view was spectacular! Similar to yesterday, the mountain

overlooked downtown Camden and its harbor. This time, the view was more expansive as the top was much wider than Mt. Megunticook. To refuel, we devoured some Rice Krispies before heading back down the mountain. It was just too hot to stay up there much longer!

With the blink of an eye, we were back at the beginning of the trail and sitting at the base of the mountain. By now it was 11:30 and we were ready for lunch! Cold cuts were the meal of choice again. We chilled at the bottom for a bit longer before filling up water bottles.

We had a bit more time left to spare over in Camden, so we decided to hit the beach! After the first beach did not have parking, we made our way to Laite Beach on Camden Harbor where several of the boys went for a much needed swim. The cold water felt amazing with the sun pounding down. Eventually, we piled back into the van for the forty-five-minute drive back to Kieve. A quick pit-stop to Round Top was made (of course!) before rolling back into camp.

With that, the boys of North Glenayr had successfully completed their primer! Proud of our accomplishments, we are ready for Cool Island in a few short days!

Patrick Kavanagh, HBC
Charlie Demuth, Counselor
Thomas Krush, Counselor
Jack Hall, Counselor
Blake Cote, Counselor

North Glenayr

Damariscotta Lake

July 28th

Bags strewn about the cabin, the boys of North Glenayr awoke at 8 on a sunny Sunday morning, ready for our big trip to Cool Island on our very own Damariscotta Lake. The funny thing about the morning was that Sundays are sleep-ins, and Patrick had accidentally woken everyone up thirty minutes too early! However, we made the most of it and used the opportunity to clean up our messy cabin.

We made our way to Pasquaney for our weekly tradition of throwing pancakes around the room. Stomachs full, we

made our way back to the cabin to bring our personal bags to the waterfront. The funny thing about Cool Island is that we get to leave for the trip right from our own beach (which was only about 100 feet from the cabin)! After the personal gear was brought down, we made our way to Buck. We had three wannigans, one cooler, five tents, and a tarp to bring. Valiantly, North Glenayr carried the gear down the hill.

Now was the big reveal: who were the canoe pairings? Charlie took on the mojo with Henry Oster and Rush; Thomas was accompanied by Gerry; and Patrick would be paddling with Dylan. As for camper-only canoes, Brooks and Alexander were paired; Luca with Bear; Henry Dixon with Charles; and Forest with Otto. After loading gear into the canoes, we were on our way.

Cool Island is not a far paddle, so we made it in about thirty minutes. We unloaded gear and assigned tent groups. The kitchen was set up while tents were pitched. The boys then enjoyed two cold-cut sandwiches comprised of either turkey or ham with provolone cheese.

We also indulged in a fort-building competition. Coming in first place were Charles, Alexander, Henry D, and Luca. A prize of Oreos distributed to the winners, second and third place smiled when they discovered they were recipients of the treat as well!

Next came free time, where the boys chilled in hammocks, played a self-designed frof course, or played catch. After a bit, we hopped in canoes and paddled a short way back to Kieve to swing at the camp rope-swing for just over an hour. Gerry attempted to brave a pain-dive on the swing while Alexander swung like Spiderman over and over. Thunder rumbled in the distance, so we decided to load up canoes and paddle back to Cool Island.

Counselors began cooking a dinner of double chicken-bacon-ranch sandwiches, a popular request after our primer. Despite the name, very few put ranch on the sandwich, choosing hot sauce or ketchup instead. With that, the boys built a log-cabin fire and the s'more-making process commenced! It quickly

began getting buggy and many campers raced back to the tent to avoid getting eaten alive. With that day one of three had been completed

July 29th

Cool Island has earned the reputation around Kieve as a "boring trip," but we were determined to keep busy! We slept in until 8:30, a new record for North Glenayr. Shortly after getting up, breakfast sandwiches were passed around, devoured by everyone. Counselors taught the campers how to properly clean dishes while out in the wilderness and the core tenant of LNT (Leave No Trace).

We allowed for a bit more of free time, then put the canoes back into the water. Two islands down from Big Island, there is an island that has a great reputation for swimming and jumping from a rock. The paddle was slightly difficult as it required the boys to paddle across the middle of a lake with winds. They were troopers, however, and made it there in no time.

We swam in the surprisingly warm water under the hot sun for well over two hours. Some campers discovered the diaper way in which to wear a lifejacket. It was funny, and the boys enjoyed their time in the water. It was here that Rush reunited with his friends!

We paddled back to Cool Island even faster than how we got there. We then indulged in a late lunch of chicken and cheese quesadillas with chips and salsa. Perhaps the most filling meal of the session, campers retreated to their tents for rest hour, with some even falling asleep!

After rest hour, campers gathered around the kitchen area as Charlie, Patrick, and Thomas had developed a scavenger hunt for the boys. Teams were to find twenty pinecones, something red, something yellow, something blue, a rock shaped like Maine, a leaf shaped like the United States, a stick in the shape of an "X", and four pieces of garbage. Once each group had everything, they could get a snack! The boys found everything in roughly an hour. Emerging victorious whereas Forest, Otto, Charles, and Henry D. Some were even kind enough to help

the last group collect their remaining items.

More free-time ensued while counselors began cooking dinner. Tonight, we were having pasta with tomato sauce. For the first time all trip, the boys could not finish the meal! More campers volunteered to clean the plates, silverware, pot, and pan.

S'more-making on a camper-made fire ensued again. We were stuffed! The mosquitoes were even worse tonight than the previous night, and campers were back in their tents faster than a crack of lightning! Soon enough, the boys were back in bed, ready for our final day.

July 30th

Today was the final day of our trip. We woke up at 8:30 again to the sound of birds chirping and frogs croaking. The boys had already been awake for who knows how much time. However, they were quiet, and their bags were packed. Tents were then taken down and the campsite was swept for micro-trash.

Bagels with cream cheese were served for breakfast. Surprisingly filling, many campers could not even eat a second one! Afterwards, we played several games of Mafia. An attempt at blackjack with goldfish as gambling money was made but failed as nobody wanted to dive back into their bags and get their cards. Instead, the boys impressively worked to build a fire out of the embers from the previous night. Pioneered by Henry D, Otto, and Charles, the fire had started and blazed throughout the morning.

We needed to leave the campsite by 12:30, so an early lunch was made. Grilled cheese and tomato soup were out for the taking. Much to the chagrin of the counselors, many campers complained about grilled cheese. However, most sucked it up and ate on, which was much appreciated. Henry Oster discovered that he actually DID like grilled cheese... you learn something new every day! Dish cleaners began to wash the dirty plates, bowls, and silverware.

Before we knew it, it was 12:50 -- we were running behind! Canoes were loaded and we began the paddle to our take-out. Unlike how we started, we would not be completing a quick paddle

back to the waterfront of Kieve. Instead, we needed to paddle down Damariscotta Lake to Boat Launch Lane.

The wind was whipping rapidly down the lake, providing incredibly difficult headwinds. Despite this, the boys paddled on. Our arms were sore, but we made it! At 2:25, the first boats made it to the take-out. Charles and Henry D were the first camper boat to finish. Gear was unloaded from canoes and reloaded into a Kieve-Wavus Education van driven by none other than Reid Anderson. With everything in place, water was pumped for the final time before we drove back to camp. And with that, the tripping tales of North Glenayr have concluded.

Patrick Kavanagh, HBC
Charlie Demuth, Counselor
Thomas Krush, Counselor
Jack Hall, Counselor
Blake Cote, Counselor

North Townsend

Primer Trip – Mt. Megunticook

July 23rd

The boys of North Townsend woke up fully packed and eager to get going on what was for some their first wilderness tripping experience. There was a steady rain in the morning; however, we welcomed it because it ended the exhausting heat wave we were in. Camp was very small at breakfast, with four more cabins departing that day.

After eating some apple cinnamon doughnuts, we loaded the vans and headed north for Camden Hills State Park. The rain ceased right as we finished setting up our tarp at the campsite, so Gus, Aiden, and Nina gave a tutorial on how to set up tents while I cooked up some chicken quesadillas.

After filling up on lunch, we made our way to Mt. Megunticook, the highest point (1385 feet) in the park and surrounding area. We enjoyed having some mindless conversation to pass the time on our beautiful hike and George was kind enough to let everyone put their water bottles in his pack to lighten their loads.

Near the peak, we came across an epic ocean lookout with a view of Camden harbor, the Atlantic Ocean, and some

other peaks in the park. Liam bravely led the way out to a rock face where there was an optimal viewing spot. We stopped there to have a snack and enjoy the view and Dash pointed out some wild blueberries that we all got to try.

After a little break, we pushed on to the peak. The view wasn't as good as before, but we felt a great sense of accomplishment knowing we were at the top. The clouds from the morning had broken at that point and it turned into a beautiful sunny afternoon.

A little tired, we headed back down to our campsite to set up a fire and start getting ready for dinner. Everyone collected wood and I showed them how to make a campfire. We chilled around the fire having conversations about the day and Kieve before having a dinner of chicken, bacon, ranch sandwiches. I then showed the cabin how to properly clean in the back country and Bo, Paul, James R., and Will led the cleaning charge.

After dinner, we walked to a field on the campground where Henrik suggested we played some evening games of sniper and museum. We had a lot of fun before we all got too tired and settled around the fire once more. We ate s'mores and told stories, some funny and some scary, before everyone naturally fizzled out and back to their warm tents for bed.

July 24th

We had a chill wakeup and once everyone was up, I started making bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches and oranges for breakfast. The beautiful afternoon weather from the day before carried over which made for a perfect morning. We took our time getting going, letting ourselves wake up and get ready for the day. When the time was right, we packed up our camp and loaded up the vans to go to Mt. Battie.

At 800 feet of elevation, it was shorter than Mt. Megunticook, but the trail was steeper. We were, in a way, being taunted by the sight of cars driving to the top, but nevertheless we persisted and enjoyed our hike together. The peak had an incredible view of Penobscot Bay which a lookout tower that everyone enjoyed running around. Not only that, the boys, particularly Cam, loved playing with the

countless dogs walking around at the top.

We took in the ocean breeze and ate PB&J and Snickers bar wraps for lunch before heading back to the van and back to camp. We stopped at the Midcoast Sports Hall of Fame on our way back where we read about the legends of Midcoast Maine before heading to our mandatory Round Top stop for celebratory ice cream.

Jeff Coote, HBC
Gus Williams, Counselor
Aiden Redmond, Counselor
Teddy Truex, Counselor
Nina Wilson, Counselor

North Townsend Damariscotta Lake July 31st

We woke up today at camp packed and ready to embark on our 3-day adventure to Cool Island. It was a hot and humid day as we packed up our canoe trailer. We had the honor of having Mr. Henry Kennedy being our driver for the ride to the boat landing on the south side of Damariscotta Lake. Henry took us to the fish ladder on the way where the campers learned about the positive ecological affect that the new fish ladder was having on the lake.

Once we were at the landing, we set off for Cool Island. We took our time on the 2-mile paddle in the hot sun. We had a break to go for a swim and enjoyed the nice drift we were getting from the tailwinds. Paul pointed out a bald eagle on the lake as we paddled alongside a few fearless loons.

When we arrived at Cool Island, Aiden and I decided to take Liam and Dash with us to scout out the campsite across the way at Southover. We ultimately decided to stay at Southover and we went swimming almost immediately upon our arrival. Luke helped out Gus and me setting up a tarp which was especially important given the rain that was to come later that night. Then, we had the boys give us a shark tank style pitch for an original invention to decide who ate first. We ate grilled cheese and tomato soup for lunch and chilled out all afternoon.

We ended up making flotation diapers



out of life jackets and floated around the cool lake as an escape from the humidity.

The weather began to change, however, and in the blink of an eye a ripping storm came through. For 15 minutes, we endured the strongest winds I have ever seen on Damariscotta Lake in addition to relentless sideways rain. Some of the tents were folding so much with the wind it looked as if they were going to flip over. I told the boys to not worry about their personal gear, however, and we huddled up under the tarp and watched the epic storm. We all laughed in amazement and someone even got everybody chanting the Kieve song. It was an awesome moment.

After assessing the damage from the storm and drying out a couple things, we began making our Philly Cheesesteak dinner. Being from Philadelphia, Will was very watchful as to make sure it were done right. Because of the storm, we couldn't manage to make a fire but still were able to enjoy some Milky Way bars. We laughed as everyone told their perspective of the storm and retired into our cozy tents.

August 1st

We enjoyed a chill morning on day 2, sleeping in and moseying out of our tents on our own time. We then made some incredibly big pancakes with the choice of M&Ms and blueberries inside. Everyone was stuffed so we sat around for a while to let our heavy meal digest.

When the time felt right, we loaded up our boats and paddled over to Windy Rock Island to do some swimming off the big rock. Bo led the way and did not have any fear jumping off the rock into the lake. We hung out there for a while and then headed back to our campsite for lunch. We made BLTs with 150 pieces of bacon for just 16 people. We all relapsed into our food comas from this morning and had some chill time to recover.

We then headed to The Fiore Arts Center up the road from our campsite. Anna, the director there, gave us a tour of the property, where three artists were doing residencies. She showed us the gallery of Joseph Fiore as well as artists who had stayed there before. Everyone

got to pick out their favorite piece and talk about why they picked it. It was a fun way to spend an afternoon and a unique camp experience. We came back to chill, have a fire, and make dinner of burrito bowls. The boys, especially Jack, teamed up to collect firewood as we were determined to make up for last night. We eventually got a rip-roaring fire going which allowed us to make s'mores and enjoy some refuge from the mosquitoes. James H. then pointed out how beautiful the stars were so we went out to the water to do some stargazing before bed.

August 2nd

We woke up to another beautiful day for our last morning. Aiden led a crew on a morning swim as Paul and James R. helped me cook sausage, egg, and cheese hoagies. It was an improvisation on the English muffins we had planned for, but they were delicious.

We then started to pack up camp and paddled over to Cool Island where we played games of sardines and sniper to enjoy the morning. The "sniper" stood atop a large rock hill so it was fun for everyone to climb up it and try to remain unseen. We ate cold cuts and all the remaining snacks leftover for lunch and then paddled to the rope swing to put the cherry on top of an awesome trip.

However, we were thrown an unexpected wrench when we were told we had to portage the canoes up to the BMT, but the boys crushed their first ever portage and felt a true sense of accomplishment. Being the last ever cabin to do this particular trip, I can say with a smile that we did it right.

Jeff Coote, HBC
Gus Williams, Counselor
Aiden Redmond, Counselor
Teddy Truex, Counselor
Nina Wilson, Counselor

South Bunkerhill Primer Trip – Hog Island July 25th

The boys of South Bunkerhill woke up at Kieve on a beautiful morning with packed bags ready for the journey to Hog Island. We quickly organized all of our belongings, piled into the van, and pushed off towards Bremen Landing on

Muscongus Bay. Once we arrived, we met Ted Watson, the resident expert of Hog Island who would serve as our host and educator for the next 24 hours. Ted outlined the rules of the beautiful Hog Island and soon we were sliding into kayaks and paddling out to the Hog.

The boys had a great time kayaking and we eventually made our way to the island where all of our camping gear was waiting for us. Once safely on the island, we set up camp and enjoyed a delicious lunch of grilled ham and cheese sandwiches prepared by Teddy Macfarlane.

After lunch we piled back into the kayaks and followed Ted to a hidden beach a few hundred yards down the island where we kicked back and explored for the afternoon. We swam and looked at crabs and as the afternoon went on, we learned how the tides work.

After a successful bask in the afternoon sun and Oreos for all, we paddled back to our campsite and relaxed before dinner. Some boys enjoyed frolicking amongst the endless seaweed and rocks while others jumped off the dock into the frigid water. We also got to explore the Audubon's ecology room with various stuffed birds of the area and all sorts of maps and knickknacks from the island's history. The boys soaked in all Ted taught them and they could have spent all afternoon fiddling with the sea creatures in the touch tank.

But soon it was dinner time and we munched on succulent cheeseburgers prepared by the trusty Teddy Macfarlane. After dinner, Harrison Black and Charlie Larkin joined Ted and me on a mission to get firewood from Bremen Landing. We started a big fire down on the beach and roasted marshmallows until the sun set and the bugs made their presence known. An awesome first night on Hog led into a peaceful sleep under the Milky Way.

July 26th

Jake Clarke made sure we were all up by 8 o'clock and we groggily enjoyed bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches under the sparkly morning sun. Endless possibilities for activities awaited us that morning but the boys seemed to enjoy the unstructured exploration of the beach

and surrounding island paths.

Once mid-morning came we embarked on an island hike and after a short walk we discovered a massive beach and sand bar area that was exposed at low tide. The boys stomped in the muck and made thousands of crab farms while the tide permitted. We hiked around the rocky shores of the island and soon enough we were back at our home base. PB&Js were waiting for us and after lunch we packed up all of our gear and loaded back into the kayaks for the trip back to Bremen and Kieve.

We said goodbye to the ocean and pulled out from Bremen Landing about 1 o'clock, but the day was far from over. We decided to go on a bit of an adventure so we drove in the general direction of Waldoboro, Maine. Eventually we met up with Route 1 and turned left towards Damariscotta. But before we knew it, the Mid Coast Maine Sports Hall of Fame was upon us, and we couldn't help but stop. The boys soaked in the rich history and admired the greats of Mid Coast sports such as Raymond Alley.

After a thorough history of the Hall of Fame we headed on down Route 1 again where we eventually came to the playground at the Great Salt Bay School. The boys exploded with excitement and we ripped up the playground until we panted and drooled in anticipation of a possible trip to Round Top Ice Cream. The boys' wishes came true and we all enjoyed the ice cream of our choice on the hottest porch in Maine before we made the journey back to Kieve. An epic primer trip if there ever was one.

Will Bliss, HBC
Teddy Macfarlane, Counselor
Phil Kaplan, Counselor
Hayes Zierden, Counselor
Isabelle Kitchell, Counselor

South Bunkerhill White Mountains August 2nd

The boys of South Bunkerhill woke up with packed bags and full tanks for our trip to the White Mountains. The boys had waited all session to finally go on our trip and they could not have been more excited as we quickly loaded the

chase van and the big white van. Soon we were off towards New Hampshire and the adventure that lay ahead.

After a stop at Walmart in town, we arrived at Dolly Copp Campground in Randolph, New Hampshire; our home for the next four nights. We set up camp quickly, but wanted to take full advantage of the beautiful weather and soon we were back in the van. We decided to check out Glen Ellis Falls and see what that was all about. The 60-ft. waterfall left us all with slack jaws and soon we were de-robing and cautiously dipping our toes in the glacial water at the foot of the falls. The pool was freezing but remarkably refreshing and we spent the afternoon frolicking amongst the side streams and rocks of the area beneath the falls. On the way back to the van we saw two moose.

The boys eased into the evening with many games of 4-square and we munched on pesto pasta until the sun set. We went to bed early, for tomorrow we would conquer the mighty Mount Washington.

August 3rd

The alarm sounded at 6 am and the van was packed with the boys and everything we need by 6:15. Safe to say the fellas were ready to rock. We ate Pop Tarts as we cruised along Route 16 towards Pinkham Notch where we would start the ascent of the great mountain.

We took our first steps on the trail at 6:45 and soon enough we were in a strong hiking rhythm up the mountain. After a few breaks we all began to feel confident in our hiking abilities and I was impressed that we stayed together as a cabin for the majority of the hike. We took the Tuckerman Ravine Trail and then veered off onto Lion's Head Trail which wound its way up the mountain.

Once we reached our first breathtaking vista on the trail, we knew we were in for a treat at the top. Soon the summit was in sight and we kept checking our clocks to see how fast we were going. As we climbed higher and higher, the wind picked up and we huddled under our fleeces during a few short breaks. The sky was clear and as we battled our way through the boulder field near the summit, we kept looking back at what

we were about to accomplish. Once at the summit we joined the hoard of other visitors and enjoyed a lunch of pep and cheese in the lodge.

We all collected ourselves and prepared for the descent down the Tuckerman Ravine Trail. Many of the other hikers on the mountain were very impressed with the skills and effort of the boys, and we counselors were very proud as well. Tuckerman's Ravine is a beautiful trail and the boys enjoyed winding their way down the steep and rocky switchbacks. We enjoyed the banter of a leisurely hike down the mountain and all of a sudden we were at the base of the trail, looking up at what we had done. We had completed the hike in almost exactly seven hours, a record for the session.

We guzzled Gatorades and let our legs rest on the van ride home which led to a pleasant afternoon rest hour. A Mexican fiesta dinner was on the menu and we munched on chips and salsa and quesadillas. Our first fire of the trip was made by Conrad Wirch and we chatted around the fire until our eyes couldn't stay open any longer. A successful day in the White Mountains.

August 4th

We woke up a little sorer than the day before, but our spirits were very high. The boys enjoyed a breakfast of granola and milk and many rounds of early morning 4-square. We took our time and eventually boarded the van and got underway towards Emerald Pools.

We eventually found the right trailhead and trudged the short hike to the mystical falls. The boys were amazed at the emerald pool that collected beneath the various rock faces. It didn't take long for us all to jump in and we marveled at the beauty and temperature of the water. The boys ran laps from the water back to the jumping cliff to their hearts content.

We basked on a sunny rock and ate rocket fuel prepared by Phil Kaplan. The boys enjoyed exploring the streams and rocks above the pool and they entertained themselves until it was time to head back home. Emerald Pools certainly captured the imagination of the cabin and it was certainly all it was built up to be.

After a stop at a local farm for some



firewood, we relaxed all afternoon and played 4-square. Chicken patties were on the menu for the night and all the boys marveled at how they could taste so good; the secret is the onions. After another relaxing evening around the campfire, we crawled into our tents and prepared for our second and final hike of the trip the following morning.

August 5th

The morning sun shone down on our campsite once again as we emerged from our tents. The boys enjoyed hearty bowls of oatmeal for breakfast and once again took advantage of the dusty 4-square court. Before long we packed up the van and headed off towards Pine Mountain.

Although not a long hike, Pine Mountain provided unbelievable views and steep terrain that made the final view at the top all the more special. We munched on pep and cheese once again atop a mountain and the boys found and ate almost every blueberry around the summit. The skies were clear and we could see the entire Presidential Range in front of us. Mount Washington boomed over us and we wondered how in the world we had hiked that just two days earlier.

After the boys had gotten their fill of blueberries, we packed up and headed back to the van. We were all in need of a swim and after a quick stop at the campsite, we moseyed over to the river that ran along Dolly Copp campground. We tubbed and frolicked in the shallow river to our hearts' content. It was nice to cool off after such a quick and strenuous hike, a great way to cap off our last full day.

Dank was on the menu for dinner and the boys all waited in eager anticipation as to what this Dank could possibly be. We counselors assured them it would be amazing and for the most part, the boys all enjoyed the globs of pasta and melted cheese. We all ate until we couldn't pick up our forks and then settled into a campfire with marshmallows. An awesome way to cap off a fun-filled trip in the White Mountain National Forest.

August 6th

The last morning was bittersweet as we packed up our campsite and headed

back east towards Maine. Once we said goodbye to the White Mountains, we stumbled upon Step Falls near Grafton State Park. The short hike led us to an unbelievable section of natural waterslides that the boys ripped down until it was time to keep moving along down the road.

After a much anticipated stop at Chipotle, we arrived at Kieve with pride on our sleeves and sore legs.

Will Bliss, HBC

Teddy Macfarlane, Counselor

Phil Kaplan, Counselor

Hayes Zierden, Counselor

Isabelle Kitchell, Counselor

South Cunningham

Primer Trip – Hog Island

July 19th

Our primer has arrived: one quick night on the beautiful Hog Island. After sleeping in and breakfast at camp we loaded group and personal gear into the chase van, then all hopped into the big van and drove to Bremen.

We met up with the KWE Hog Island representative, Ted Watson, who was going to be with us during our day. We brought all our gear down to the dock and while Ted was ferrying our gear across to the island, we all paddled in funyaks. Once we arrived at the island, we set up camp and went over Hog Island rules and expectations.

In the afternoon the cabin hiked around Hog Island, exploring different beaches and trails. During the hike a dinner of Mexican bowls was being prepared and by the time the campers returned from the hike, dinner was ready to be served.

After eating and cleaning we returned to our tent area for a fire on the beach. We played yee-haw before sitting in silence for 3 minutes to think of goals for the session. After the silence every camper discussed their goals for the session and were rewarded with a Rice Krispy Treat. After the campfire we went to bed.

July 20th

We woke up at 7:30 am and began our day. We made a breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese before going out as a whole cabin and again exploring Hog Island. We walked, built forts, captured crabs

and other sea creatures in tide pools, and all around had a great time on our morning adventure.

Once we returned, we began to take down our tent area and started the packing up process. After packing up personal gear and the tents, we had a cooked lunch of grilled cheese with tomato soup. Once lunch was finished we cleaned and packed the remaining gear.

After paddling back to Bremen, we loaded our stuff into the vans and drove back to camp, stopping along the way for Round Top, of course. When we returned to camp, we cleaned and put away our stuff and ended our primer.

Ben Dixon, HBC
Matteo Perper, Counselor
Will Demuth, Counselor
Drew Marshall, Counselor
Lindsey Harrison, Counselor

South Cunningham White Mountains

July 23rd

The men of South Cunningham awoke at Kieve this morning chomping at the bit, the beginning of our White Mountains trip had finally arrived. The weather had cooled off from the crazy heat wave last week thanks to some rain. After eating breakfast, we stopped by the camp store to pick up final needs before grabbing our remaining gear from the cabin.

Once we loaded everything into the chase van, we piled into the big van and set out for New Hampshire. The 3-hour ride was uneventful. We stopped at Hannaford to buy some supplies and eat a lunch of cold cuts.

Once we pulled into Dolly Copp Campground, we set up our campsite then got right back into the van and drove to Glen Ellis Falls. Glen Ellis Falls is an awesome 64-foot waterfall. We explored, took pictures, and hung out. After the falls we returned to the campsite and loaded all of the group gear into the chase van and drove into Gorham. We had heard that Tuesday nights have live music on the town commons so we rolled in and set up a cooking area. A band was playing Irish folk music while we cooked Philly cheese steaks for dinner. Once we

ate, the campers politely listened before we packed up our gear and drove back to our campsite.

When we returned, we had our first ACOP meeting of the trip, ACOP is an acronym that stands for: appreciations, concerns, observations, and plan for tomorrow. After our meeting we went to bed early in preparation for Mount Washington tomorrow.

July 24th

4 am wake up this morning ahead of our Mount Washington hike. We ate a quick breakfast of bagels and cream cheese, then everyone grabbed their gear and loaded into the van. We drove to Pinkham Notch at 5 am, gave one final pep talk, filled water bottles and got on to Tuckerman's Ravine Trail at 5:16 am. The hike was 4.3 miles long with 4,000 feet of elevation gain.

The first 2 miles of the hike went by quickly as we made our way up the mountain on easy terrain. At the 2-mile mark we came across the Lion's Head Trail. We scarfed down a snack of Fig Newtons, then began the more challenging section of the hike.

Immediately the difficulty of hiking went up as the trail became much steeper and more rocky. After 45 minutes of hiking on Lion's Head, Ben Dixon started to lead the front group while Matteo Perper and Will DeMuth took sweep. As we poked out above the tree line, we were all taken aback by the breathtaking scenery of Tuckerman's Ravine with residual snow still in the bowl.

After stopping and starting while the front and back groups waited for each other, we made the decision to hike in two separate groups. We had a snack of Pop Tarts with final 0.9 miles to the summit remaining. The final stretch was the most challenging hiking of the day as we maneuvered through an exposed boulder pitch towards the peak. Eventually we made it to the top in a respectable 5 hours and 46 minutes.

Once everyone was on top, we went into the visitor center and ate a celebratory pizza for Lachlan Neville's birthday. The top was awesome but strange with so many people who had driven up making the summit crowded.



After finishing lunch we snapped a couple photos and started back down the mountain at 12:56 pm. The hike down was smooth, we remained in the 2 groups and used the Tuckerman's Ravine Trail all the way down. The views were unbelievable but the hike was steep and difficult. We took a long break at the halfway cabin before tackling the final 2.4 miles to the bottom. We reached the trailhead and the end of our hike at 5:06 pm, 11 hours and 50 minutes up and down.

Everyone was tired but there was a huge sense of accomplishment as we returned to our campsite for a huge dinner of Mexican bowls and s'mores for dessert. Once we finished eating we called it a day and went to bed. 16 people up and down Mount Washington safe and sound, mission accomplished.

July 25th

Sleep-in this morning, bless up! The other campsites near us were loud in the morning which was annoying but not a huge issue. At 9 am we finally rolled out of the tents. Ben started on breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheeses. After everyone ate those, he also made oatmeal scones. While we were eating our scones, we had an ACOP meeting to discuss the previous day and relish in the pride of completing Mount Washington. After the meeting we cleaned up from breakfast and had skits for donut holes which were awesome.

Finally we loaded into the van and drove 40 minutes to Emerald Pools. Once we arrived, we got out of the van and ate a quick lunch of tuna with apples on pita bread; after lunch we walked the 0.7 miles to the spot. At Emerald Pools we jumped in, swam around and had a blast for about an hour and a half. We walked back to the van and drove back to the campsite.

By the time we returned, it was dinner time so we made CBRs. After dinner we had our ACOP meeting then crawled into our tents for the night.

July 26th

8 am wake-up this morning for the last full day of the trip, it's really been an awesome experience so far. The campers were awake while the counselors rolled out of the tent and started on oatmeal for

breakfast. While we were waiting for the water to boil, we played Bob the Weasel (keep it moving, keep it moving). For selecting oatmeal packets we did skits about movie franchises. Luke, Lachlan, and Owen won for their Black Panther reenactment. After we ate breakfast, we got ready for the day: a short hike up Blueberry Mountain and swimming at the natural water slides.

Once everyone was ready, we loaded into the van and drove to the trailhead at Brickett Place. At Brickett Place we had an early lunch of granola with powdered milk and hot chocolate mix. The Blueberry Mountain hike was short, 1.7 miles with 1,000 feet of elevation gain. The climb was smooth and we reached the top. After we snacked on Cheez Its, we did the scenic loop and took photos with a beautiful view of White Mountains National Forest.

We hiked back down and stopped at the natural water slides for a bit before deciding that going back to Glen Ellis Falls and swimming there would be a better option. We finished the 0.7 miles easily and drove back to the campsite to drop of gear and fill water bottles. Then we drove over to the falls and swam which was great fun for everyone.

After swimming we returned to camp and ate a huge meal of dank. For dessert Ben made cinnamon rolls from scratch which were awesome. While we were eating dessert, we had our final ACOP meeting then went to sleep.

July 27th

Another 8 am wake-up this morning for our final day of the trip. We began to break down our campsite while the counselors made breakfast burritos with sausages and eggs. After breakfast we cleaned up and did a final sweep of the campsite before loading all the gear into the chase van. Before driving out of Gorham we stopped at Dunkin Donuts and everyone had a donut of their choice before we got on the road back to camp.

On the way back we stopped for lunch at Chipotle in Augusta. We arrived at camp at 2:30 pm, cleaned our gear, and ended our trip. Truly an awesome adventure: conquering Mount Washington, swimming all over, eating

good food, enjoying perfect weather; not much more you could ask for.

Ben Dixon, HBC
Matteo Perper, Counselor
Will Demuth, Counselor
Drew Marshall, Counselor
Lindsey Harrison, Counselor

South Townsend

Primer Trip – Hog Island

July 21st

The men of South Townsend awoke on this hot Sunday morning with the energy flowing! We had packed up the night before, so in the morning we had a sweet breakfast of pancakes, said peace and a bowl of hair grease to camp, and set off.

Arriving at Bremen landing, we loaded our gear onto a boat to be ferried out to Hog Island. We then brought kayaks down to the water for our paddle out. We pushed away from Bremen landing and set off on our 20-minute paddle. Laird, Tiernan, and Cameron set the pace, and we motored across the harbor to our destination.

Once at Hog we quickly set up our campsite. Charlie and Thomas led the cabin through the proper way to set up a tent. After we completed this task, we ate a quick lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches which Auggie helped prepare, and we then set about exploring the island. Patrick, Teo, Narinn, and Teddy created the “natural country club.” The was a country club was made up of the natural features which the island provided, such as multiple swimming pools, a water seat, and sunset viewing section. Tiernan and Teo broke out their fishing rods, and set themselves in the water, casting countless times.

After doing these miscellaneous activities for several hours, we then walked across the island to the dock to jump off during high tide. The dock sat a perfect 8 feet above the water, which was an ideal height for jumping. The boys were absolutely buzzing as the jumps began, and not a single one hesitated. There were many different versions of the legendary “can opener” by Brady and Charlie. Every camper jumped at least ten times, and after that we were all very worn out.

We then made our way back to the campsite, Teddy and Laird had a great toss of the frisbee, and before we knew it, dinner was ready to be cooked. While some members of the cabin helped cook the Philly cheesesteaks, others went with Ted to gather firewood. The cheesesteaks were soon devoured, and with full bellies we then sat on the beach around the fire. Brady and Thomas then entertained us with a mix of funny stories. After being out in the heat all day, we were all tired, and retreated to our tents where we quickly fell asleep.

July 22nd

Everyone woke up very early, quite literally when the sun rose, and began warming our tents. Justin made us some sweet breakfast sandwiches consisting of bacon, sausage, egg, and cheese on a bagel. We then quickly packed up camp, before setting off on our expedition to a sweet swimming spot on the other side of the island.

We paddled around the island, to the opposite side, where the low tide revealed a very white sandy beach. On this beach, Narinn, Brady, Cameron, and Patrick looked for an assortment of crabs to add to a hermit crab farm. Tiernan and Teo once again could be found making use of the fishing rod, which continued to attract bites. We then lined up as a cabin group, and sprinted down the beach into the water. We did this several times, before eating our lunch of rocket fuel. In a short span of time, the tide was rising, and our beach was disappearing.

We then paddled back around the island to our campsite. From there we loaded our gear back onto the boat, and then began our paddle back across the harbor to Bremen. From there we spent the time creating our own governments and civilizations, along with doing some team building exercises. Before we knew it, Eleanor arrived to pick us up, and we were on our way back to camp, after a quick stop at the one and only Round Top!

Parker Dotson, HBC
Justin Callahan, Counselor
Quentin Abramo, Counselor
Zephyr Pascador, Counselor
Eleanor Smith, Counselor

**South Townsend
White Mountains
July 28th**

Heading out of camp on a Sunday morning was beginning to feel like a routine. We woke up early in the morning and began the process of packing and cleaning up the cabin. Heading up to breakfast we then said our goodbyes to our camp friends before heading for the White Mountains.

The White Mountains are just across the border of Maine, in nearby New Hampshire. During the car ride we were entertained with songs from Brendan and Brady, singing "West Virginia." Several hours down the road we rolled into the Dolly Copp Cmpground where we would be spending our trip. A lunch of cold cuts was then eaten before we set up our tents.

Not wanting to waste any of our precious time, we then decided to do a short hike which would lead to a swim at a cool waterfall. After a short hike, we descended on the waterfall, which had several great spots for jumping into the freezing cold water. Being accustomed to the very warm temperatures of the lake, the mountain water was certainly a shock all of us.

Brady, and Charlie led the charge into the water, and began the exploration of a hidden seat located behind a small waterfall. Teddy, alongside Thomas, climbed up onto a rock from which you could slide off to a mini drop down into the water. Auggie, along with Teo, spent time exploring the rocky shoreline. Tiernan looked around for fish in the many deep pools of water.

On the hike back we spent time taking in the view of the waterfall, which loomed a massive 64 feet above us. Arriving at camp, we then cooked up our favorite meal of Philly cheese steaks. We then held an open cabin discussion about the details of tomorrow, planning out our hike of Mount Washington. We then headed to bed early, as we had a very early wake-up ahead of us.

July 29th

Waking up at approximately 4 o'clock in the morning, the boys emerged from their tents very sleepily. A quick breakfast

of oatmeal was put together, and we filled up water bottles, packed our day packs and set off for our hike.

Hitting the trail just before 6 o'clock, we still had the crisp morning air to help keep us cool. Mount Washington is the tallest mountain in the United States on the East coast. The trail we were hiking was approximately 4.2 miles long. The first two miles were relatively flat compared to the second half where the incline increased drastically.

The pace at which we started was incredibly fast, we were basically flying up the mountainside, taking few breaks. Laird, Charlie, Narinn, Cameron, and Lucas led the group, showing off their superb hiking abilities. Thomas led the group on a quick detour to the side of the mountain where we had our first really good view. Mount Washington is notorious for having great views on the hike, being able to see for many miles from the top.

After flying through the first two and a half miles, we hit the steep incline which incorporated many large rocks, which the kids had to climb over. The remainder of the hike was essentially "bouldering" and the pace of our travel slowed slightly, but we pressed on.

As we hiked above the tree line, we were literally in the clouds. Surrounded by a white haze, you could reach up and feel the moisture on your hair. Before reaching this height, it had been a very sunny, and warm day, and now you couldn't see for more than a few hundred feet in front of you.

Continuing our trek to the top, we then summited in a record three hours and forty-five minutes! Everyone was feeling very accomplished, as they should be, having climbed a ginormous mountain at such a young age. At the top we spent time regaining our energy, and eating our lunch of pep and cheese. We remained at the summit for approximately an hour, exploring both the museum, and the observatory deck. The top was quite chilly and cloudy, so we only spent a few minutes outside on the exact summit next to the sign.

We then started the descent which quickly proved to be just as hard as the



climb up. Worn out from our fast pace, we tried to be careful on the steep trek down.

After finally making out of the clouds, we were once again warmed by the sun. Stopping several times along the journey down at some great viewpoints, we were in no rush at all. A nice snack break at a mini waterfall was well appreciated by all, and before we knew it, we made our way all the way to the base of the mountain. After all the energy and effort we put forth, we were all feeling exhausted.

Back at camp we quickly changed into swimsuits, and set off for Glen Ellis Falls once again. The swim felt very rewarding for all, and with a little bit of soap we were all feeling nice and clean. We had a filling dinner of burrito bowls with chicken, bacon, rice and beans. A dessert of s'mores was in order after our exhausting day, and we went to bed early after our long day.

July 30th

We had a little bit of a sleep-in and were in no hurry to leave camp today. Breakfast, consisting of breakfast quesadillas with salsa, bacon, sausage, egg and cheese, was inhaled before we packed up for the day. Many people's legs were still feeling sore from our excursion on the mountain yesterday, so a more relaxed day was in order.

We drove across the White Mountains over to the legendary Emerald Pools. We hiked a nice half mile into the woods along a relatively flat trail. We then emerged from the woods into a small clearing, where the majestic Emerald Pools was sitting.

The pool of water was very deep, around fifteen feet in most parts. On both sides of the pool are rocks that are shaped perfectly for jumping into the water below, which was approximately a fifteen-foot drop. The kids jumped without any hesitation at all. Similar to the bridge on Hog Island, everyone just started jumping without any sign of being nervous.

After several successful jumps by all, a cannonball competition opened up. Brady and Charlie were the primary competitors, trying to see who could

make the biggest splash. Tiernan and Laird competed to see who could swim to the bottom and collect the most rocks. Narinn, Cameron, Lucas, and Brendan set off exploring the many smaller pools which could be found slightly downriver from the main one. Patrick and Thomas spent time coordinating group jumps together from the rocks. Hanging out in the coolness of the shade, we enjoyed our lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with honey.

Immediately following lunch, our activities resumed. As the day turned into late afternoon, everyone was completely worn out, and it was time to head back to our campground. By the time we arrived at our tent site, it was time to get our dinner of personal pizzas cooked over the fire going. Many of the kids resorted to taking a quick nap before making their own individual dinners.

Auggie along with Teo helped cut up the different toppings for people to put on their pizzas. Once the toppings were picked, the pizzas were cooked over the fire, and they were all phenomenal. A nice smoky flavor could be tasted in every bite, and this was by far our best meal of the trip.

S'mores cooking commenced after we had finished cleaning. The very controversial approach to cooking the marshmallows included setting them on fire for a burnt outer layer, and a nice gooey inside. Following this, we were entertained by stories from Thomas and Charlie. Tired after another long day, we went to bed, and fell asleep right away.

July 31st

We arose on this Wednesday morning to cloudy skies, signifying that we were going to have a much cooler day compared to what we had experienced so far. Eleanor set about cooking up her specialty breakfast of "granger," which is bacon, cheese, and cream cheese on a plain bagel.

After breakfast we set out for our hike of the Glen Boulder Trail, which had many reviews of being one of the hikes with the best views in the White Mountains. The trail started out being a pretty steep slope, before it leveled out for a bit. As we hiked up towards the

summit, we cleared the tree-line, and saw a phenomenal view of the mountains, which stretched for many miles.

After taking a quick break at the boulder, which was situated right on the side of a sharp cliff, we continued our journey up the mountain. This part of the mountain was above the tree line, and to our excitement was filled with blueberry bushes. Everyone enjoyed eating the sweet berries. Lucas and Teo enjoyed them so much they filled up empty water bottles with them to eat later.

During our pause to munch on blueberries, we spotted a bear across the valley on a neighboring mountain. Everyone was excited to get a glimpse of such a large animal, and it was at such a safe distance away, it was a win-win. The view from the summit was spectacular, and we rested briefly before beginning our descent.

We made it back to our campsite, and made lunch of grilled cheese and tomato soup, before we headed back out to Brickford Place. We went to Brickford Place to tackle the Brickford Slides Loop, and find another sweet swimming hole. After a short hike, we found some good spots for swimming, and sliding into the river. Teddy and Patrick led the group for the most trips down the natural waterslides.

Before we knew it, we had to hike out, and start making our dinner of pasta alfredo loaded with bacon and pepperoni, of course. One last round of s'mores, and a story from Brady, quick look at the stars and it was time for bed.

August 1st

We woke up on the last day of our trip, and sadly began to pack up our camp. We ate a very light breakfast of an assortment of bars before heading to the nearby field for an assortment of games of frisbee. After playing frisbee for a couple of hours, we loaded up the van, said peace and a bowl of hair grease to the White Mountains and started back towards camp.

Along the way we stopped at Pizza Hut for a feast of a lunch. Many of us were so tired that we slept in the car on the way back, before a quick stop at the one and only Round Top. We came back into

camp with our horn honking, and smiles on our face!

Parker Dotson, HBC
Justin Callahan, Counselor
Quentin Abramo, Counselor
Zephyr Pascador, Counselor
Eleanor Smith, Counselor

North Bunkerhill I

Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain

July 25th

On day one, we packed up our gear and loaded it up into the vans. We left Kieve around 10 am to make it to Camden Hills by 11. After we arrived and checked in, we set up camp. When all of our tents were set up and our gear unpacked, we had lunch. Lunch was delicious peanut butter crunch wraps.

We filled our water and grabbed our backpacks and set out for Mount Battie. The 1.4-mile hike up was gorgeous. Teddy, Charlie, Timmy and Ryan excitedly led the way up the mountain. Mount Battie was extremely rewarding as we approached the clearing at the summit. We climbed the watchtower to get an even better view of the Camden Harbor below us. Will Toomey, Jack and Tomas were the first ones up the watchtower. After everyone had climbed the tower, we had a quick snack and water break at the top before heading down.

Once we reached the bottom, we returned to the campsite to grab some swimwear. Next we headed out to the Lincolnville Beach to relax and cool off for the rest of the afternoon. Adian and Andy played frisbee. Rodrigo, Charlie, and Will Toomy swam in the waves and the boys collaborated on a sandcastle with “Kieve” spelled out in rocks on the top.

After the beach, we changed into dry clothes and prepared dinner. The boys competed in tent skits for a dinner of bacon cheeseburgers. Gavin, Shema, and Jack won and ate first. When all the cooking supplies were cleaned and put away we all sat around the fire. We talked by the fire as the sun set and went to bed early for the hike the next morning.

July 26th

The next day we woke up early and had breakfast sandwiches with fresh

eggs. We packed up camp after breakfast and set out for Bald Rock Mountain.

We began our climb up the 1.75 mile ascent. After we snacked on the way up, Will Skiff and Nick joined the group at the front. We made it up the mountain by lunch time. Lunch was PB and J. As we sat on the summit, we began sharing stories and continued to do so all the way down the mountain.

After the hike we got into the van and made our way back to Kieve, stopping at Round Top on the way.

Marty Arnold, HBC
Griffin Hall, Counselor
Jack Roberts, Counselor
Charlie Gomprecht, Counselor

North Bunkerhill I

St. Croix River

August 1st

Day began very early as we woke up at 5:15 to prepare for an early departure for the Saint Croix River. We packed our bags into the trailer and set out for our 6-day trip. The bus ride was long but we entertained ourselves with riddles and games and seeing the sights outside our windows. Aiden, Charlie, and Tomas were quick to solve the riddles and help their cabinmates solve them as well.

When we arrived, the boys quickly unloaded the gear and prepared to get on the water. But first we had a quick yet filling meal of cold cut sandwiches. We set out onto the water for a short paddle down the lake of our put-in.

We arrived at Birch Island about an hour and a half later that afternoon. We set up our campsite and enjoyed some swimming and relaxing before tucking in to a delicious meal of double bacon cheeseburgers for dinner. That night we enjoyed a fire before our first full day of paddling.

August 2nd

We were well rested when we woke up to start our day. We cooked some breakfast sandwiches as we packed up camp and loaded up the canoes. Once everyone had eaten, we set off back onto the lake.

The paddle was a bit longer than the previous day, though we were sped along by a helpful tailwind. As we were

growing accosted to paddling, Will Skiff, Shema, and Teddy proved themselves to be capable beyond expectation. We got into the Narrows campsite just in time for lunch. We ate a sandwich, snack, and cheese stick each.

After lunch we set up the campsite. We spent the afternoon swimming, skipping rocks and reading. When it was time for dinner we cooked some fantastic burritos. Nick and Jack jumped at the chance to help cook. After dinner, we watched the sunset and went to bed to prepare for our biggest day.

August 3rd

We got up early on our third day. At 5:30 we got up, packed up our gear into our boats and pushed off by 6:30. We had a floating breakfast of Pop Tarts and cereal bars.

Our first leg of the paddle was the rest of the lake. We arrived at the dam portage around 9:15 and began to portage our canoes. Teddy and Charlie attempted to solo their boats. They each made it about halfway down the portage. Timmy, Ryan, and Shema carried a couple boats, helping their cabinmates finish the portage. After a treat of soda and chips, we set out again. Finally on the river.

We soon encountered our first set of rapids. Rodrigo and Tomas' boat handled the rapids impressively and with humor as the cabin joked around, excited to be on the river. We had a floating lunch of pb+j as we took our time down the rest of the river.

We heard Little Falls before we saw it. Once the boats were on shore above the falls, the boys brought our gear down the portage trail. We left the boats at the top and set up camp just below the falls. Dinner was delicious pesto pasta before we settled down to weather the incoming storm.

August 4th

The rain was gone by morning. We shook the water off our rain flies and packed up our tents after enjoying some bagels and cream cheese for breakfast. We organized our gear by the bottom of Little Falls and walked back up to our boats at the top.

We ran the falls dry, the boys whooping and hollering as they paddled the biggest



rapid of the trip. Andy's boat flipped but all he could do was laugh and smile, as we pulled the boat to the side of the river. The boys proved once again their capable tripping skills while navigating the rapid.

We pulled over after the falls and loaded our gear to continue the rest of our day. There were a lot of rapids after Little Falls and the boys had a lot of fun with the challenge. The rapids also helped speed us on our way. We reached Loon Bay just after 3 pm and set ourselves up at the campsite. The boys relaxed in their tents as the counselors prepared for dinner. We ate a fantastic chicken curry for dinner that night and sat around the fire talking before going to bed.

August 5th

We slept in a bit, until 7. When we got up, we began packing up camp and had a breakfast of oatmeal. The boys packed the gear into the boats and were told they could pick their own canoe partners. Will Skiff, Gavin, and Shema leapt at the opportunity to jump in the same boat.

Once we were on the water, we began making headway into our distance for the day. After making about a quarter progress for the day, we dropped our typical pace and just had fun for our last full day on the river. Rodrigo, Nick, and Jack went for a swim off the boats and Aiden, Tomas, and Rodrigo tried to solve more riddles.

The day went by quickly and we pulled into our final campsite. Egg Point was quickly set up, the boys had plenty of practice by now. We had lunch when we had settled in and then took some time to rest. We found some turtles which the boys named Oogway and Foogway. We played some cards and made personal pizzas for dinner. After that we set up a fire and shared our favorite moments of the trip before going to bed.

August 6th

The last day of our trip started with a normal wake-up. We had a filling breakfast of granola and almond milk before packing up our boats and pushing off onto the river. We spent the short paddle talking and joking.

When we made it to the take-out site, the bus was ready and waiting for us.

The boys made short work of the loading process as we waited for our chase van. They organized the gear and while we waited, we played some games with the cabin. When the van arrived, we finished loading the rest of our gear and climbed into the bus.

The ride back to Kieve was quiet and relaxing. We stopped at Chipotle for lunch and the campers ate their fill. We arrived just in time for dinner announcements and packed away our trip gear.

Marty Arnold, HBC
Griffin Hall, Counselor
Jack Roberts, Counselor
Charlie Gomprecht, Counselor

North Bunkerhill II Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain July 22nd

After a sausage and egg breakfast at camp, the boys of North Bunkerhill II loaded their gear and themselves into one of Kieve's unmistakable 15-passenger vans and hit the road for Camden Hills State Park. Despite a few navigational errors on the drive, we soon arrived at our campsite and set up tents and hammocks. Lunch was peanut butter, strawberry jelly, and honey on a tortilla — a trip specialty.

Around noon, we hit the road once again and drove 10 minutes to the trailhead for the Bald Rock Mountain Trail. Shouldering day packs filled with water, snacks, bug spray, sunscreen, and rain gear, we set off. The first 1.25 miles of the trail was a wide, flat gravel path marked by a dense forest on both sides and a strange quantity of droppings from some animal that seemed larger than a deer but smaller than a moose. Soon enough, the sight of two mounted horses trotting past us down the trail provided the answer to the excrement enigma.

45 minutes into the hike, the trail veered to the left and a sign marked the 0.5-mile climb to the summit of Bald Rock Mountain. This section featured a rockier terrain and greater elevation gain than the first, but we managed to navigate it without much issue. Waiting for us at the top was a fine view of the Atlantic Ocean and Camden Harbor. The boys who had been together for the North Townsend

primer trip to Camden remembered a similar view from the summit of Mount Megunticook and we all agreed that despite the overcast skies, the journey to the top had been rewarding. Following a Chex Mix snack and some “artsy” cabin pictures, we set off back down the trail, making light work of the downhill and arriving at the van in seemingly no time.

Back at the campsite, Ella and Christian took the boys swimming in the ocean while Brooks and I began preparing dinner. Tonight’s meal was an epic endeavor — grilled chicken burritos with Uncle Ben’s Fiesta Rice, peppers, guacamole, and shredded cheese melted inside a toasty tortilla. The boys answered trivia questions to determine the eating order and before long we were all digging into the scrumptious meal.

For the evening activity, we had a big game of “Steal Kaback’s Headband,” which devolved into a giant wrestling match (a Camden tradition). As dusk settled, we gingerly made our way back to the tents and brushed our teeth before bed. Although tent shenanigans prevailed into the night, we all eventually found sleep and rested easy after a fulfilling day.

July 23rd

We slept in to the relatively late hour of 8:30 AM, only rising from our tents when the prospect of loaded oatmeal sating our ravenous palates grew too large. The boys chose their oatmeal packets from a mix of Maple & Brown Sugar, Apples & Cinnamon, and Cinnamon & Spice and, after adding hot water, they piled on the raspberries, raisins, honey, and peanut butter that give loaded oatmeal its name. Properly full and humming with energy, we packed up camp and said goodbye to our site. Before heading back to Kieve, however, we had another hike to complete.

Today’s challenge was the Maiden Cliff Trail. We drove another 10 minutes to the trailhead and got moving. Although it was only 1 mile to the summit, we found the terrain and elevation gain was much more challenging than our hike the day before. Still, we battled through the tough uphill and slippery roots to reach the scenic view at the top of the cliff.

There we found a massive white cross suspended over a sheer drop-off by wire cables, in addition to sights of a small lake and the rolling foothills of Camden. An informational plaque informed us that the cross had been erected in memory of a 12-year-old girl who, in 1864, fell off the cliff and died as she was trying to grab her hat that the wind had blown off her head. We scooted a bit further away from the edge after learning this macabre bit of trivia and, much to our delight, found troves of blueberry patches lining the rockface. We gorged on berries and gazed out over the water, thoroughly enjoying the day.

When we finally started our descent, the rain picked up and we were extra careful with our steps on the now-treacherous downhill slide. We made it down sans injury and loaded into the van for the final time. We made another lunch of PB, jelly, and honey (plus marshmallows) for the road and started back to Nobleboro, making sure to make a stop for the requisite Round Top visit.

Around 3 PM, we arrived at camp and quickly got to work unpacking and cleaning from the trip. Our last task was one of a hygienic nature — tubbing in Damariscotta Lake. Half a bottle of Dr. Bronner’s later, we were refreshed and officially back.

Camden Hills treated us well and we all enjoyed our short one-night stay. Still, we knew the real fun was still to come and as we rested in our bunks that night, visions of the St. Croix River danced in our heads.

Will Kaback, HBC
Christian Rodrigue, Counselor
Brooks Biddle, Counselor
Ella White, Counselor

North Bunkerhill II St. Croix River

July 30th

Nary a cabin was stirring as the boys of North Bunkerhill II rose from their slumber at the ripe hour of 5 AM. A mystical sunrise was unfolding over the lake as they began to shuffle around the cabin, collecting last-minute gear and shouldering their packs for the trip that was to come. The fog over Damariscotta

Lake was punctured by the hot beams of the rising sun, obfuscating the normally-clear view with blasts of orange and yellow haze.

The boys loaded coolers, K-Wans, and canoes (among other non-alliterative gear) into the trailer attached to the back of our orange Kieve bus, and after a quick breakfast of Pop-Tarts, we were on the road, waving goodbye to the camp sign as the rest of camp began to wake-up.

It was a 4-hour drive to our put-in spot on Spednic Lake. We made a pit stop at Walmart to purchase some much-needed bug spray, epsom salts, and a trusty 2-gallon water jug for the Nalgene-less Dr. K. It was a beautiful afternoon and we eagerly awaited the moment when we would finally be on the water.

Upon arriving at the put-in, we unloaded the trailer and said goodbye to our driver, Mark. We ate a quick lunch of turkey and cheese roll-ups in a tortilla, and then our trip began. Today's paddle was a quick 3-mile jaunt to Birch Island, which we re-named Wirch Island in honor of Henry.

During the paddle, the boys practiced the various canoe strokes that they would use in the bow and stern of the boat (in the case of JD and Luke, that involved switching bow and stern multiple times... while on the water.) Although we took our time and were by no means speedy, we arrived at camp within an hour of pushing off from the drop-off site.

Once camp was set up, we ate snacks of Goldfish and Nutrigrain bars. Ike took it upon himself to relieve Christian of his snacks, which earned him Christian's undying trust and admiration. Appetites temporarily satisfied, we took to the water once more, this time just to swim.

Wirch Island boasted multiple excellent swimming holes and we spent the afternoon jumping off rocks into the refreshing lake water and lounging about in the sun. Henry and Luke got especially comfortable and were having a grand old time until they realized that getting out of the water was going to be an entirely different kind of show. Eventually (with the help of some branches and leaves) they made it out.

Other afternoon activities included:

Brooks beginning work on his homemade fishing pole, J-Rock and JD erecting their epic hammock set ups, and Aubie, Ike, and Henry leading the charge to build a massive first-night campfire.

Dinner was bacon cheeseburgers made with love. The boys chowed down on the hearty meal as the fire cast flickering shadows over the ground at dusk. Stuffed as we were after dinner, it was group consensus that we had all managed to save room for dessert, and we roasted marshmallows over the fire and made s'mores to celebrate the first night of what J-Rock remarked was already "The Best Trip." Henry had us in stitches as he performed an elaborate comedy routine to honor Wirch Island, and Fill Wrack and Brooks foiled James's valiant efforts in a not-so-serious game of Mafia.

It was the end of a fun and relaxing day and we made a point to hit the tents early with the knowledge that tomorrow would bring an early wake-up to avoid the headwinds on Spednic. We slept with smiles on our faces, the only noise coming from Brooks yelling "Cowards!" in his sleep.

July 31st

We woke at 5 AM and broke down camp efficiently. Hoping to get on the water as soon as possible, we opted to skip the traditional first-morning breakfast of bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches and instead inhale bowls of granola with soy milk. Although not the most inspiring of breakfasts, it did the job and gave us ample energy to get the day started.

Clear skies greeted us once we pushed off from Wirch Island and began paddling. Today was to be one of the hardest days of the trip, as the combination of many miles of lake paddling and a beating sun overhead sapped our stamina. Still, we managed to make a day out of it, swimming near some exposed boulders in the middle of the lake, catching some fortuitous tailwinds, and snacking on Chex Mix and Oats'n'Honey Bars. Petie and Will Frank staked their claim as the old married couple of the canoe partners, bickering with love as they pushed through the strenuous Spednic waters.

Meanwhile, in the council boats of Brooks and Christian, Will Oster

and Theo (respectively) were proving themselves capable bowsmen, propelling their boats to the front of the pack. Then there was J-Rock and Ollie, the ever-reliable duo who found their chemistry almost instantly. Aubie and James raced Slater and Ike from point to point, and JD and Luke figured out a system that kept them straight and moving forward consistently. Finally, Henry and Kaback ran sweep; Henry was up to the challenge other than the fact that he needed water — baaaaad!

After being on the water since 7 AM, we finally reached our campsite — The Narrows — around 1 PM. We were excited at the prospect of a whole afternoon to relax after a big day of paddling, but our spirits were sapped slightly when we saw the rough and rundown nature of the site. Tent spots were at a premium and we did our best to squeeze everyone in without forcing anyone to sleep on one of the garish rocks or roots that seemed to be popping out of every part of the ground. With no other option but to make it work, we set up.

Fortunately, lunch was the ever-delectable chicken wraps — chicken strips, carrots, ranch, and (Will) Frank's Hot Sauce in a tortilla. We polished off an entire bag of chicken strips then stumbled off in a stuffed stupor for a brief rest period.

The bulk of the afternoon was spent sitting around the campfire area, talking and sharing stories of years past. Ike also got us motivated for tomorrow's portage with an epic pump up speech to win dinner skits. We decided to make dinner extra early so as to stay on the sleep schedule we had developed over the past couple days — early to bed, early to rise.

For this meal, we ate double downs, a Kieve classic, that on this night were made with toasted English muffins, two fried chicken patties, excessive amounts of bacon, and condiments to taste. Then, we took a post-meal swim in the lake and played King of the Hill, which saw Kaback's Crocs pass between a number of thieving hands.

After drying off and getting a fire going, we looked warily at one another as we contemplated dessert. The prospect

of Rice Krispy Treats was too good to pass up and we sat in a dazed state of contentment around Aubie and Ike's fire as we munched on the Krispies' double-chocolatey goodness.

Although it was still light out at 8 PM, we headed for the tents, ready to slip off into a well-earned sleep after a taxing but enjoyable day. Our biggest day was still ahead, though, and we knew there was much work to be done.

August 1st

A deafening thunderstorm rocked our campsite overnight but we stayed dry in our brand-new Marmot tents. Whatever snarl of bad weather that hit us while it was dark had moved on by the time we awoke at 6 AM. It was blue skies and sunshine once again — a budding theme for the trip.

Breakfast was loaded oatmeal with peanut butter, raisins, and honey. Although we were a bit sore and sun-weary from the previous day's exploits, we were also excited to finally get on the river. To get there we had to finish our paddling on Spednic Lake, and we cruised through the last 4 or so miles with relative ease.

At the end of the lake, we reached the dam at Vanceboro that separates the lake from the St. Croix and is home to a border crossing point between the US and Canada. Waiting for us at the dam was the boys' first portage of their Kieve careers. We managed to knock out the portage in four trips, moving everything from the canoes, paddles, and life jackets to our personal boundary bags and group food to the other side of the dam at the river put-in. The boys did a fine job and were rewarded for their efforts with Humpty Dumpty All Dressed Chips and Dr. Pepper soda to complement our lunch of rocket fuel — PB, jelly, honey, and a Milky Way in a tortilla. The immense sugar high of lunch soon gave way to an equally-great sugar crash that saw us sprawled out on our backs in the tree shade, groaning as our bodies attempted to figure out what we had just done to them.

After a long break, we were finally ready to hit the St. Croix. We loaded up the boats and took our first paddle strokes through a set of rips that greeted



us around the first bend we encountered. It was a fun afternoon spent enjoying the comfort of a current going with our canoes instead of against us. We navigated more sets of rips, swam, and gash paddled.

Before we knew it, the time read 5 PM and we realized we had spent the whole day out on the water. It was at this moment that we also heard the unmistakable sound of rapids — big rapids. The day had been building to our meeting with the Class III rapid Little Falls, and now the time was upon us. We pulled off to the side of the river at the Little Falls Portage Trail and scouted the rapid, throwing stones to mark the best lines to hit on the way down. Then, we moved all the gear from the boats down the portage trail to our campsite at the bottom of the rapid. With boats empty of everything but people, we were finally ready to annihilate some whitewater.

One by one, our classic green Old Town canoes traversed Little Falls with skill and finesse. No one flipped; in fact, we were having so much fun that some hit dance moves on the way down (Luke took the cake with his “Paddle Dab”). We eddied out at our campsite and wasted no time setting up camp. It was already evening and we were starting to feel ravenous.

Dinner was CBRs — fried chicken strips, bacon, fried onions, and ranch on a toasted hoagie. The meal was filling, hot, and good and we once again polished off a massive bag of chicken strips and nearly demolished an entire packet of bacon — 150 strips. Tonight’s now-customary make-room-for-dessert dessert was Oreos, and we ate them around a ripper of a fire that lasted well into the night. Dr. K told some scary stories that had JD quaking and others walking uneasily to their tents when the night began to reach its close.

It was a clear, starry night, the kind you can only see out in the woods. We rested easy (in spite of the scary stories) with the ambient sounds of Little Falls lulling us to sleep.

August 2nd

We “slept in” on this morning, waking up at 7:30 AM. Another sunny day, another round of fun ahead. We took

our time with breakfast and boy, was it a doozy. Breakfast burritos blessed our palates in all their hearty goodness — sausage, scrambled eggs, and cheese melted together and stuffed inside a toasted tortilla. The combination of the hot breakfast and relatively late wake-up meant that we didn’t hit the water until around 10 AM, but it was no problem as we had nothing to do but spend the day together on the water.

The day’s section of river sported close to 10 sets of rips spread out over 10 miles. We cruised through the first half before stopping at a small campsite on the side of the river to make lunch. Keeping with the theme of breakfast, we took our time and gorged on another hot meal — bacon grilled cheese on bagels with tomato soup to boot.

Back on the river, we finished the rips and paddled the final couple miles of the day on flatter water as the Croix widened into Loon Bay. We camped on the far end of the Bay (at the eponymous campsite) and found it to be arguably our best site yet. It was open with plenty of tent spots on soft pine needles and a consistent breeze to keep the bugs away. The boys made a tent city overlooking the water and even went so far as to designate each tent with a different theme — the talking tent, the sleeping tent, the shenanigans tent, etc.

Dinner was personal pizzas — Boboli crusts, pizza sauce, mozzarella cheese, and fried pep. Many struggled to finish their whole meal, leading to a fun game of “throw the pepperoni into the fire.” By this point in the trip, we were familiar with the post-dinner routine and settled in around the fire with another Rice Krispy dessert.

The sunset over the water was breathtaking and we were treated to a sky chock-full of stars for the second night in a row. With just two days left, we reflected on the trip thus far and brainstormed ways to make the next 36 hours as enjoyable as possible. Feeling satisfied with the day, we retired to the tents and hit the hay.

August 3rd

If Day 4’s wake-up time was a “sleep-in in name only,” then today’s was “a sleep-

in by any metric.” We woke at 8:30 AM to birds chirping and mosquitos buzzing. Breakfast was fried bagels loaded with cream cheese, bacon, and M&Ms. We were on the water embarrassingly late...11 AM. By the time we reached Canoose Ledges — our final Class III rapid for the trip — it was lunchtime and we had been paddling for less than an hour.

We scouted the Ledges and seemed to be in agreement that the far-left side of the river sported the best paddling route. Dr. K and Henry had other ideas, however, choosing to hit a middle route with the biggest drop. “Watch and learn,” proclaimed K confidently as he steered the canoe towards the ominous-looking drop-off. What they hadn’t realized was that a giant submerged rock lay waiting at the base of the drop and when their boat skirted over the edge and down into the rock’s waiting arms, it didn’t stand a chance. The boat flipped and sent the Med Kit, K-Wan, Trip Leader Pouch, and boundary bags into the rushing water. Henry kept a cool head and kept the boat in place while K rescued the K-Wan and stove. They managed to collect all the gear and re-load the boat but had to sit through ruthless bouts of finger-pointing and laughter as all the other canoes hit the river left line and made it through without so much as a drop of water in their boats.

After the excitement at the Ledges, the river calmed down significantly and became mostly dead water. We passed the time by hopping in one another’s boats and having some fun switching up the bow and stern. Some, like Henry, found they liked the back of the boat far more than the front, while JD discovered that steering the boat is close to impossible without your bow. We stopped at a riverside campsite again for a quick lunch of PB, jelly, and honey in tortillas before regrouping to knock out the final 2 miles of the day. Despite the short mileage, the headwinds picked up as the day slid into late afternoon, and we had to battle to make it through the long stretches of current-less river.

Eventually, we made it to Egg Point, our final campsite. We made camp one last time; by now, the boys were veterans at

tent set up and gear management. Dinner was Dank, a specialty and a tradition on the last night of Kieve trips. Tonight’s iteration included rotellini pasta, alfredo sauce, fried pep, bacon, and broccoli. While the pasta water was boiling, we discovered that a family of five massive turtles was hanging out on the rocky point connected to the campsite. We watched in awe as the turtles climbed up on the rocks and calmly observed the 16 gaping human faces looking back at them. The boys hung out with the turtles for most of the remainder of the evening, watching with glee as they swam around the point and, um, interacted with one another. Big Papa, specifically, turned out to be quite aggressive.

Kaback challenged the boys to finish the entire pot of dank with the promise of a sweet treat if they were successful. Despite over 4 pounds of pasta staring them in the face (not to mention all the meat and cheese that filled out the pot) they managed to pull it off thanks to some Herculean efforts from James and Luke, among others.

The treat waiting for them was hot chocolate and Oreos, which was enjoyed around our fifth consecutive campfire as the sun set. We reflected on the trip with “Rose/Thorn/Bud” and talked more about what we were looking forward to in the last week of camp that awaited us when we returned the next day.

Just as dark set in, a sudden thunderstorm developed overhead and dumped on our poor campfire as we scrambled for the tents. As intense as the storm was, it passed as quickly as it appeared and we spent the rest of the night peacefully in the tents. With just a few miles left between us and the end of the trip, we slept soundly and dreamt of Big G’s.

August 4th

The early morning sun heated our tents and acted as a natural alarm that had us up and moving by 7 AM. After breaking down camp and loading the boats, we ate a two bar breakfast — Pop-Tarts and Cinnamon Toast Crunch Bars. The boys chose their own canoe partners for the last stretch of paddling to our takeout, and there were many intriguing

groupings, including Slater/James, J-Rock/Will Oster, Brooks/Will Frank, Christian/Petie, Kaback/Ollie, JD/Aubie, Theo/Ike, and Henry/Luke (the fastest boat of them all.)

We paddled past Egg Point and onto the Grand Falls Reservoir, which looked and felt like our time on Lake Spednic. Despite a small degree of navigational confusion as to where our take-out spot actually was, we took our final paddle strokes around 10 AM at the Powerhouse. Our driver, Sally, was already there waiting for us and we wasted no time loading up the trailer with canoes and gear. At last, we hit the bus and sunk deep into its stiff plastic bench seats with a ringing feeling of achievement.

It was a 3-hour drive to our lunch spot at Big G's, where the boys went to town on sandwiches the size of their faces with names like the Bruce Lee, Guy Fieri, and Buffalo Bill.

From G's, it was an hour to camp and we soon pulled in to Kieve with the bus's horn blaring and the boys getting rowdy in the back. The Croix trip was complete and the cabin had done it all with flair and aplomb.

It was as good as a trip can be. For six days, we did nothing but hang out with one another, paddle around one of the most beautiful sections of water in Maine, and exist on our own time. James, Slater, Ike, Will, Luke, Ollie, JD, Will, Theo, Aubie, John, Petie, Henry, Brooks, and Christian — thank you! And rap IS the best.

Will Kaback, HBC
Christian Rodrigue, Counselor
Brooks Biddle, Counselor
Ella White, Counselor

North Cunningham Primer Trip – Bald Rock Mountain July 21st

For our primer North Cunningham went to Camden Hills. The reason for a primer trip is to get the campers acquainted with the idea of camping. This means they learn how to pitch tents, wash dishes, bomb-proof bags, brush their teeth in nature, and other small things they may not have known. We spent a few hours learning different camp skills, and built

a fire to be lit after a quick hike.

The crew headed to the Maiden's Cliff for a steep but brief hike to one of the most breath-taking views in Maine. We took five minutes to sit in silence and look out over the beautiful Maine country side. We enjoyed snacks, picked blueberries, and then proceeded down the mountain.

Back at the campsite we had a short rest hour, and then had a delicious meal of double downs. We played games around the campfire until the sunset, when we headed to bed early to avoid rain.

July 22nd

The next morning was a fun ride. We headed back to camp, but made a few pit stops along the way. The first place we went was a farm with a miracle of nature, brown cows! The farm had brown cows, spotted cows, and Oreos. We then proceeded to stop at the Pemaquid lighthouse, where we walked on the rocks and explored the museum.

Sarah made the cabin rocket-fuel for lunch (a PB&J with a Snickers bar). After playing some games at the lighthouse it started to rain lightly, so we headed back to the van to make our way back to camp. But as always, we had one last stop at the famous Round Top Ice Cream. The trip was a complete success, and our cabin was feeling eager to begin the St. Croix river.

Will Janvier, HBC
Mason Swindell, Counselor
Parker Swensrud, Counselor
Sarah Burgin, Counselor

North Cunningham St. Croix River July 25th

With our bags packed and butterflies in our stomachs, the boys of North Cunningham awoke for our 6 AM departure from camp. After a long five-hour bus ride, we loaded our canoes and set off for our first destination Birch Island.

The campsite was wonderful, with plenty of room for frisbees, tents, and games. The paddle there was a little over an hour, so we had the entire afternoon to play games like sniper, read on a beautiful rock that overlooked the lake,

and rest under the trees protecting us from the brutal heat (92 degrees). We went over the map and saw that our next day would be the second longest paddle of our trip, so quickly we enjoyed Philly cheesesteaks and went to bed after watching the sun set over Canada.

July 26th

This day was a long one. The main difference in this day versus the rest of our trip is that this day is exclusively on a lake instead of a river. River paddling has moving water, but the lake was still and we created the only ripples. We woke up at 5 AM and departed from Birch Island shortly before 7.

We only had about 90 minutes of protective fog until the sun beat down on our backs with the same brutal heat as the day before. The lake offered no shade protection, so we had to stop often to refill water bottles and reapply sunscreen. We paddled for the better half of the day and a little extra, as I misjudged the map and we overshot the campsite, The Narrows, by nearly half a mile (if any of you campers are reading this, I'm still sorry about that one).

When we finally got there, we were exhausted, and everyone settled in for an extended rest hour. After some naps, we recognized that The Narrows barely had enough room for all of our tents, and we were forced to take to the water for recreation.

While The Narrows is notoriously tiny, the rocky beach out front did not disappoint. Every member of the cabin swam around trying to climb on top of the one rock that protruded from the water, while some of our cabinmates tried (and succeeded) at flipping counselor Mason's boat. Led by Rhys McIntosh and Lucas Imlah, the cabin sang the Pirates of the Caribbean theme song as they dragged Mason's boat onto the shore.

The afternoon was filled with laughter, and we relaxed and slowly cooked a dinner of Kieve's famous double downs. For those not in the know, double downs are a sandwich with bacon and cheese in the middle, with two fried chicken patties acting as buns. It may sound a little greasy, but there weren't any leftovers as we scarfed the food

down after our long day. We enjoyed the Canadian sunset once again as we began mentally preparing for the daunting task of the portage that faced us tomorrow.

July 27th

Today was our most eventful day yet. After a brief two-mile paddle we arrived at our portage location. Led by Graydon Garnett and Austin Del Col we quickly carried our canoes around the dam and enjoyed a treat of soda and snacks. While we were enjoying our snacks Camp Winnebago completed the same portage, and informed us that they were doing the same trip as us.

Obviously, we had a silent agreement to race to the campsite, and this competitive mindset helped us crush the following four hours on the hot river. We arrived at the beautiful Little Falls Campsite and had an amazing afternoon. We unloaded our boats, unpacked our campsite, and proceeded to send our boats down the class three rapid. Before our group went down the famous rapid, we watched a group of amateur paddlers go first. Their boat flipped almost immediately, and the contents of their cooler littered the bottom of the river. While the cabin was a little shook up, all 13 boys sent it down the rapid with ease, and nobody flipped.

After preparing our boats for the next day, we went back to the campsite to enjoy the great swimming spot where we tubbed, the first indoor bathroom of our trip, and the spectacle of watching countless groups of unprepared paddlers flip and scatter to find their gear. That night we had a great feast of double bacon cheeseburgers, a meal so delicious it could only be followed by s'mores. Mano Levine and Luke Renzi showed off their skill of catch insanely high thrown marshmallows in their mouths. After signing the guest book, we went to bed to enjoy our first sleep-in of the trip.

July 28th

The morning started with the sun beating down on our tents with a late wake-up at 9:30. After we enjoyed breakfast sandwiches and portaged our gear down to the canoes, we began our relaxed day of river paddling.

Today was full of small rips that kept us moving fast and focused on the river,



with very few sections that required serious manpower. It was a breeze to get to our beautiful campsite in Loon Bay, where we were greeted by our paddling rivals Camp Winnebago. Luckily there were two campsites so we had plenty of room between us.

The afternoon was pretty relaxing, with notable highlights of Henry Chadbourne and Eoin Sullivan regaling our group with stories that kept us entertained through the evening. We went to bed early in anticipation of the first (and only) rain we encountered on the trip.

July 29th

We decided that the sun was too hot, and we would wake up early to beat the brutal heat. Our plan worked, and we set off into the cool fog after a hearty breakfast of bagels.

While the day was short, within the first hour we were facing the largest rapid of our trip. After scouting the rapid and showing everyone the line to take, we successfully went over the drops and bumps with impressive ease.

Today ended up being my favorite day of the trip, as every canoe in our group was in a close proximity to each other, as opposed to the mother goose line that we had been paddling in the previous days. This allowed Elliott Resnik and Ian Aarts to lead us in games and songs all the way to our campsite (I think I heard *Bohemian Rhapsody* at least 20 times).

When we arrived at Egg Point, we were greeted by a smirking Camp Winnebago group, who informed us that they took the “good” campsite and that we would have to continue on. No problem, as the next campsite was a stone’s throw away, plus this one had something way cooler than the other campsite, giant snapping turtles. If there was ever a counselor’s dream, it was to have 13 curious campers sharing a living area with multiple prehistoric water beasts. Luckily the turtles knew Jack Ford’s older brother, so he and Ryan Hayne helped give them names and personalities.

Our cabin learned the card game presidents and played it happily all afternoon, leaving the turtles as they were. We reflected on our trip thus far, and reminisced on Birch Island which

seemed like it was years ago after enjoying the final s’mores of our trip.

July 30th

On our final day we paddled to the pick-up point to meet our driver. It was a bittersweet ending to an epic trip, and while the cabin was sad it was over, they were much more exhausted from the trip. Almost every boy in the cabin fell asleep on the ride back, but before we could arrive at camp, we had to stop for dinner.

I suppose it is a good thing that my personal worst moment of the trip came on the ride back when we decided to eat at the Kieve famous Happy China Buffet. This is an all you can eat Chinese buffet, and the boys ate all that they could. Wilson Searby particularly enjoyed the restaurant, and even invited the wait staff to sing happy birthday to me (my birthday being ten months away). The meal was full of laughs and good times, and we all left with full bellies and slight nausea. The trip was an incredible success, and I doubt the boys will ever forget some of the epic moments from the journey.

Will Janvier, HBC
Mason Swindell, Counselor
Parker Swensrud, Counselor
Sarah Burgin, Counselor

South Harris

Primer Trip – Damariscotta Lake

July 19th

Before South Harris goes on their Moosehead Lake trip, they do an overnight trip to Cool Island, which is only about a quarter mile from Kieve. It was only three days into camp when we left so everyone was still settling in. On the way over, Miguel and Russell were both taught how to canoe and the different paddle strokes to use.

We got there in about ten or fifteen minutes and started to set up camp. Logan, Lorny, and Grayson had their tent up in only a couple of minutes and then immediately proceeded to go for a swim in the lake. In less than twenty minutes, everyone had set up their tent and were playing pirates and doing canoe tilts. Everyone was trying to flip each other’s boat and it was clear that Whit and Henry

were the victors of the day. After playing in the water for an hour or so, everyone made their own cold-cut sandwiches and we enjoyed them around the fire pit.

At this point we gave the boys their tent skit prompts so they'd have ample time to come up with some funny ideas. Free time ensued after lunch and it went all the way until we started cooking dinner. Some people went back in the water and Miles, Nathan, and Rowan and Charlie played cards in the tent. After skits, it was hard to decide which tent would eat first as they were all incredibly funny with a special mention to Dawson Handy.

Once the Philly cheesesteaks were served, Ben scarfed his down and gladly accepted leftovers from cabinmates. After cheesesteaks, we had s'mores around the fire which the boys nicknamed "big mama" for whatever reason. After s'mores we shared some short, scary stories and went back to the tents around 9:30 for a half hour of flashlight time.

July 20th

The next morning everyone woke up to breakfast sandwiches which set the tone for the day. For the next couple of hours, we all transitioned between swimming, pirates, canoe tilts, and cards.

Around two o'clock we started to pack up camp to head back to Kieve. The trip was a great way to get the rust off everyone and also introduce wilderness tripping to others.

Colin Redmond, HBC
Andy Conner, Counselor
Braxton Antill, Counselor
Ang Franke, Counselor

South Harris Moosehead Lake Region

July 23rd

On the morning of Tuesday, July 23rd, the boys of South Harris woke up ready to head out for their main trip at the mountains of Moosehead Lake. We ate breakfast at camp which, to everyone's surprise, included donuts.

The excitement from breakfast carried on to the van ride which was about two and a half hours north of Nobleboro. When we weren't dancing to Andy's music, we were carefully listening to the Father John radio station, which was in

high demand. We stopped at Walmart to grab some last-minute items and make cold cuts for lunch. After lunch it was about an hour and a half to Northeast Whitewater which was where we stayed for most of our time.

When we arrived, we quickly set up camp and just hung around for a while as there were no hikes or adventures to go on for the day. After a delicious burrito bowl dinner, we shared our s'mores with the Maine Trails cabin that was passing through. They shared all their favorite memories from past summers and the South Harris boys were absolutely intrigued.

After s'mores the Trails guys went back to their campsite and the boys started getting ready for bed. They all went to bed around ten, in preparation for our first hike of the trip.

July 24th

Big Moose is the name of the mountain that we were set to conquer. We woke the boys up to breakfast sandwiches, so they would be all fueled up for the hike to come.

Around nine, the van was on its way to the Big Moose trailhead which was about a thirty-minute drive away. Once we got there, Charlie led a group stretch in the parking lot so that everyone would be nice and loose for the hike.

Once we began walking, conversation started flowing and it felt like we were halfway up in no time. It was clear that we were halfway because of the infamous log cabin on the side of the trail that looks like something out of a horror movie. Everyone had their fun, took some pictures, and continued on our way.

Russell was leading the pack most of the time, taking us all the way to the scenic overlook which was right before the summit and it had an unreal view. We basked for a little over five minutes before making the home stretch to the peak. Everyone got there in ample time and without any complications as if they were as experienced as the Trails guys.

As we took pictures and looked out from the peak, everyone enjoyed a Rice Krispie Treat before heading back down the mountain and to the van. It was a quick hike down and so we decided that

it was only appropriate to go for a nice swim in the lake to cool down and wash the sweat off.

A public beach was just ten minutes away from the trailhead, so we went there, and Miguel got to finally show off his swimming abilities to the cabin. A couple other people hopped in and out of the water, but everyone got to enjoy a Wow Butter (peanut-free peanut butter) and jelly with honey on tortillas.

We got back to the campsite around three which gave us a good amount of time for a well-deserved rest hour. After a long hour of resting, the boys played volleyball and nukem at the court while the counselors prepared barbeque chicken sandwiches for dinner. Almost every person claimed their sandwich was one of the best they had ever had on trip, but they were still focused on s'mores for a second night in a row, and we invited the Wavus Maine Trails cabin over to share them with us. After an hour of stories, we decided to wrap it up and head to bed.

July 25th

As the counselors woke up the next morning, we were informed that we'd be going on the overnight canoe trip that day, instead of Friday which is what was originally planned. Nevertheless, we all got ready within a half hour and had left Northeast Whitewater by nine with a Pop Tart breakfast in the van.

When we arrived to the put-in for Mt. Kineo Island, we met our guides, Bryce and Julie, who would be accompanying us for the next 24 hours. We paddled to our campsite on the island which took about a half hour, much faster than our guides were expecting.

Once we got to the campsite, we hung out for a little, had lunch, and then went on a little trip in our canoes around the island. On the opposite side of the island there was a fun little jumping spot where the boys did some "cliff jumping" and played in their boats for around two hours before we got back to the campsite. Everyone just hung out for a little longer, some swimming, and others such as Logan and Miles catching crawfish.

Around five we started making quesadillas for dinner which was when

the boys learned that we would be waking up at 3:45 the next morning to hopefully sunrise Mt. Kineo. To the counselors' surprise, most people were pretty pumped for it and it wasn't difficult to have everyone in their tents or hammocks by seven and asleep only thirty minutes later.

July 26th

The morning of the hike, everyone was awoken at 3:45 and out of their tents ready to go by 3:50. We had Nutrigrain bars on the move for breakfast which was not ideal, but it had to be done if we wanted to catch the sunrise. Bryce, because he had hiked the mountain multiple times, led the way for us and at a very brisk pace. We were hiking on flat ground for the first twenty minutes because the trailhead was somewhat on the other side of the island, but once we got to the trailhead, it got really steep really quick. It was still dark at this point, so everyone, including counselors, kind of felt like they were in a special ops mission.

Although it was dark and steep, the boys trucked through the hike and continued all the way up at a consistent rate. We got to the peak at around 5:15 and realized the sun had thankfully not yet risen. Everyone packed into the fire tower, despite some fear of heights, to watch the sun slowly rise over the mountain range. It was an unreal sight for everyone, and for around twenty minutes we all just sat up there and watched.

After the sun had fully risen, we left the summit and made our way down but stopped at a nice overlook where everyone enjoyed some Lorna Doones.

We got back to the campsite around nine in the morning and immediately began to pack up camp and paddle back to the put-in. The paddle back was quick as we were all anxious to get back to the campsite and nap for a while. We got back at around noon and everyone got in their tents or hammocks for a nice long nap.

Somehow, this nap and free time kept us all occupied until we began to prepare for dinner which would be double bacon cheeseburgers, a Kieve tripping classic. Everyone scarfed their burger down in



what seemed like record time which brought us to dessert, hot cocoa. While they enjoyed the hot cocoa, a game of mafia was played, and the mafia, Nathan and Henry, actually came close to winning which was a first for most. After mafia, we watched the stars for a little and went to bed just after ten.

July 27th

The next morning, one of the counselors went out to the supermarket to get cereal and milk for breakfast; the boys were pumped. Everyone had a couple bowls, and Krave was voted as the all-time best cereal. After breakfast was all cleaned up, we shared the plan for the day with everyone which was incredibly well received. Little Wilson Falls and the B52 crash site were on our itinerary for that day and everyone was amped up.

We made the thirty-minute drive to the falls and everyone immediately jumped in the water upon arrival. Once the counselors deemed the cliff jumping spot safe enough, we let the boys start sending jumps off of it. Pretty much everyone was jumping off and doing little tricks, like Dawson's patented foot-grab-360. Though Whit was the star of the day, showing off some of the craziest tricks I've seen like a double cork 360 or a clean front flip. We then handed out Dr. Bronner's soap to the boys, so they could wash themselves off in the water after four days of no showers.

We then wrapped it up after an hour or two there so that we could have enough time to check out the B52 crash site and memorial. It was about an hour drive to the crash site, so we stopped to get some gas and some chips for the boys. When we arrived at the site, it was pretty surreal, the plane was spread out along this trail that was about one hundred and fifty yards long and there was a sign that explained what happened and when it occurred. Everyone was silent and respectful for the half hour that we were there, but the boys were hungry for lunch, so we decided to leave and eat our pep and cheese in the van.

We got back to the campsite around 4 and had a nice rest hour/free time for the boys which was mostly spent on the volleyball court. The counselors

prepared pesto pasta for dinner and it was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. To cap off a great day, we enjoyed more s'mores and told some scary stories around the fire before going to bed around 9:30.

July 28th

The next morning everyone woke up at eight and had some oatmeal for breakfast that would fuel us up for our next hike, Eagle Rock. This hike is famously beautiful with some of the best views in Northern Maine and the first session South Harris counselors said it was a must.

So we embarked on our journey around nine in the morning and went for the trailhead which wasn't far from our first hike, Little Moose. It took a while to find it though so we ended up arriving a little behind schedule and the forecast had potential rain for the afternoon, so we kept that in mind. The trail was very cool and reminded us counselors of the hiking on Maine Trails.

We were told the hike was short, and since it had been over two hours, Braxton decided to run ahead and see if we could reach the rock and get back to the vans before it started raining. While Braxton ran ahead, everyone, especially Nathan, enjoyed some tuna fish sandwiches.

After lunch we decided that we should sadly turn around and head for the vans. It was an unfortunate situation having to turn around and being a cabinmate short, but vibes were still high, and the boys were still having a great time on the way down. It started raining just after we drove off, so everyone was glad that we made the right call.

We got back to camp around four and chilled for a while before making personal pizzas. Everyone enjoyed his own 10" pizza topped with either bacon or pepperoni. The dinner was followed by, surprise, s'mores. It may have been our fourth time having s'mores but everyone was just as pumped as the first time. We once again ate the dessert around the fire while playing mafia and watching the stars. While the day may not have been technically successful, everyone had fun and was happy in the end.

July 29th

After the long and hard previous day,

we decided that the boys needed a nice chill day yet still packed with fun. We enjoyed more cereal for breakfast and went back to Little Wilson Falls which everyone was super pumped about, counselors included.

Everyone either went for the jumps or watched as they sent Wilson (the volleyball with the handprint on it, a Castaway reference) down the falls and into the swimming area. After about an hour or so people started to transition into either reading, catching frogs, or just laying out on the rocks. The frog catching went on for a surprisingly long time and we even found our South Harris mascot, Liam The Frog.

Everyone then enjoyed some Cheez Itz and chilled for a little longer before heading to the fields at the local high school. We played some baseball and frisbee for a while and then had bagels with cream cheese for lunch which the boys chose over bagels with Wow Butter and jelly. Right after lunch they discovered a playground on the other side of the school building and everyone but Grayson and Lorny went over there. Those two decided to stay in the shade and read in the dugouts.

After a long time of frisbee, playground, and baseball, we headed back to the campsite which brought us almost all the way to dinner time. While the rice was being made and the beef stew was heating up, we played an intense cabin game of nukem. Then came dinner which was well liked by everyone but nothing special compared to the fine dining we'd been experiencing all trip long. After the beef stew and rice was all gone, the boys had hot cocoa which was accompanied with some slightly scary stories and a game of mafia. That wrapped up around ten and everyone went to bed.

July 30th

The next day, all of us woke up to a pancake and sausage breakfast prepared by Northeast Whitewater. We were set to go whitewater kayaking that day and I've never seen the boys more hype for something. We spent about an hour finishing packing up camp and getting our lifejackets sized right.

Once we got in the bus, the guides

went on and on with the classic river guide jokes that were somewhat funny at best, if we're being honest. Once we got to the river, the guides inflated all of the kayaks and proceeded to teach us how to ferry. Ferrying is crossing the river without going any further downstream, it is a hard technique but most of the boys did so successfully.

After learning how to ferry, we all headed downstream and had the time of our lives, hitting all of the big waves and getting tossed by the rapids. Everyone got to hit the last wave multiple times as we'd go on shore and carry our kayaks back upstream. It was an amazing time and there wasn't a single person who wasn't happy.

Shortly after hitting the last waves, we arrived at the lunch spot and ate some cold-cut wraps that were provided by the guides. The guides also surprised everyone with brownies but followed by them telling us that the put-in is across the lake. Typically, Kievers are always up for any paddle but this one was longer than expected, there were intense head winds and white caps to match it. Nevertheless, we all had a good time and while it may have been physically challenging, the boys crushed it and had a ton of laughs on the way.

Once we arrived at the put-in, everyone realized that we had basically finished our trip. The feeling was bittersweet for everyone and what kept us all in a good mood was the Big G's that we'd end up having for dinner. We stopped at Northeast Whitewater to grab all of our gear and load up in the van before making the two-hour trip down to Waterville for the famous Big G's restaurant.

Almost everyone slept on the van ride, but it got real rowdy once we pulled into the parking lot as this was everyone's first time at the restaurant. Everyone got a sandwich but Charlie and Rowan who enjoyed some mac and cheese or pasta. The reviews were through the roof and everyone was full after scarfing down their dinner, leaving just enough room for some Round Top.

Our ride to Round Top was full of music and excitement which carried on all the way until we got back to camp.

Overall, the trip was absolutely amazing, and everyone had a great time with most claiming it was the best trip they've been on yet.

Colin Redmond, HBC
Andy Conner, Counselor
Braxton Antill, Counselor
Ang Franke, Counselor

North Harris

Primer Trip – Tumbledown Mountain

July 18th

The boys of North Harris arose just as they had the previous couple of days and ate a delicious breakfast as a cabin in Pasquaney along with the rest of camp. After breakfast and announcements, we went back to our cabin and finished packing our bags before bringing them down to Buck and loading them into the box trailer attached to the van. Once the group and personal gear was all set in the box, the boys loaded into the van, driven by Lauren and DJ'd by Cam, while Mike and I drove the chase van close behind.

The next two and a half hours were filled with driving and music, as we made our way up to Mount Blue State Park, where we would check in and be given a large field to set up camp in. We parked the vehicles in the nearest parking lot and moved the bags and wannigans to the field.

After settling in, Mike, Cam, and Lauren made delicious cold cut sandwiches which were quickly devoured by the campers. It was already fairly late, and we needed to conserve energy for the next day, so we decided to spend the rest of the day hanging around camp. Siorus, Simon, and James tossed the frisbee while Coby organized a game of cards at the picnic tables. Brandt and Jacob made a blazing fire, and we capped the day off with individual pizzas and chocolate Rice Krispies.

June 19th

As it was the day of the big hike, we set an alarm for 8 o'clock and made sausage, egg, and cheese breakfast sandwiches on English muffins before packing our day packs and driving to the Tumbledown Mountain trailhead just a few minutes from our campsite.

The trail was lazy in the beginning but

became progressively steeper and more difficult as the climb wore on. Despite the increasing challenge that Tumbledown provides, everyone remained in good spirits and worked to reach the top.

We stopped along the way several times for snacks and water, and it wasn't long before we found ourselves at the top of the trail. There is a lake at the top of Tumbledown Mountain, coupled with a breathtaking view, that makes it feel like a little slice of paradise, and the kids were all too happy take part in it. Grant explored the rocks and the views, while Luke, Lucas and others enjoyed playing with the fish and swimming in the lake as high as the clouds. We made delectable PB and Js before finally sending it down the mountain.

We flew down and drove back to the campsite, where we had a couple hours of recuperation. Jon, Luke, and Lucas spent some time in their hammocks, while Henry, Brandt, and others sat in crazy creeks around the fire. Chicken bacon ranches (CBRs) were served for dinner and Johnny, Jacob, and Coby built a fire for s'mores, which were quickly devoured. Tired and full, we went to sleep under a clear sky full of stars.

July 20th

We woke up drenched in sweat and I checked the weather to see that it would be as hot as 97 degrees that day. Despite the suffocating heat and humidity, the boys had no trouble putting away bacon, egg, and cheeses and spent some more time chilling around the campsite. As we had forgotten the trip notes, we did not know when we had to leave until a nice ranger pulled into our campsite and told us that we were supposed to be cleared out about half an hour ago. We quickly packed up and loaded everyone back into the van for a very welcome combination of air conditioning and music, which was once again DJ'd by Cam, who apparently plays better music than Mike.

We pulled into Five Guys Burgers and Fries for a filling meal of burgers, Cajun French fries, and free refills of any soda imaginable. Somehow still not satisfied from our feast at Five Guys, we made another stop at Round Top Ice Cream, which was the perfect treat for a

scorching hot day. Completely full and tired from the past few days, we rolled back into camp and cleaned up in time to go tubing in the lake before dinner, and we were already anticipating our week on the Moose River.

Liam Duggan, HBC
Cam Stafford, Counselor
Mike Hornung, Counselor
Lauren Begley, Counselor

North Harris Moose River July 23rd

The boys of North Harris awoke to the familiar tunes and lights of a typical Tuesday morning before heading to flag and enjoying a normal camp breakfast in Pasquaney. After announcements, we discovered that our camera had stopped working and we were required to take new camper headshots. After quickly flashing my photography skills, we headed back to the cabin where we completed packing, cleaned the cabin, and carried our personal gear down to Buck, where we would load our river duffels, tents, wannigans and coolers under the canoes in a trailer attached to a bus. We then went through our checklist, said our final goodbyes, and began the long bus ride filled with a capella by Coby Koehler.

A few bus stops later, and we were at our landing just before Attean Pond, the lake on which the trip both starts and finishes. As the sun was already descending over the mountains surrounding the pond, we quickly devoured cold cut sandwiches and loaded our boats before pushing off and beginning our week-long journey. Despite slight headwinds, the boys made quick work of a tough day of lake paddling, and we made it to our first campsite on the other side of the lake in plenty of time.

After enjoying the beach with a scenic mountain view, as well as watching Johnny Shanahan skip rocks incredible distances, we cooked up mouthwatering Philly cheesesteaks and headed to bed full and ready for the rest of the trip.

July 24th

We woke up to another beautiful day of sunshine and filled our stomachs with

sausage, egg, and cheese sandwiches before packing up camp and making the short paddle to the end of the lake. This was the day of the infamous Moose River Portage.

The first real portage that is done at Kieve is also one of the most difficult, as campers are tasked with carrying all canoes and gear up and down hills for 1.2 miles. We pulled up to a beach on the far side of the inlet and made our way through a swampy path until we reached an overgrown and scarcely used road which we would take to the end. It took us a couple of hours, and some unique portaging techniques by Jon “Batman” Flaherty, but we made it to the end and placed our carried possessions at the campsite.

However, this was only the first trip of many, and we would soon learn that we would be walking those 1.2 miles until the sunset. Some campers, like Pharex, did upwards of seven trips and were essential in the carrying of several canoes, wannigans, and bags. By the end, when most of the cabin rolled into camp with the final canoe and wannigan, the boys were tired, thirsty, and sore, but they had completed the first real portage of their Kieve career, and they were very relieved to be done.

Bacon cheeseburgers were their well-earned prize for finishing, and everyone crawled into their tents and tried to sleep through the aches and sores developed over a long and grueling day of portaging.

July 25th

North Harris arose late the next morning, content with the feeling that the hardest day of the trip was behind us, and excited for the day ahead, as this was the day that we would finally reach the Moose River, the namesake of the trip. After filling up water bottles and eating a Kieve favorite breakfast, bagels with cream cheese and bacon, we packed our belongings and loaded up the boats to push off on a full day of paddling beginning in Holeb Pond.

We were once again cursed with headwinds, but we paddled to the end of the lake and snacked before beginning a long, windy, and swampy section



of river known as Holeb Stream. The sun was beating down, and the stream was shallow and hardly moving, so we decided to take a break on a beach on the riverbank at the urging of Grant DeSutter. We brought out the classic river lunch, pep and cheese, which boosted the morale of the boys enough to push further in the stream until we finally entered the Moose River.

As our preplanned campsite was taken by a man whom we would soon know by the name of Britt, we made the short paddle to the next campsite, Camel Rips, and dragged our boats up the smooth, slippery rocks to make camp.

After a couple hours of swimming in the river, we devoured a delicious dinner of chicken, bacon, and ranch before Jacob Winfield and Brandt Kiser showed us their fire building skills and we enjoyed a nice night of stargazing and Rice Krispy eating by the fire.

July 26th

It was another big day ahead of us, so of course we ate bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches before pulling our boats back into the water and floating further down the river.

The water was low, a small price to pay for perfect weather, but Camel Rips was still runnable if you were willing to get out of your boat and scoot when necessary. The boats all safely made it down Camel and we paddled mostly lazy river until we reached the second, shorter portage of the Moose River around Holeb Falls. This portage is only about a third of a mile and entirely downhill, so it's much easier than the first one.

As they had already been trained by the first portage, North Harris made light work of the shorter carry, and managed to finish the portage in only a few trips, with Pharex and Johnny Shanahan both soloing a canoe, no small feat at the young age of 13.

Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches were awaiting the campers at the end, and we once again loaded the boats and started paddling towards Spencer Rips. It was around this time that all of our water pumps broke, and we were forced to rely on the consistent but slow-working iodine water solution. Water was scarce

the rest of the way, but the boys trooped through, knowing it was only a couple of days until instant water awaited them, and Simon was eager to share his water purifying Lifestraw with anyone who needed it.

Soon after we left the second portage, a man, who introduced himself as Britt, waved us down before a rapid known as Mosquito Rips and showed us that his canoe was completely pinned on the rocks at the end of the rapid. As we had a pin kit available, and Mike Hornung had taken a course in swift water rescue, Mike and Cam set up a "Z Drag" or a pulley system to create leverage attached to the canoe. We then had all 13 campers, with Henry Gilligan leading the charge, pull as hard as they could. The strength of the boys, combined with the timely pushing of Cam and Mike, dislodged the canoe and saved the trip for Britt.

There was a great euphoria for helping someone in a state of need, but we soon realized that we had spent almost two hours helping Britt, and there was no way that we were going to make it all the way to Spencer Rips. So, we decided to stay right across from Britt at Mosquito Rips 2, a less than ideal campsite but suitable nonetheless. We cooked up chicken and peperoni quesadillas in the dark and then went to bed with full stomachs, ready for a day and half worth of paddling the next day.

July 27th

We woke up rather early today, knowing that we had a long paddle in front of us. We completed the section we were supposed to do the day before, and sent it down Spencer Rips with no problems at all. It was the last big day of paddling, and we still had plenty of snacks left, so I tossed them a killer combo of Sweet and Salty bars and Goldfish before continuing down the Moose River.

After Spencer Rips, the river was calm until Attean Falls at the very end of the river, where we ran into Pine Allen. As we were experienced paddlers at this point, we had no problem with the small rapids, except for Luke Clarke and Coby Koehler sending it down backwards after having their boat turned around by the rocks.

After seeing everyone make it down the rapid in good condition, we continued paddling and finished the Moose River, which feeds back into Attean Pond, the very lake that we started the trip on.

Attean Pond was a gorgeous lake, and it has never been more beautiful than when we paddled across it on this day, with the sun setting and a crazy storm cloud in the distance behind the mountains.

We made it to our campsite, which was another insanely nice site with a full beach, and we spent the rest of the day eating and swimming, having grilled cheese and tomato soup, made by Siorus Loxton, leading into a main course of pesto pasta. As it was yet another clear night, we made s'mores by the campfire and enjoyed each other's company, only slightly spooked by the inexplicably vacant tent already at the campsite and the frog tapping against our tent.

July 28th

We slept in, with only a short lake paddling day, and enjoyed oatmeal for breakfast before slowly packing up and heading to our take-out spot, which also happens to be exactly where we put in. At the take-out spot, we waited for a couple hours and watched Jon and Pharex play in the clay deposit before North Harrington finally arrived, allowing us to leave them our canoes and take their bus to the Adventure Bound rafting facility, where we set up camp in a field near the lodge and enjoyed the many games they had to offer, including basketball, where Pharex and Henry demonstrated their prowess, four square, cornhole, and ball toss.

The games even continued after a delicious and filling dank dinner, when Lucas Sajdak and James Wagg and others went out and enjoyed the festivities around the lodge. The boys were especially excited by the unlimited and instant water that was available at the facility, and we convened that night hydrated and excited for rafting the next day.

July 29th

It was the last day of our weeklong journey together, and we were eager to get up, pack up camp, and head to rafting. After a short orientation and bus ride to

the start of the river, we packed into two rafts and were guided down whitewater rapids unlike the kids had ever seen.

Everyone was happy to get soaked going over rapids like "Big Mama" and "Magic Falls" as it was once again a perfectly nice day out, making it a week straight of great weather. Everyone was in a great mood rafting and swimming in the rapids, especially Jon, despite being the only camper to fall in.

After a delicious river lunch consisting of steak, chicken, fish, and rice, campers were free to jump in and even paddle themselves in two-person inflatable kayaks called Duckies.

We finished the rafting and headed back to the facility where we finished packing, threw everything into the box trailer, and headed to the much hyped and anticipated Big G's sandwichery. B

ig G's is famous for their outrageous portions, and Pharex and Johnny both ate entire full sandwiches, an impressive accomplishment, but a feat which they would later regret. With our bellies packed with Big G's, we finished the drive to Kieve, cleaned up our gear and practically collapsed onto our beds, fulfilled and exhausted by a week full of activity.

Liam Duggan, HBC
Cam Stafford, Counselor
Mike Hornung, Counselor
Lauren Begley, Counselor

North Harrington

Primer Trip - Tumbledown Mountain

July 21st

The boys of North Harrington packed up their gear and departed from Kieve a little after breakfast on the first inspection Sunday of the session. Our long drive to Mt. Blue State Park was split in half with a quick bathroom break at the Walmart in Augusta. After a lunch of cold cuts and fruit, the group loaded back into the vans and headed to our destination.

We arrived at our campsite around two o'clock, and everyone was pleasantly surprised by how much space we had. The site included a small beach, plenty of room for tents, two fire pits, and a nice lean-to with a bench. Everyone set up their tents and unloaded their gear before

deciding what to do next.

After some brainstorming, the cabin decided they wanted to go swimming. Everyone put on bathing suits and we headed a couple hundred yards to the public swimming area that was more crowded than expected. Nonetheless, the boys all got in the water and cooled off.

Before we knew it, it was time to begin cooking dinner. Arthur, Grant, and John were more than excited to help the counselors prepare the first meal of the trip, Philly cheesesteaks. Everyone, even the boys who had never had a cheesesteak before, destroyed their meals in a few bites, and gave all the chefs many compliments. Finally, before heading to bed, the group sat in a circle and sipped on some hot chocolate. An early bed time was perfect for the big hike the following day.

July 22nd

The cabin arose from their tents around 7:30, with the same threesome of Arthur, Grant, and John looking to help with breakfast. The chef crew prepared everyone a delicious and filling breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese.

Once everyone was ready and had packed their bags, the group loaded into the vans for Tumbledown Mountain. The hike started off hot and challenging for some. The terrain was very rocky, and the trail got steep quickly. Luckily after a few short breaks, the cabin got into a good groove. The boys reached the pond just before the peak at around 11:30, and took a nice, long break that included a snack of goldfish.

Once everyone was ready to go again, we headed up the last half-mile to the top of Tumbledown Mountain. At the peak, everyone rested, took pictures, and enjoyed a well-earned lunch of rocket fuel. Before heading down the mountain entirely, the cabin stopped at the pond again, with David, Banks, and Xander leading the way for a quick swim. They insisted that the water was not too cold; however, Eric had other thoughts.

Once the entire group was ready, we began our descent of the mountain. Everyone flew down the mountain at this point, and we were back at our campsite in no time.

With much of the afternoon still left, the group decided to head back to the public swimming area, which was considerably less crowded. Everyone swam, hung out, and played cards until it was time to head back to the campsite for the night.

Dinner was prepared by Michael and Miles and consisted of pasta and chicken with tomato sauce. The group ate and then slowly began collecting firewood for the night. Once the fire was roaring, everyone collected sticks and began making s'mores. One s'more turned into another and before we knew it everyone was sitting by the fire in a food coma. As the fire died down, everyone sat and told stories about their lives back home, until eventually retiring back to their tents for the night.

July 23rd

On the final day of our trip, we woke up slightly later. Everyone casually arose from their tents and began breaking down camp. While campers packed up and took down tents, counselors prepared another breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheese. Once everyone had packed and eaten, everyone did one final sweep of the campsite and then loaded up the trailer. At this point, the cabin was ready to head back to camp, but not before one last hike.

We ventured into Mt. Blue State Park for a quick yet rewarding nature walk. While it did not take long, the views on the nature walk were very nice, and everyone was glad we did it by the end. On the way back to camp the group stopped for lunch at Five Guys and then ice cream at Round Top. Needless to say, our stomachs were very full by the time we pulled down West Neck Road into camp.

Michael Pilkington, HBC
Eric Mehrberg, Counselor
Miles Thompson, Counselor

North Harrington Moose River

July 28th

The boys of North Harrington greeted the boys of North Harris at the Attean Pond put-in around 2:30 in the afternoon to begin our trip. We exchanged canoes



and advice with the other cabin, loaded our stuff up, and began paddling. The headwinds on the pond were fairly strong at the start, and many of the boats struggled to get their footing at first. However, after a solid two hours of paddling, almost everyone had got into a good groove.

We slowly arrived at our first campsite on the opposite side of Attean Pond around dinner time. We set up our tents and gear before devouring a dinner of cheesesteaks. Everyone was tired from a day of travel and ready to get some sleep for the big portage the following day.

July 29th

The boys quickly arose from their tents bright and early to begin what was going to be a tiring day. The entire campsite was packed up in what felt like the blink of an eye. We took our time at this point and enjoyed our breakfast bars and pop tarts.

The quick paddle over to the portage trail was relaxing and calming, and everyone enjoyed the morning breeze. Once we arrived at the portage trail around 9:30, the group gathered themselves and then began getting the portage ready. Everyone lifted their canoes above their heads, and we started. The sun was right above our heads the entire time and sweat was seeping through everyone's t-shirts after about 20 minutes. Nonetheless, the group started the portage extremely well. We finished all the canoes in two trips.

At this point, we kept going on, and took the rest of the group gear to the end of the portage trail. While everyone was super tired by the end, the boys of North Harrington absolutely crushed our day 2 portage, finishing in under 4 and a half hours and only taking 3 trips back and forth.

The rest of the afternoon after the portage was spent eating rocket fuel, setting up camp, and hanging out at the awesome campsite. We played cards, went swimming, and hung out in hammocks. Dinner was well deserved, a feast of double downs that satisfied everyone. Everyone got in their tents early and ready for a nice sleep.

July 30th

We woke up on the later side, sleeping

in a little. Once up, we quickly took down camp and made a delicious breakfast of sausage, egg, and cheeses. The group then loaded up the canoes with all the gear, pumped water for the day, and put sunscreen on to prepare for the blistering heat.

We paddled across Holeb Pond in what seemed like a few minutes. We took a nice long break before the entrance to the Moose River on a rock-like island and went swimming and ate snacks. At this point, we were finally ready to enter the Moose River, and begin the river portion of our trip.

While it began slowly, with the water being low and the river being narrow, we were able to paddle to the area where it began to speed up. After a solid two-hour paddle, we reached our first campsite on the river. Thus, began another afternoon of relaxing, swimming, and cards. An early a dinner of bacon cheeseburgers was perfect, and we all hung out around the campfire until a light drizzle put everyone in their tents.

July 31st

For the first time on the trip, we woke up and it was raining. The boys got out of their tents with rain jackets ready to attack the day. We took down camp and enjoyed a breakfast of granola bars in the rain. However, as soon as we loaded the boats to begin our day, the rain stopped, and the sun immediately appeared.

We were back on the river for the day and the weather was perfect. The rest of the morning was spent paddling to our next portage site. Around lunch, we arrived at the second portage trail. After conquering our first portage, everyone was ready to crush this one. Banks and Xander wanted to crush it especially, and they both managed to solo portage a canoe the entire way. Everyone else worked together to bring the rest of the canoes and eventually the rest of the gear to the end of the portage trail.

We ate a lunch of PB&Js at the end of the trail and hung out for a little swimming and pumping water for the rest of the day. When we finally got back into our canoes, we were well rested and ready to get to the campsite.

While it was a long day, we reached

our campsite and immediately set up camp so that we could swim in the water beyond Spencer Rips. Dinner was burrito bowls, and everyone was able to get seconds, which made it a crowd favorite. Everyone sat around the fire exchanging stories before slowly retiring back to their tents.

August 1st

Everyone woke up slowly for our last day on the Moose. We took down our tents and enjoyed a quick breakfast of oatmeal.

Instead of running Spencer Rips with all of our gear, we decided to run it dry, leaving our gear at the beach just beyond the rips. So, everyone loaded into their canoes and ran Spencer Rips, which was considerably low. However, everyone was able to make it through unscathed, with some people making it through without even being stopped by any rocks.

After everyone made it through the rips, we loaded up our canoes with gear and continued on down the river. A long paddle during the morning brought us to Attean Falls. We stopped, ate lunch, and assessed the rapids. After deciding that they were low, but runnable, we prepared to run them. Everyone made it through, hitting a few rocks on their way, but not really having to leave their canoe at all.

After this, we continued on and exited the Moose River. Everyone was very excited to get back on Attean Pond for our second-to-last night. The long paddle across the pond to the campsite was harder than we thought it would be, as we fought some tough head winds. But the group battled against them and reached the beach front campsite just before dinner.

We were pretty exhausted, but not too exhausted for a quick swim and cards. Dinner was pizza quesadillas which went better than anyone thought they would. After dinner, we all enjoyed some s'mores and went to bed early.

August 2nd

On our final day on Attean Pond, we woke up slightly later and enjoyed a breakfast of bagels with cream cheese.

We then got into our canoes with no gear in them to paddle over to the

Sally Beach Campsite. While we were originally supposed to stay at Sally Beach, we could not, as it was overcrowded. We pulled our canoes up onto the shore and flipped them over.

After greeting the people staying at Sally Beach, we began our hike of Sally Mountain. It was another hot day, but everyone was in a great mood. We flew up the mountain at the beginning. After getting up a majority of the way, we slowed down, and took our time on the steeper part of the mountain. While it took time, it was worth it, because by the time we reached the top, we were not completely tired. We enjoyed our final snacks and took some pictures at the top, before heading back down the mountain and getting back into our canoes.

We paddled back from Sally Beach to our campsite and began packing up our gear. A quick lunch of PB&Js fueled us up for our last short paddle back to the landing spot at Attean put-in. We loaded up the canoe trailer and headed to our final destination, Adventure Bound, for whitewater rafting.

When we arrived, we quickly checked in and set up our campsite for the night. We hung out for the rest of the night, playing frisbee, basketball, and monopoly. Our dinner of pasta and pep was arguably the best of the trip, leaving everyone full to their stomachs. We fell asleep under the stars waiting for last day in the morning.

August 3rd

We woke up and got out of tents, ready to take down camp for the last time. Everyone got their stuff loaded back into the trailer and we ate a quick breakfast of oatmeal before meeting our guides for the day inside the lodge.

We got our gear for the day, which included a PFD, a helmet, and a paddle, and loaded into the large school bus. The long drive brought us to the top of the Kennebec River, where we put our rafts into the water.

The river was extremely busy with other rafting companies, but we were able to get on the water before them. The first hour on the water was exhilarating, with both of our boats getting hit by waves and whitewater. As we neared the

lunch spot for the day, the water started to calm down. We ate a delicious river lunch that included steak, chicken, river rice, and pasta salad.

After lunch, we continued on down the river, before pulling out and finishing our day of whitewater rafting. We returned to the lodge, changed out of wet clothes, and even watched a video highlighting the days adventure. Once we were all ready, we loaded into the bus and headed for one last meal at Big G's.

Michael Pilkington, HBC

Eric Mehrberg, Counselor

Miles Thompson, Counselor

Bank I

Bigelow Mountain & Katahdin Woods and Waters & East Branch Penobscot

July 24th

The boys of Bank I woke up with a sense of determination, motivation, and excitement as the beginning of the trip loomed only a few hours away. After our final breakfast at Kieve before the trip, we loaded the trailer and chase van.

At exactly 10:30, we set out for Bigelow Mountain, which was our first stop on our van camping portion of the trip. About halfway through our journey, we stopped for gas and a bathroom break. John Hollington handed out snacks, as the boys were becoming antsy and hungry. Everyone was excited to head into the woods for the next eleven days.

Two hours later, we arrived at Round Barn, which was our campsite for the next two nights. The spot was situated on the beautiful Flagstaff Lake with super convenient swimming spots. As the campers unloaded the trailer and started to set up camp, Connor made cold cut sandwiches for a late lunch. After our first trip lunch as a cabin, we went over some goals for the trip as well as some rules to follow in order to stay healthy and safe.

For the remainder of the afternoon, the boys relaxed in their hammocks and read books by the water. It was a very relaxing afternoon after sitting in a car for a good portion of the day.

For dinner, Connor, with the help of Brew, made cheesesteaks, which were absolutely amazing. There were a few

games of Empire at our campsite before the boys retired to their tents early knowing that hiking the steep Bigelow Mountain was our task for tomorrow.

July 25th

Rise and Shine! The boys of Bank I woke up shortly after sunrise. We had a quick breakfast of oatmeal and apples, and then made sure everyone had full water bottles and the proper gear necessary to hike Bigelow Mountain. Some campers, such as Render, Clayton, and Ezra, helped the counselors carry snacks and our lunch in their hiking bags.

At 7:30, we left our campsite and began hiking along the road for about half a mile before turning right onto Safford Brook Trail. Peter and Parker set a blistering pace up the trail. Soon we reached a beautiful lookout point which served as a good spot to take a cabin photo and drink some water. We continued up the mountain.

At 2.5 or so miles into our hike, we reached the Appalachian Trail where we took a right-hand turn towards Avery Peak. The second portion of the trail was very steep and rocky, but the boys prevailed. Led by Thatcher, Parker, Luke, Ezra, and Tyler, the entire cabin soon stood atop Avery Peak. The views were incredible. We could see Sugarloaf Mountain to the south and the massive Flagstaff Lake to the north. Interestingly enough, Pearce pointed out that we could see our campsite.

After having trail mix and taking sweet cabin photos, we headed down the same way we came. As we slowly hiked down, Render and Nick started a big game of twenty questions, which brought the entire cabin together and relieved the pain that started on our feet. Before we knew it, we had already made it back to our campsite.

While the entire cabin tubbed in the lake, Connor made breakfast sandwiches for a late lunch. We spent the rest of the afternoon napping and relaxing before dinner, which was a hearty meal of double downs.

After dinner, Luke started a massive fire. We were able to play our first game of mafia of the trip as well as have s'mores for dessert. Everyone retired to their tents

after the fire died down. Tomorrow was another travel day!

July 26th

The boys of Bank I woke up to the smell of breakfast sandwiches, which were being prepared by Connor. After we ate our breakfast, which also included oranges, we packed up the trailer and chase van, and started our journey to Katahdin Woods and Waters National Park, which was roughly four hours north on I-95.

About halfway through our drive, we stopped for gas and ate cold cut sandwiches in the van. Once we filled up in Medway, we headed north on Route 11 past Grindstone and Pinegrove. We quickly scouted the rapid on our way to the Sandbank Campsite. The boys got very excited to paddle the rapid, which we would encounter on our last full day of the trip.

Unfortunately, we made a wrong turn off Route 11 and got briefly lost towards the very end of our drive. However, the boys did not get frustrated and did an amazing job helping Mac get the trailer turned around and hitched. We finally found the right turn and made it to the Sandbank Campsite shortly before dinner.

Camp was quickly set up as Connor made double bacon cheeseburgers. Everyone ate super well and retired to their tents early knowing that our first day of mountain biking was tomorrow.

July 27th

Everyone woke up to the sound of boiling water, which meant oatmeal for breakfast. Thatcher was excited!

After everyone's stomachs were filled, we met our Maine guide from New England Outdoor Center who came to our campsite around nine in the morning. He brought a full trailer of fat tire bikes with him. The boys of Bank I were super excited to try out something new that would be full of challenges and learning but also super rewarding. After we got our water bottles, water shoes, and food for the day, we drove in the van to the mountain biking trail: Orin Falls.

We got fitted for bikes and had a brief safety briefing before heading down the hill towards the falls. After a minor

accident by Barrett, we continued on our way. We got to the falls around noon and spent the next hour swimming in the beautiful falls. It was truly spectacular and a great way to cool off on a super-hot day. The boys of Bank I could not stop swimming. Tyler and Ezra found a super cool way to jump into the rapids and float down the river. Everyone had a blast, but unfortunately, it was time to hop back on our bikes and pedal back uphill.

During our journey back to the van, Pearce experienced some heat exhaustion. While Connor stayed back to help Pearce cool down, the rest of the cabin continued their journey to the top of the hill. About thirty minutes later, the entire cabin with Mac driving, came to pick Connor and Pearce up. Brew really stepped up and volunteered to ride Pearce's bike to the top of the trail.

After we helped our guide load up the trailer, the boys had PBJ&H sandwiches in the van as we headed to Whetstone in order to swim and fill up our water bottles.

When we returned to Sandbank for the night, counselor John started to make dinner: personal pizzas. Once everyone was fed and stomachs were stuffed, Luke along with the help of Render built a nice fire. We played a few rounds of mafia in which the townspeople won every time before heading back to our tents for the night.

July 28th

The boys of Bank I woke up ready to conquer their second day of mountain biking. Shortly after we ate granola and almond milk, which was prepared by Brew, we all loaded up in the van and drove to Whetstone to pump water before our day of biking started. Once we got back to our campsite, the counselors grabbed our food and gear for the day.

We set out on the Katahdin Woods and Waters National Park loop road to our first mountain biking trail of the day: Barnard Mountain. We retrieved our bikes from Dana, who was our guide for the day, and began biking uphill to the hiking trail. We arrived there in no time, and after we set down our bikes, we began the 0.8-mile hike to the top of Barnard Mountain. Peter and Nicholas

started a super competitive game of twenty questions, which passed the time until we reached the peak.

At the top, there was an amazing view of Katahdin. Dana gave our group a brief history lesson of the area while we snacked on Cheez-Its. Once everyone had ample time to rest, we hiked back down the same trail to our bikes. The mountain biking trail back to the van was uphill at first and then a massive downhill, which might have been everyone's favorite part of the day. We loaded up the bike trailer and headed to our last and final stop, which was a surprise.

The short drive on the loop road led us to another mountain biking trail. As we headed down the hill, Nicholas, Clayton, and Pearce all had minor accidents. Thankfully, they were okay, and we continued on towards the trail. About ten minutes later, we reached our destination: a very remote trail. The bushwhacking led us to an airplane crash site. The boys were super fascinated and enjoyed picking up some of the old plane.

There was a storm that started to roll in, so we quickly got back on our bikes and began the journey uphill. The slope was extremely steep and almost everyone at some point got off their bike to walk. The timing was perfect. As we got to the trailer, the rain started to fall. The boys made PBJ&H sandwiches in the van after we thanked Dana for everything the past two days.

We headed to Whetstone in order to swim and fill up our water bottles. When we returned to Sandbank for the night, counselor John along with the help of Brew and Connor started to make Mexican bowls for dinner. Once everyone was fed and stomachs were stuffed, the cabin built a nice fire. We ate s'mores for dessert as a treat for completing the first leg of the trip. The boys of Bank I headed to their tents dreaming of the mail and food they would get tomorrow at our resupply.

July 29th

Connor and John woke up boys of Bank I early in the morning, so we could take down camp and load up our gear before driving to Medway for our resupply.

Mac stayed with the kids while Connor and John left early to get prescription eye drops for John. Our mission was a success! Connor and John met up with the rest of the cabin and met Bank II at the Medway boat launch for our resupply.

It was super fun to see Bank II and exchange stories and highlights from our respective first leg of the trip. After saying our goodbyes to Bank II and some others, we set off in the bus with Reid to Grand Lake Matagamon. Almost all of the boys on the bus had smiles from ear to ear because of the amount of candy and food and other items they had received during the resupply. Nicholas received almost two full packages of Twizzlers that he handed out to the cabin graciously, and then the boys enjoyed some nice sodas as well.

On the drive up, it started raining heavily, but that did not sour the spirits of Bank I. We arrived at the put-in at Grand Lake Matagamon around 12:30 pm and began to unload the boats and the rest of our gear.

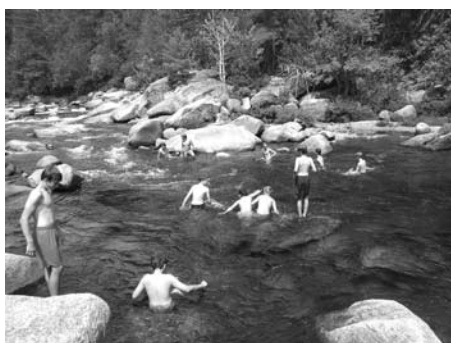
After the counselors made cold cuts, the boys pushed off towards the dam that divides Grand Lake Matagamon from the East Branch of the Penobscot River. We had to portage our canoes around the dam, so that we could get on the river, but that took almost no time at all. Luke, Pearce and Render all did the cabin a great service by taking the heaviest wannigan across, which must have weighed upwards of seventy pounds.

We then paddled a very short distance to the Matagamon Campground where we met up with Long Voyage I and had a nice chat with them. Jack cooked some stupendous Philly cheesesteaks as we all prepared for our next day which was a daunting task: 2.5 portages.

July 30th

We started the day at 7:15 sharp as we prepared for our daunting and tough portaging day. John cooked some delicious sausage, bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches for all of us, and we began to load our canoes full of our supplies.

We embarked on the river around 9 am and got to experience some of the greatest pieces of river that the Maine wilderness has to offer. Before we even



got to our first portage, the boys of Bank I had to traverse Stair Falls, our first major rapid of the trip.

With the kids eager to navigate whitewater, we ached Stair Falls and continued down to our first portage of the day: Haskell Rock. This was the first major portage that these kids have ever done; they were nervous and excited to see what portages all were about, and they quickly were given an education in adversity and growth by the counselors.

After we completed the Haskell Rock Portage, we then had to weave our way through some unexpectedly intense whitewater in which one boat, currently being manned by Tyler and Nick and carrying all of our fruit, flipped.

Once the gear and the boat were retrieved, we paddled our way down to Pond Pitch, our second portage of the day. At Pond Pitch, the campers knew what they were in for and executed the portage without any major problems.

Then, came our third and final portage of the day, which was also going to be our campsite for the night, Grand Pitch. We got all the supplies that were in the boats and moved them onto the camping ground. Then we stopped for a bit to regroup and prepare to take all of boats to the end of the trail. We had some nice cold cuts for lunch, and then without any prompt from the counselors, the campers started carrying canoes down the trail. Clayton and Brew were particularly exceptional on this portage because they took almost four boats down with Mac helping them with the last one.

We then had a long period of deserved rest and relaxation before Jack made some double downs for dinner. The boys of Bank I retired to their tents early with portaging on their minds.

July 31st

Just like yesterday morning, we woke up early and we started cooking breakfast which was sausage bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches. Shortly after stomachs were full, we started carrying all of our food and tents down to the end of the trail.

After a short paddle, we arrived at our last and longest portage of our trip: Hulling Machine. This portage was certainly the hardest one that we have

done so far, and it took us a fair amount of time to complete it. Eventually, the boys prevailed. Tyler did exceptionally well on this portion of the trip as he carried two canoes all by himself.

We again had some delicious cold cuts for lunch as we didn't want to waste time on the river with such a long paddle ahead of us. We continued on to our next major piece of whitewater of the trip: Bowlin Falls. After some scouting, we chose our line and executed it flawlessly with big smiles and dry boats all around the cabin.

We then decided to have a very relaxed session of paddling with Mac even bringing out his tanning oil and trying to soak up some sun. Most of the bowmen "gash paddled" the steersmen most of the way there. Pearce was exceptionally good at paddling his bowman!

After arriving at Big Seboeis campsite, we immediately realized that the bugs were definitely not here to play games and attacked us viciously. Following our horrible realization, we set up camp without haste and quickly got into and longs and longs for a buggy night. Jack cooked some delectable double bacon cheeseburgers and all of us had a fantastic night's sleep.

August 1st

Good Morning! We took our time getting ready this morning. Before we could make the voyage to our next campsite, we had a morning hike up Mount Deasy, which was a pretty short but memorable hike with smiles all around. There were even more riddles! We got back around 12:15 and started to break down camp for our short paddle to Lunksoos, which was also a very buggy campsite. Although, much better than Big Seboeis.

We got onto shore at Lunksoos around 3 pm, and when we got there, we noticed that Long Voyage I was hot on our heels and decided to encamp with us for the night. Luke had a great time telling stories to the campers of Long Voyage about what we had done so far. We shared some more stories and some thoughts about the river that we had just done. Both cabins had great stories to tell and the campers of Bank I were enthralled with a story

that George Janvier told them, until he revealed the punch line.

John Hollington cooked some majestic personal pizzas for all of us, and we had a splendid night with a nice cool breeze shimmering from the river.

August 2nd

Time to get up! Today was by far the longest day of our trip in terms of paddling and many people's favorites because of all that was in store. Mac woke up camp around 6:30 am and attempted to keep the campers quiet as to not wake the Long Voyage campers who were still sleeping. The boys were excellent at breaking camp down quickly and getting boats in the water and ready to paddle. In particular, Brew was very meticulous about getting his tent and all of his stuff in his boat just the way that he wanted it.

Bank I embarked on their 22-mile journey down the East Branch of the Penobscot River around 7:20 am after having granola and almond milk for breakfast. It did not take us long to reach Whetstone, which was a previous destination for us while we were staying at Sandbank. The boys scouted it briefly as we had been here before and watched Bank II traverse this section of whitewater a few days ago. Once again, the boys learned their route and executed it flawlessly.

After Whetstone, the boys of Bank I had a long way to go before they reached their next and largest piece of whitewater in the entire trip: Grindstone. We reached Grindstone around 12:15 pm and started making lunch while scouting the rapid. Peter and Ezra scouted the rapid intensely as they had heard about it before and wanted to get it right.

After some much-needed rocket fuel (PB&J Sandwich with a Snickers bar in the middle), we started our descent into the madness, which is known by all as Grindstone. When everyone was down the rapid, we noticed that one boat was missing and saw that Barrett and Clayton's boat was still up the rapids and currently pinned to a rock. After Jack and Mac had explained to them what they needed to do, they got their boat on the side of the river and were able to clear

it free of water and continue down the river. Most of their stuff got wet, but that is the price of not knowing exactly where you need to go.

Having finished that portion of the river, we had a leisurely rest of the day on towards Pinegrove, which is a public campsite where we saw many friendly faces. After camp was set up, Render, Pearce, Parker, and Barrett had a lot of fun playing on the local playground.

Sometime later in the evening, we had some delicious Mexican rice bowls cooked for us by Jack. We all had a great night of s'mores, and memory sharing from the trip that had gone by way too fast and would soon be over.

August 3rd

We woke up that morning and the boys of Bank I were eager and a bit sad at the same time. We were excited to get back into camp, but we were sad that we had to say goodbye to this wonderful experience. Breakfast was administered by the campers themselves as they could get their Pop Tart and granola bar as soon as they finished taking down their tents.

After a bit of searching for some lost items of Pearce, we set off towards our take out spot: Medway. It took us almost no time at all to reach the parking lot with Jack and Luke being the first people there and Barrett and Clayton being the last. Once we arrived, the boys of Bank I, soon to become men, were extremely efficient in getting the bus loaded up with canoes and ready to return back to camp. After 11 days, Bank I had declared victory and were going home.

I speak on behalf of the other two counselors in Bank I when I say these boys were exceptional. I loved each and every single one of you boys. Thank you so much for the memories, jokes, laughs, stories, and bonding moments. You guys made my session one that I will never forget. There will be a time in the near future where you will miss one another dearly and crave to be back at Kieve. Second session 2020 will be here before you know it. Each and every single one of you share an incredible and strong bond with one another. There will be nothing that will ever be able to take that bond and the memories away from each other.

That is something I wish I was told earlier in my Kieve career. Each and every single one of you made my last session at Kieve an extraordinary one. You guys are the future leaders of Kieve, and I hope every single one of you comes back next year to make even stronger bonds and countless more memories.

Connor Kaniewski, HBC
Mac Muller, Counselor
Johnny Hollington, Counselor

Bank II

East Branch Penobscot River & Katahdin Woods and Waters & Bigelow Mountain

July 24th - Matagamon T6-R8

Full from scarfing down one last breakfast at Kieve, the boys of Bank II loaded up the canoe trailer and piled into the bus to begin the drive to the Penobscot River. The cabin stopped to enjoy a lunch of cold cut sandwiches in the parking lot of a Walmart. Following our meal, we once again rode through the Maine woods. Excitement built as we came to the renowned Matagamon Wilderness Store.

After unloading the trailer and saying goodbye to our bus driver, we set up camp across the river from the store in a secluded grassy campsite. Hugh Gardiner and Cole Hocklander quickly set up hammocks to lounge in, while Connor McInnis broke out his football for some catch. A group of the boys even doubled up on lifejackets for a leisurely float in the river. After a relaxing afternoon, the boys enjoyed cheesesteaks before retiring to their tents in anticipation of the first day of river paddling.

July 25th – Grand Pitch

The cabin awoke early and quickly ate bacon and cream cheese bagels before loading up our canoes and setting out. This day of the trip is perhaps the most physically and mentally grueling as the cabin faces two-and-a-half portages and quite a bit of paddling.

As we began our paddle down the river, the boys truly got back into the groove of paddling. We stopped to scout Stair Falls, and, due to the low water levels, it was a bit more technical than usual, though the cabin handled it fantastically.

After the rapids, we quickly came upon our first portage of the day, Haskell Rock. The boys cranked out the first portage with relative ease and quickly got ready for the ensuing set of rips downriver.

Unfortunately, due to the low water levels, one of the boats was severely pinned. Counselors Billy, Carter, and Keelan utilized the live-bait method to tether one person down to the boat to retrieve the bread wannigan and help the campers swim downstream safely.

After further inspection, it appeared that the boat could not be unpinned with manual force; thus, we resorted to utilizing the pin kit. We began setting up the Z-drag, with the phenomenal help of Hugh Gardiner, Cole Hocklander, Connor McInnis, and Armand Fremy. The Z-drag is a technique that uses pulleys tied to trees and a throw rope strung through them to utilize mechanical advantage to dislodge the boat. The strength of four people on the rope was unfortunately not enough to move the canoe. Therefore, the whole cabin was recruited to pull the rope while the counselors went out in the river to set an eddy and lift the boat. With the incredible teamwork of the whole cabin, we were able to unpin the canoe successfully. Pinning a boat enough to use a Z-drag is an infrequent occurrence, and the cabin handled it incredibly helping at every step of the process.

Though slightly rattled by what had just happened, the boys of Bank II persevered, pushing towards the next portage. The cabin quickly trudged their way through the Pond Pitch portage, and we were once again on our way. During a smaller set of rapids, we were able to retrieve a lost dry bag in hopes of returning it to its owner. After a bit more river we found ourselves at Grand Pitch. The boys unloaded the gear at the campsite and began attacking the canoe-only portage around the waterfall. Upon carrying all the boats around, the boys came back to the campsite and devoured turkey caesar wraps for a late lunch.

After some much-needed rest, some of the cabin ventured down to the flow out of Grand Pitch. The boys jumped in and swam amongst the bubbly water at

the bottom of the falls. After swimming, the cabin gathered around our makeshift picnic table, made of wans and coolers, for a dinner of crunchified chicken quesadillas. We were also surprised by folks from Matagamon, whom we had managed to contact regarding the bag we had found. Luckily, we were able to return the dry bag and its valuable contents to its grateful owner.

After an exhausting, and frankly, one of the most eventful days I've ever experienced on the river, everyone crawled into tents, falling asleep to the sounds of the waterfall.

July 26th - Big Sebois

The boys once again had an early wake-up, as we still had one more portage to complete. After eating some sausage, egg, and cheese breakfast sandwiches, we carried the rest of the gear down to the boats on the other side of the falls.

Just after putting into the river, we were unloading the boats again to take on the Hulling Machine Portage, the longest and most difficult of the four portages on this trip. Nothing about this portage is particularly fun, but Bank II was able to stick their heads down and grind through it. Following the conclusion to the last portage, the boys were relieved to get back on the river for good.

The rest of the day was spent leisurely paddling, often just floating down the river; occasionally, we were forced to refocus to maneuver rapids such as Spencer Rips and, the class III Bowlin Falls. Somewhere along the floating we rafted up to enjoy a lunch of cold cuts, having to separate and reconnect as we avoided errant rocks. After lunch, the river mellowed out, and several of the campers took the opportunity to swim, bobbing along the river with the canoes.

Pulling up to the campsite, almost everyone tubbed in the river, scrubbing away the grime of portaging. We gorged ourselves on delicious CBRs before escaping to our tents to avoid the ever-growing swarm of mosquitos.

July 27th - Lunksoos

After a bit of a sleep-in, given the last two grueling days, the cabin awoke to the sun shining through the tent. After breakfast, everyone was eager to load up

the boats to get away from the mosquitos. Some canoe pairs even waited to get on the river before taking off their longs-and-longs.

The paddle to our next campsite was rather smooth as the distance was short and the boys had indeed hit their stride. Upon arriving, the boys were ecstatic to find that Lunksoos had a water pump, eliminating our need to filter drinking water. For the first time all trip, campers were chugging ice-cold Nalgens without having to be told to do so.

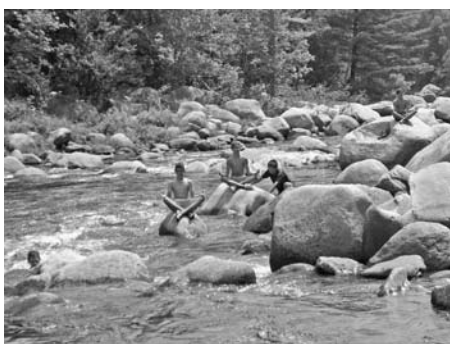
For lunch, we cooked an obscene amount of rice for our burrito bowls, which the campers happily devoured. The cabin, experiencing a minor food coma, reveled in the opportunity to relax and enjoy themselves. After an afternoon of reading, poker, tossing the pigskin, and just general relaxation, the boys began to hunger for dinner. In response, Carter cheffed up some wonderfully delicious personal size pizza. The campers after stuffing themselves enjoyed a beautiful Maine sunset before bedtime.

July 28th - Pine Grove Campground & Cottages

Bank II arose early, prepping for the long day ahead. Quickly eating their granola and milk, the cabin began loading canoes and were swiftly on the way.

After a short paddle, we arrived at our first set of rapids, Whetstone Falls. Much to our excitement, Bank I was there pumping their water bottles. We scouted the hydrology and navigated the river without a hitch. We then began the long paddle through dead water towards Grindstone, with each turn in the river hoping to see the train bridge that sits before it. Eventually, we came upon the rapids. We pulled off to the side of the river to scout the first rapid and to munch on Rocket Fuel.

After thoroughly scouting the top rapid, the boys prepared to face the biggest rapids of the trip. The low flow once again bared its head, as the river was much rockier than usual. After much deliberation, we decided that the best option was to take a unique route down the right side of the river. This route avoided a rocky section of the river, but inadvertently forced us into a



burly drop; even so, the paddlers faced it with courage. Most canoes managed to avoid swamping too severely with only one boat flipping, an impressive feat. The entire cabin rallied together to help gather the gear and boat, as well as help the boys in that canoe make it safely down the river.

After a few smaller rapids and a relaxing paddle, we pulled up to Pine Grove just as a storm was rolling in. Everyone hurriedly set up tents in hopes of staying dry as we faced the first of any rain on the trip. With the storm quickly passing, the cabin emerged from their tents and promptly began to get going on a game of poker.

As the afternoon came to a close, the boys started making a fire that by the time we began cooking was quite large. Thanks to the store-bought wood, we were able to keep it going all throughout our meal of dank, a quintessential Kieve meal. With their bellies full, the boys went to sleep excited for resupply tomorrow.

July 29th - Sandbank

Upon waking, the boys quickly enjoyed their oatmeal and loaded up the boats as we set off on our last bit of paddling of the trip. Soon enough, we came into view of Medway Veterans Memorial Park. As we got closer, we began to hear the hollering of Bank I cheering us in. Once there, we exchanged stories of our respective trips and quickly began unloading and sorting gear. We got everything organized and staged next to the parking lot just as the squadron of tripping directors pulled up for our resupply. Boys from both cabins swarmed them instantly asking for news of how camp is doing without them. We, unfortunately, had to say goodbye to Leverett Wilson, who was having a bout with quite the nasty rash. The boys all gave him hopes of feeling better and promises of seeing him back at camp.

After trading in our canoes for a pair of vans, we hit the road heading back the way we had just come, towards the Katahdin Woods and Waters National Monument. After an hour or so on Route 11, we pulled onto a dirt road crossing over the river we had just paddled before eventually pulling into our campsite at Sandbank.

After setting up camp and detaching our trailer, we all piled back into the vans to swim and pump water at Whetstone. The boys took great amusement in floating around in rapids that just days earlier they had conquered in canoes.

Back at the campsite, the boys quickly got going on their ritualistic nightly poker games while we got dinner going. After housing some authentic Philadelphia style cheesesteaks, with Cheese Whiz we had picked up at the store, everyone slid into their sleeping bags to rest up before the next day's mountain biking excursion.

July 30th - Sandbank

The boys of Bank II awoke from their tents eager to begin our day of mountain biking. We ate breakfast and waited for our guide Dana to arrive. After Dana met us with a trailer filled with fat tire bikes, we embarked on our first day of biking.

We drove along Katahdin Loop Road until arriving at our trailhead. We biked about four miles to Orin Falls, where we spent the day swimming. Orin Falls is a beautiful stretch of water falls over smooth rocks that is fed by the Wassataquoik Stream. The boys enjoyed floating down the whitewater, while our guide Dana gave them tips on how to safely swim down moving water. We had lunch at Orin Falls before making our way back to the trailhead.

After returning to Sandbank Campground, we quickly grabbed our water filters and made our way to Whetstone Bridge. This was our preferred water source, as well as a great place to swim. The boys filled up their water bottles and enjoyed a swim along the rapids. Dana showed the boys proper swift water swimming techniques as well as teaching the boys about hydrology.

After an hour or two, we made our way back to camp and enjoyed a well-earned dinner. After cleaning up and putting gear away the boys went to bed, while looking forward to the next day of biking.

July 31st - Sandbank

After breakfast the boys filled up their water bottles and packed their day-packs. We left Sandbank and drove to the bike put-in.

After an eventful ride to the Barnard Mountain trailhead, the boys dismounted their bikes and began the three-quarter mile trek up the mountain. The boys flew through the hike, reaching the summit in no time. We spent some time eating snacks and admiring the gorgeous view of Katahdin and the surrounding area. The boys then made their way down the mountain and biked back to the trailer and van.

We made our way to the second biking trail before having a well-deserved lunch. After lunch, the boys biked down the trail until we reached the beginning of our bushwhack. We walked down an old logging road, until reaching the beginning of our trek through the woods. With the help of Dana, we eventually made it to the crash site of a 1950s Canadian Airforce plane crash. The boys explored the remnants of the plane, while Dana gave us interesting background history of the crash.

After returning to the bike trailer we made it back to our campsite and returned to Wetstone, where we spent a couple of hours swimming and filling up our water bottles. After returning to the campsite, we decided to have dinner at a wonderful lookout on Katahdin Loop Road. We enjoyed our pizzas while watching the sun set over Mount Katahdin, a wonderful end to our time in Katahdin Woods and Waters.

August 1st - Round Barn

We rewarded ourselves with a sleep-in, still recovering from the mountain biking the previous days. Breakfast was bacon, egg, and cheese sandwiches that Bavo Vandenhoeck helped to make. After the meal we took down the campsite, loaded up the trailers, and piled into the vans, beginning the drive across the state towards Mount Bigelow. After the three-hour drive, we finally arrived at the Round Barn camping sites. Then we started the mission of finding a site amongst the many in the area.

After discovering almost every site to be taken, we settled for sharing the largest group site with a family of four. After setting up, the boys explored the surrounding area before dinner. We then went to sleep early in preparation for our

expedition to the top of Avery Peak the following morning.

August 2nd - Round Barn

After an early wake-up, the Boys of Bank II enjoyed a breakfast of granola and milk, eager to begin the hike of the infamous Mount Bigelow.

We made our way to the trailhead and began the 4.1-mile hike to Avery's Peak. The boys sailed through the first half of the hike with ease. After topping off our water bottles, we began the most challenging part of the hike. The two miles of hiking on the Appalachian Trail up to Avery's Peak was some of the most challenging hiking these boys have ever done. Rocky terrain and steep inclines tested everybody's endurance; however, the boys persevered and pushed each other up the mountain.

The boys eventually made it to the summit, where everyone was quickly amazed at the view from the top. At 4,088 ft. above sea level, the view from Avery's Peak was a sight to behold. We spent an ample amount of time taking in the view and resting before hiking back down the four-miles to the trail head.

The boys returned to Round Barn campsite in high spirits and feeling accomplished at what was just finished. We spent the afternoon resting and swimming on Flagstaff Lake, until many of the boys began collecting wood for a fire. The boys enjoyed cutting and splitting wood, as our fire proved to be one of the best fires I have seen on trip. We ate pesto pasta around the fire, while sharing favorite moments from the trip.

After dinner we cooked a cake using the fry-bake and hot coals from our roaring fire, which was happily devoured by the boys of Bank II. We went to bed that night with full stomachs, sad that the trip was over, but eager to return to our beloved Kieve.

August 3rd - Kieve

After taking down camp for one final time, and cleanup after last night's Christmas tree, we climbed into the vans. Along our drive back towards camp, we pulled into Big G's, the most delicious sandwich establishment known to man.

After eating entirely too much food, the boys of Bank II rode back towards

Damariscotta, pulling onto West Neck with plenty of daylight to spare.

Carter Sednaoui, HBC
Keelan Woodard, HBC
Billy Leyden, Counselor

Allagash I

Allagash Wilderness Waterway

July 21st

The boys of Allagash I woke early with the sun at 5:15 am, quickly grabbed their gear off of the front porch and said good-bye to a bed and hot shower for the next two weeks. After checking out with Reid, we pulled out of Kieve at 6:00 am and were finally on our way to the north Maine woods. The boys enjoyed Pop Tarts for breakfast and the bus ride was sleepy during the pouring rainstorm outside.

Along the way we made a pit stop at Walmart to buy yogurt for breakfast on a future date of the trip, Jiffy Pop and s'mores supplies. Camper Nelson Lamb also got a pair of flip flops to wear while in the campsite, which he hilariously nicknamed the "Ferrari flip flops." Around 11:30 am our group reached the Golden Road where we checked in with the rangers, and they generously provided us with a personal map for each of the boys in the cabin.

At 12 pm we unloaded our boats from the trailer at Hannibal's Crossing, feasted on some cold cut sandwiches and started the 8-mile paddle to Big Island South at 12:45 pm after going over the importance of wearing life jackets and helmets and announcing boat partners.

The boat partners were counselor Bruce Haywood and Connor Sensenich, counselor Gill Walker and Luke Casteen, counselor Forrest Lazzara and Yann Ishimwe, Nelson Lamb and Jameson Hoher, Griffin Warren and Ascher Cahn, Tommy Burton and J.D. Farkas, Daniel Evans and Garrett Hall, and Charlie Burke and Jack Pyle.

This was a significant paddle not only because it was the first paddle of the trip, but also because for Yann it was the first paddle of his Kieve career. About halfway through the paddle, the rain stopped and the sun finally broke through the clouds for the first time all day. During the

paddle, Daniel Evans helped to boost the groups morale by cracking jokes. Nelson and Jameson's boat was also up in the front for the entirety of the paddle, and they quickly displayed that they were one of the strongest boats in the pod.

As the boys were approaching the campsite they saw a bald eagle, which immediately resulted in chants of "USA, USA, USA!" The counselors took some time to coach up some paddling techniques along the way, and the group landed at Big Island South at 3:15 pm.

While setting up camp, Tommy Burton helped Bruce teach the boys how to tie up the tarp. Once camp was set up, Bruce, Nelson, Charlie, Connor, and Luke all went for a swim. After their swim, some of the boys had a rock skipping competition, and Jack Pyle impressed all with his hidden talent for rock skipping.

Later in the evening, Bruce cooked Philly cheesesteaks for dinner and during the meal Long Voyage I rolled up to the neighboring campsite, Ouellette, chanting "Bruce gets loose," and came over to greet us and update us on how their trip was going.

After dinner, J.D. and Tommy Burton worked with Bruce to use proper LNT techniques to clean, and later everyone relaxed around the campfire. Before heading into bed at around 9 pm, the group did a map session and debrief of the plan for the next day of the trip.

July 22nd

Today was the infamous Mud Pond Portage day of the trip. The group had a combination of a sense of nervous anticipation and excitement for what was ahead of them. The group woke up at 5:30 am, wolfed down a strawberry and vanilla yogurt with berries and granola breakfast.

We then paddled to Chesuncook Lake next to Long Voyage I. There was a beautiful mist rising off the water during the early morning paddle, and later in the day the sun began to peek out from behind the clouds.

The group made it to Boomhouse Campground where they took a break to talk about risk management to make the open water crossing safely, including canoe pod formation and paddling

technique reviews. During the crossing we said good-bye to Long Voyage I near Caucomgomoc, and finally completed the crossing by reaching Longley Stream within 30 minutes. We stopped to have trail mix for a snack, which was Allagash I's #1 favorite trip snack, so the boys had a small celebration.

After hydrating and refueling the group battled headwinds as they paddled to Umbazookus Stream all the way up to Longley Bridge. After carrying around Longley Bridge, we paddled through a thick marsh and once again had to carry around a beaver dam in order to make it to the dam at Guy Allen Road, which we also had to carry around. The beaver dam was actually fairly interesting for many of the boys because they had never seen one in person. Also, when getting out of the boat to carry around the dam at Guy Allen Road, Daniel Evans fell out of his canoe, which brought a raucous laughter to the group.

Finally, after a long day of river paddling we had made it to Umbazookus Lake and were a brief quarter mile paddle away from the head of the Mud Pond Portage Trail. After today's paddle it became clear that Yann was a fast learner and strong paddler, so even though he only had two days of paddling under his belt he was ready to paddle in a boat without a counselor's guidance.

Once we landed at the portage trail, the group brought all their gear to the campsite and set up camp so that it would be ready after they returned from moving boats. Before starting the portage, the counselors fed everyone PB&J with honey on pita bread along with two other snacks so that everyone had proper nutrition to successfully complete the portage. We also made sure everyone's water bottles were full so that they could stay hydrated during the portage. Bruce led the group in an important conversation about staying found, understanding what different whistle blows mean for safety, strategies to work together in teams while portaging, and the importance of staying positive during this challenging portage.

At about 1:20 pm, the group began the portage, and by approximately 3 pm all boats had been successfully moved to

the end of the portage trail and everyone was in a fresh pair of clothes relaxing in their crazy creek chairs. The counselors were completely blown away and were extremely proud of how quickly the group had completed the portage. During the portage, camper J.D. Farkas carried all the paddles and bridged for Bruce as he soloed his canoe, and then J.D. went on to help other groups portage their boats.

There were also several teams of cabinmates who tandem soloed the entire Mud Pond Portage. Team one was Jameson and Nelson, team two was Griffin and Tommy, team three was Ascher, Charlie and Luke Casteen, and team four was Jack Plye and Yann Ishimwe, which rotated doubling and soloing the canoe. Garrett Hall and Connor Sensenich also carried life jackets and helmets with them as they helped to bridge for several groups along the way. They also aided the group by raising the morale with positive energy.

During the portage, Bruce lost his shoes in the mud and had to portage the second half barefoot. Bruce and J.D. also spent 30 minutes helping a Wavus cabin to finish portaging their canoes, and Nelson and Jameson offered them positive encouragement as they passed.

After completely crushing the grueling Mud Pond Portage, the boys relaxed and made the most of the small, rooty Mud Pond Portage campsite. Several members of the cabin went swimming in Umbazookus Lake to wash the mud off of their clothes. The campsite was extremely buggy, which afforded the counselors the opportunity to share the importance of changing into longs and longs, and show the boys how they could dry their wet clothes at night.

That night the group enjoyed chicken, bacon, and ranch sandwiches. While dinner was being made, Yann helped the group by filling everyone's water bottles. Everyone also participated in trivia about U.S. history and sports to decide the eating order.

After dinner, J.D. Farkas and Tommy Burton helped Bruce demonstrate to the group as a whole how to use proper LNT practices when cleaning, and how to fill the hang bag water filter.

After everything was packed away and people were ready for bed, the counselors rewarded the boys for tackling such a challenging day with hot chocolate. The group huddled around the maps with hot chocolate to do the nightly map debrief, and finally went to bed at 9:30 pm.

July 23rd

The boys woke up at the Mud Pond Campground at 5 am. After a quick granola and powdered milk breakfast, which was a cabin favorite, the group started to portage the rest of their gear. The last 20 yards of the portage was waist-deep water that we had been able to slide the canoes on the previous day, so Garrett Hall came up with the genius plan of using a canoe to put all the coolers and wannigans in to slide at the end of the portage.

By 7:30 am, all gear was moved, and the portage was officially finished! The counselors congratulated the boys for earning their place with all of the other legendary members of Kieve who have gone through the Mud Pond Portage.

Gill Walker saw a catfish come up to his and Luke's boat along the way. We then attempted to paddle through a stream to get into Chamberlain Lake, but a beaver dam completely blocked the stream. The group had to complete an unexpected additional portage. The portage was short, lasting only 45 minutes, and the group pushed out into Chamberlain Lake.

Once in Chamberlain, the counselors discussed how dangerous this lake can become as weather can turn in a split second, so it was imperative that everyone paddle close together near the shore line. The sun became brutally hot, so the group stopped a half mile before ledges to reapply sunscreen and snack. During the paddle, the group was struck with a sense of patriotism as we saw two bald eagles causing more "USA" chants, and Garrett, Nelson, and Tommy led the group in singing the preamble of the Declaration of Independence.

Forrest and Gill also helped to coach some of the boys on their paddling stroke techniques. The headwinds were fairly calm, so the group got lucky and was able to make it to Thoroughfare

Campground by 2:30 pm. Although the group originally intended to camp at Boy Scout Campground, a group of Boy Scouts had ironically already taken that campsite, but Thoroughfare was a more than adequate alternative because it was spacious and grassy.

While setting up camp, Bruce taught Tommy Burton, J.D. Farkas, and Garrett Hall how to tie a clove hitch to aid in using a stick to add height to the angle of the tarp. At the campground the group made quesadillas with chips and salsa for lunch, which was cooked with the help of Ascher Cahn and Griffin Warren. After stuffing ourselves at lunch, some of the members of the group decided to go diaper swimming, while others decided to take a much needed nap.

Later in the evening J.D. and Ascher made burgers for dinner. While dinner was being made, Bruce and Forrest taught the boys how to patch a canoe hole that happened on Jameson and Nelson's boat during the portage. Daniel also made hilarious jokes that brought an awesome sense of positive energy to another tough day of tiresome paddling as people sat around the camp fire.

After dinner was made and people were starting to eat, a Scout Master from the Boy Scout troop visited to introduce himself to us. He ended up hanging out to talk with the boys about music and how the trip was going so far, and with Bruce about their shared Eagle Scout experiences. Finally, to cap off another awesome day, the group enjoyed M&M s'more cones while going over the nightly map session, and finally hitting the hay at 9:15 pm.

July 24th

Today was our resupply day! Bruce, Tommy, J.D., and Ascher, woke up at 7 am to make pancakes, while others slept in to 8 am. We quickly realized we added too much water to the batter and needed to call an audible to scrambled pancakes, so Gill and Forrest took the reins on the cooking duties.

At 9:45 am, we made a short paddle to Chamberlain Bridge. We met Tripping Director Garrett Phillips, who was waiting for us with fresh fruits, letters from home, and Gatorades! Unfortunately, Tommy

Burton got hit with a stomach bug that morning so we made the group decision to let him rest for a few hours to see if he felt better.

During the time that we spent resting at the ranger station we completed a service project with the rangers by cleaning litter out of a parking lot. We also spent time playing with the ranger's dogs, Duke and Daisy. Connor got a Frisbee resupplied to him so the campers also spent time playing Frisbee and relaxing in their hammocks. Nelson and Daniel also spent time reading a car magazine that Nelson got, which he kept strapped to his bag in the boat for the rest of the trip so that he could read it whenever we took a break.

For lunch we had chicken crunch wraps made by Forrest. At about 3:30 pm, Garrett returned to check back in on Tommy. After determining that Tommy would be able to stay on our trip, we moved him into Forrest's boat so that he could relax more while feeling sick. We ended up making it to Gravel Beach by 6:45 pm, and saw Gash II on Chamberlain Lake along the way near Ledges campground.

Once we arrived at Gravel Beach, we set up camp in the last remaining camp cell. We had chicken parm sandwiches for dinner, made by Nelson and Forrest. The group enjoyed a beautiful sunset before heading to bed at 9 pm. Today's lesson for the boys was certainly understanding the necessity of being adaptable and managing health on trips.

July 25th

The boys woke up at 5 am to beat the headwinds on Chamberlain Lake. We quickly ate granola with powdered milk and left camp by 5:30 am.

Our pod of canoes made its first crossing to Donnolly's Campsite by 6:15 am. We then paddled up to Ellis Brooke and crossed to the dam on Chamberlain Lake by 7:45 am. As we made the crossing from Ellis Brooke, the boys debated who was the best football player in the NFL and ranked each of the top 10 players by position categories. This served as a highly entertaining talk during the paddle. Our group was extremely lucky to not face a single headwind this morning!

We quickly completed the carry around the dam, got our first taste of some easy rapids, and made our way into Eagle Lake to see the historic trains used for logging. During our paddle on Eagle Lake, we saw three bald eagles, proving that the lake is appropriately named. We arrived at the trains by 11 am. We even did a short hike through the woods to view one of the old logging mills and the end of Chamberlain Lake. This was a unique experience for the boys and piqued their curiosity.

We left the train site by 12:30 pm and reached our destination, Farm Island, by 1 pm. At Farm Island we enjoyed chicken caesar wraps for lunch, and chicken bacon ranch sandwiches for dinner which Connor and Griffin helped cook.

In the afternoon, we all participated in a leadership class about different types of leadership and what it means to be a leader, and we demonstrated to the boys the proper way to use a hatchet. Thanks to the great weather we had all day, we were also able to spend time swimming. Gill was able to show Yann and Luke how to fly fish.

In the evening, before the nightly map session the boys had a big fire, performed a rap battle, and shared spooky stories. One was the supposedly true alien abduction story about Farm Island. One of the campers even made a joke that the aliens were "LNT aliens," because they abducted the humans with no evidence. After a full day of fun, the boys went to sleep at 9:30 pm.

July 26th

The boys had a much needed and well deserved sleep in to 9 am because today's paddle from Farm Island to Scofield Point was much shorter than previous days. The boys ate a delicious French toast breakfast, which all were impressed and surprised that Bruce and Forrest were able to successfully pull off. The group paddled to John's Bridge where they decided to take a snack break before pushing on to Scofield Point at Churchill Lake by 1 pm.

Scofield Point was by far the best campsite of the trip because it had three different cells, all of which were very spacious and had plenty of awesome hammock spots.



For lunch, Ascher and Griffin made awesome pulled BBQ chicken sandwiches on ciabatta rolls. In the late afternoon, the boys challenged Bruce to a WWE wrestling match in the water where it was 8 campers versus Bruce. Needless to say, Bruce did not stand much of a chance as they piled on him. During dinner, which was fajita bowls made by Forrest and Yann, Nelson performed a hilarious car review skit from the content in his beloved car magazine.

At night, Bruce read several chapters of author Gil Gilpatrick's book, "Allagash," which added a historical and deeper meaning to the places we had already been and where we would be heading in the coming days. Tonight was also the first night that we were able to do "Moon up" along with our nightly map session, which was an activity where we ask everyone to answer a thoughtful question about the day and give appreciations to one another. This night was also special because we had a crystal clear skies, which afforded everyone an incredible view of the Milky Way and other constellations. Daniel hilariously mistook a lightning bug for a shooting star. Forrest also saw a frog bigger than the size of his hand as he was walking back to his tent. The boys drifted off to sleep to the sound of loons at 9:30 pm.

July 27th

The boys of Allagash woke at 7:30 am to sunny 70+ degree weather and a feast of breakfast sandwiches complete with egg, sausage, bacon, cheese, and peppers on an English muffin which were cooked by Nelson and Griffin. The group was all packed up and ready to go by 9 am.

We arrived at the dam before Chase Rapids where we would meet the ranger by 10:15 am. Allison, the ranger, portaged our gear to the end of the rapids for us. In the meantime we went to the museum where we were able to view more logging history. We even saw some awesome photos of Kieve boys from long ago paddling the Allagash in canoes with a big orange "K" on the side of their boats.

We filled our water bottles after leaving the museum and headed back to the put-in for Chase Rapids. Before we started paddling the rapids, we checked

everyone's life jackets and helmets, did a review of paddling strokes for bowmen and sternmen, discussed self-rescue strategies and what to do if someone flips, and how to read a river. We then headed down the rapids and had an absolute blast! Along the way we had a few moments where it seemed like someone may flip, but in the end all of the boys successfully carved their way through the rapids with ease.

After getting through Chase Rapids and picking up our gear from the ranger, we faced strong headwinds on Umaskis Lake on our way to Ledges Campground. We arrived at Ledges Campground by 2 pm, where we had delicious PB&J with banana sandwiches, and enjoyed dank pasta for dinner.

Dinner skits for tonight were based on the cards in the map case, such as reading a river, lightning safety, and shelters and protection, all of which had the counselors rolling with laughter. Everyone also enjoyed sharing some of the beef jerky and candy they received from the resupply. At Ledges Campground everyone spent time bonding around the campfire and went to bed at 9 pm.

July 28th

The group woke up at 8 am and got to Long Lake by 9:15. While on Long Lake we experienced heavy tailwinds, which allowed the group try sailing for the first time on trip. The boys sailed in two groups; one group with Bruce, which included J.D., Tommy, Nelson, Jameson, Connor, Jack, and Charlie, and the other group with Forrest, Gill, Garrett, Luke, Yann, Daniel, Griffin, and Ascher. Both groups were able to successfully sail all of Long Lake!

About 11 am, we heard thunder and immediately rushed the boats to shore, and huddled in the lightning position in the woods. The lightning skit from the previous night had come in handy. To pass the time our group started a hilarious game of mafia, and we ended up having to stay until 12:30 pm because the thunder lasted for a while. Once the thunder ended, we got back in our boats and made the final push of the day to Long Lake Dam.

At Long Lake Dam we completed the

short 50-yard portage over the dam, and made camp. Today was a ton of fun because it was a great combination of time spent hanging out and learning new tripping skills. After J.D. and Charlie made tuna melts for lunch, Gill went fly fishing and caught nearly 40 fish, and Garrett read some of his book to the group. While lunch was being made, Yann got a leech on his ankle, so the counselors showed everyone how to remove leeches with salt. The funniest part of the day had to come when Jameson left to use the outhouse and returned with a lawnmower that he had found in the woods.

After some time relaxing, and sharing laughs, Bruce and Forrest started knot school with the group. Each member of the cabin was given some rope and by the end of it all had nearly mastered the square knot, slip knot, clove hitch, and bowline knots. Bruce also showed the boys how to scout a rapid by teaching them the acronym, "W.O.R.M.S.," which stands for water, obstacles, route, markers and moves, and safety.

Later in the evening Forrest worked alongside Luke, Ascher, and Charlie to make personal pizzas for everyone. The eating order was decided by trivia. While pizza was being made, Bruce taught J.D., Luke, Connor, Jack, and Garrett to play the card game president.

After dinner, a rainstorm came that caused a foggy mist to come through the pine trees as the sun was setting with incredible beams of light coming over the trees. The sky also looked like it was two separate skies where behind us it was blue and clear and in front of us it was ominous looking. So far we had been lucky to have hardly any rain on the trip, so in some ways this was a welcomed change for the group. During the rainstorm, the group huddled under the tarp and enjoyed Snickers bars. After the rainstorm passed, the group went to sleep at 9 pm.

July 29th

Today was Luke Casteen's birthday! During the previous night's map session, the group decided that they wanted to try to push to one of the Deadwater sites with the contingency plan of staying at one of the Five Finger sites instead of

staying on Round Pond. This day would be approximately a 12-15-mile day. As a result, the boys woke up at 6:30 am, ate bagels with strawberry jelly or grape jam and cream cheese, and left camp by 7:45 am.

In the morning there was a light drizzle, but this quickly passed and it was sunny for the rest of the day. The group made it to Round Pond by 11:30 am, and stopped at Outlet for a big snack break. During the snack break, Luke made a hilarious and wildly successful attempt to catch minnows in a plastic bag, which he released before we continued on with our paddle.

As we passed Croque Brooke Campground we decided to do some gash paddling until we came across two moose at 2:15 pm. Some of the boats were surprised when they pulled off for a water break and for people to catch up from gash paddling and suddenly a baby moose came out of the woods and swam to the other side, while the mother moose stared down our group from only 50 yards away. It was startling to be so close to a moose unexpectedly, but thankfully the moose went away and we continued on with our paddle.

Along the way we also got to see several bald eagles. Our group ended up arriving at Five Fingers around 3 pm, and decided to stay for the night and to have a late lunch there.

Lunch was grilled cheese with bacon, and tomato soup prepared by Charlie and Ascher. Although we had set an ambitious goal of reaching Deadwater South or North, it was a good lesson for the boys to learn to be flexible when managing expectations of how far a group can travel on a trip. While staying at Five Finger West campground, a moose hung out by the side of the river about 200 yards upstream for almost an hour.

After a long day of paddling the group had a much needed rest hour, during which the boys played the card game president. After rest hour, Forrest taught the group how to use a saw and hatchet, so that the boys would be able to cut fallen logs for firewood. Unfortunately, as Forrest was working with several boys to cook steamboats for dinner, and Bruce

was overseeing the sawing of lumber, Tommy Burton's saw slipped out of the wood and sliced his index finger and thumb fairly deep. Bruce quickly sat Tommy down and cleaned out the wound and wrapped it with gauze. Bruce and Forrest then attempted to paddle Tommy to the Michaud Farm Ranger Station, but it was 8 miles away and growing too dark to paddle, so they returned to Five Finger West Site.

At camp, Gill had changed dinner to be our contingency meal of corned beef hash because the steamboats were no longer possible to make, and Gill and Bruce worked to clean, steri-strip Tommy's wound together, before bandaging it with gauze and splinting his index finger to his middle finger. That night the group made a game plan with Tripping Director Reid Anderson, to meet at the evac point at Michaud Farm Ranger Station by 9:30 am the next morning. Being that it was still Luke's birthday we all had chocolate bars before going to bed at 10 pm.

July 29th

In order to make it to the evacuation point by 9:30 am, the boys woke up at 6 am, and quickly gobbled down some oatmeal before starting the paddle at 7 am. Tommy sat in the bow of Forrest's boat, and Forrest solo paddled Tommy to the evacuation point. The group displayed a tremendous team effort to get Tommy to the evacuation point on time, and we ended up making it to the ranger station at 9:15 am.

Norman Pelletier, who owns Pelletier's campground met us at the ranger station and drove Tommy and Forrest to the local hospital. He was thankfully able to receive seven stitches. It was crushing to our group to lose Tommy because he carried such a big load for our team and brought a positive energy to our group, but he was certainly the most disappointed of all of us.

We ended up making it to Allagash Falls by 10:15 am, and completed the portage by 11 am. J.D. and Garrett both soloed a canoe for the first time during this portage, which was an awesome accomplishment! After crushing the portage, we did a deep sanitization of all of our cooking materials by scrubbing

plates, bowls, utensils, pans and pots, then boiling each item. This served as a good lesson for the boys in health and hygiene management on a trip. We then ate Chef Boyardee beef ravioli for lunch made by Yann. After lunch we did a rest hour, and then proceeded to swim at the bottom of Allagash Falls.

During our swim at Allagash Falls, Bruce and Gill shared the knowledge they gained during Swift Water Rescue training. The boys loved learning and practicing swift water rescue techniques. Eventually, a lightning storm came while we were on the other side of the river so we had to huddle together for the lightning to pass. During this time, we were talking about how special Kieve is and how lucky we all were to be out on the Allagash together, and suddenly a double rainbow emerged during a sun shower. This moment was truly one of the strangest and most amazing combinations of weather most of us had ever experienced.

After the lightning storm passed, we continued on swimming and even started a king of the hill wrestling brawl in the water with all of the campers versus Bruce and Gill. Suddenly, in the middle of swimming Forrest returned from evacing Tommy, and came to aid Bruce and Gill in their battle against the campers. Many of the boys remarked that this was by far the best part of the trip for them.

As we were walking back to our campsite at about 6:30 pm we met another Boy Scout troop. We then proceeded to make our dinner. For dinner, Gill and J.D. made *gato gato*, which tasted delicious. During dinner, Forrest had Griffin read the group a letter from Tommy that said he was not going to be able to come back to trip, which was disappointing for everyone, but he was also excited for us. We went to bed at 8:45 pm to a massive thunderstorm that lasted for much of the night.

July 31st

The gang woke up at 8:30 am and had a long M&M pancake breakfast, which is why we left camp at 10:30 am on this day. Around 10:45 am it began to rain, so we paddled in rain and overcast weather

for the morning part of this day, and the rain stopped around 11:30 am.

Once we got to Twinbrook Rapid by noon we pulled off and took a group photo in front of a sign that read, "Leaving the Allagash Wilderness Waterway." This was a bitter sweet moment for our group because while we were proud of our accomplishments, we knew that we now had limited time left on the trip. As we were standing on top of hill next to the sign, Bruce took another opportunity to teach the boys W.O.R.M.S., only this time the boys did it without any counselor's help, which was awesome to watch.

Along the paddle, the boys also practiced ferrying across a rapid. We arrived at Evelyn's Field Campground by 3:30 pm where we had PB&J for lunch, and Gill and Forrest surprised the boys with sodas and Gatorades. After lunch, the boys decided they wanted to do a relay race to a big tree out in the middle of the field to see who was the fastest member of the cabin, and even the counselors participated. J.D. and Daniel tied for fastest.

As we were hanging out in a big circle reflecting on the trip and sharing jokes with one another, a photographer for the Boston Globe stumbled upon our group and asked to spend the day with us because the newspaper was running a story on the Allagash Wilderness Waterway and wanted to use us for its photos. We accepted, and all the counselors as well as some of the campers were even interviewed. Throughout the rest of the afternoon the photographer captured Gill fly fishing, an intense whole cabin game of ultimate Frisbee, a lesson in how to use a throw bag when rescuing someone from a rapid, and our group making alfredo pasta for dinner, which was made by J.D. and Charlie. It got very buggy as it grew dark, so the group was forced into tents at 8:30 pm without doing our nightly map session or moon-up, and we all went to sleep by 9:30 pm.

August 1st

The group had a sleep-in until 9:30 am, and Bruce got up at 7:30 am to start preparing pancakes for everyone. After enjoying a long relaxing morning with

delicious pancakes, we left Evelyn's Field at 10:45 am.

Today we experienced some of the most fun rapids of the trip on the St. John's River. Towards the end of our nine-mile paddle, we played a big game of canoe wars in the river and did some gash paddling. We eventually made it to Pelletier's Campground at 2:45 pm, and finished the portage up the hill by 3:30 pm. After the boys finished the portage Gill and Bruce bought the group Gatorades to celebrate completing the Allagash!

Griffin, Connor, and Ascher also made avocado, pep, and cheese sandwiches for lunch, and found creative ways to use up all remaining food in the wannigans and coolers. After lunch we did a deep cleanout of the coolers and wannigans and sanitized all of our materials to make the cleaning process back at camp more efficient.

Around 5 pm, when we were expecting our driver for tomorrow's ride home to deliver us much anticipated celebratory pizza, Tommy suddenly emerged with a large stack of pizzas in his arms and an enormous smile across his face! Tommy had completely tricked everyone into thinking he was not returning to the cabin until we all got back to Kieve, so this was a super special moment and a fantastic moment for our crew. We then enjoyed our pizzas and read our mail.

After enjoying our pizza and Tommy's return, we loaded the boats onto the trailer and taught the boys how to tie the trucker's hitch. Later in the evening we did our final moon-up and had a cabin reflection of everyone's favorite parts of the trip. As it grew dark we all put our sleeping pads out on the lawn and watched the magnificent stars together, and talked about the possibility of alternate universes and attempted to point out various constellations. This was an awesome evening of bonding on our final night of the trip before heading back to Kieve. We went to sleep at 10:30 knowing that we had taken advantage of everything the Allagash had to offer, and ready to return home to Kieve.

August 2nd

We woke up at 8 am, loaded our gear

into the bus, and pulled out of Pelletier's Campground by 9 am.

On the car ride home we stopped at the famous Big G's for sandwiches, and made it back to Kieve by 4:45 pm. Once at Kieve we paddled to Cool Island, where we would be staying for the night because J.K. had one more night in our cabin, and we had the awesome responsibility of speaking to J.K. that night.

We made it to Cool Island by 5:15 pm, and set up camp before heading over to Westcott Point by 6:30pm to meet with J.K. Speaking with J.K. was a tremendous opportunity for the men of Allagash I because they were able to express how eight of them were once in the shoes of the J.K. boys, looking up to the men of Allagash, and that they had learned an incredible amount on trip, grew closer together, and that Kieve is a place everyone can feel welcome and call home. Each member of Allagash I spoke with incredible grace and maturity that extended years beyond their ages, and I was very proud of their pitch for the J.K. boys to return to Kieve for the full session next summer.

After speaking to J.K., we paddled back to Cool Island, where Griffin, Ascher, and Charlie made chicken, bacon, ranch sandwiches for dinner, and we had jiffy-pop and s'mores for dessert. We spent the night bonding one last time on trip around the campfire and went to sleep at 11 pm.

August 3rd

Today Allagash I made their official return to Kieve. We slept late in the morning and had corned beef hash for breakfast and PB&J for lunch. We officially hit the shores of the Kieve waterfront at 2:15 pm, and were officially home from our unforgettable journey on the Allagash!

Bruce Haywood, HBC
Gill Walker, Counselor
Forrest Lazzara, Counselor

Allagash II

Allagash Wilderness Waterway

July 22nd – Big Island

The boys of Allagash II awoke in the early hours of the morning in order to be prepared for the long drive up to our put-

in at Hannibal's Crossing. Awaking at 4:45 in the morning, the boys packed and sealed their river duffels before moving to Buck for a quick breakfast and to pack the trailer. Hitting the road at 6:30 the boys embarked up north towards the Northern Maine Woods.

With a quick stop at Walmart along the way, the boys arrived at Hannibal's Crossing around 11:30. Quickly unloading the trailer and getting gear together the boys were on the river by 12:30, beginning their six-mile paddle to Big Island. Bryson and Andrew steamed ahead of the group, leading with Alex and Ellis. Along the way the boys saw some bald eagles and two moose.

Once at Big Island, the boys set up camp and ate lunch. Soon after camp was set up, one of the Long Voyage cabins arrived at Big Island to spend the night. Both cabins sat around the campfire after dinner and were able to talk and get to know each other. The boys headed to bed early in preparation for the big day ahead of them.

July 23rd – Mud Pond

The boys of Allagash II awoke at six in the morning in preparation for the long day ahead of them. Once tents and personal gear were all packed away, the boys were welcomed to get some oatmeal for breakfast, which gave them the energy to paddle the four hours to the Mud Pond Portage trailhead.

Once at the trailhead, the boys ate a modified rocket fuel, which is peanut butter and jelly with granola bars in the sandwich. Before beginning the portage everyone gathered around and performed a bondalaylay, getting everyone excited for the challenge ahead of them.

Mud Pond was not easy, and everyone struggled to carry the boats on the first run, taking four hours to complete. Ellis led the charge down the portage trail with Sam. In the back of the group Speranza swept with Devon. Notably, Andrew Jaroch was able to solo carry a canoe by himself the entire way, the only one in the cabin able to do so.

Once everyone had made it back to the campsite, we all enjoyed pasta with red sauce and pepperoni. With full stomachs everyone quickly fell asleep in their

tents, ready for the second half of the portage the next morning.

July 24th - Boy Scout

Mud Pond stared us down in the face in the early morning of Monday, July 24th. Awaking from the tents at six-thirty, the members of Allagash II quickly packed everything up at the campsite. Owen was the first to be ready, helping other campers with their own packing to speed up the process.

Having a quick Pop-Tart meal, they gathered everything on their backs and in their hands, and set out back onto the portage trail from the day before. In a quick two hours, the boys were able to crush the wannigans and coolers, making it to the head of Mud Pond in quick time. Theo and Jasper were among the first to finish, followed by Bryson and Andrew.

After a quick snack they set out across the pond towards Chamberlain Lake. At the beginning of the shoot connecting the lake and pond sat a beaver dam. Unable to be paddled, the members of Allagash II portaged around the rip, using a path that had been put into place by the Allagash Wilderness Waterway.

After the quick portage, the boys were able to paddle to Gravel Beach, where they ate lunch before setting out to Boy Scout just south of them, passing the Allagash I cabin along the way. The day was long, but once at Boy Scout the boys were able to enjoy a two-course meal and sit around the fire before getting rest for the next day.

July 25th – Gravel Beach

Having resupply only a five-minute paddle from the campsite, the men of Allagash II were able to sleep in until eight-thirty in the morning. With a slow rise, the boys went over to Chamberlain Bridge and enjoyed a breakfast of bagels and cream cheese.

At the resupply everyone fueled up with fresh berries and apples. Enjoying a Dr. Pepper, everyone read mail sent to them by their family. Once done, the new food was loaded into the canoes, and again the members of Allagash II set off back north towards Gravel Beach on Chamberlain Lake.

With no head winds on the lake the paddle to Gravel Beach took very little

time, landing us at the campsite just two hours after we had left the resupply. Once at Gravel Beach everyone was able to relax for the afternoon, swimming along the beach and tubing. The boys all enjoyed skipping rocks along the beach and Alex threw the most rocks with Jasper and Owen.

Allagash III was able to briefly visit before heading down the lake, and everyone in both cabins hung out with one another. After Allagash III left the members of Allagash II relaxed before bed, enjoying the wonderful weather and beautiful sunset of Gravel Beach, getting to sleep early before the big day ahead of them.

July 26th – Farm Island

Awaking at seven, the boys enjoyed breakfast burritos before a big day of lake paddling. Paddling up the western shore of Chamberlain, the cabin made a quick stop at Shady Campsite in order to move rocks for thirty minutes. After moving the rocks around the landing, the cabin moved north towards Lock Dam. At Lock Dam the cabin ate a lunch of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Andrew, Jasper and Noah all helped to move boats in record time, before suggesting the group review the maps before moving on for the day. Once maps were reviewed, the group set out and Theo and Bryson plowed through Eagle Lake. Though the paddle to Farm Island was not easy due to headwinds, everyone pushed through, most notably Sam and Ellis helped to motivate the group to the end. Once at the campsite, everyone enjoyed a good meal of chicken bacon ranch sandwiches, and got a good night's sleep.

July 27th – Scofield Point

The men of Allagash II awoke at seven-thirty in the morning, preparing breakfast sandwiches before the day to Scofield. In the morning the group sluggishly and reluctantly got their belongings together and packed the boats.

As everyone began to paddle, Devon and Owen led the group, helping to take charge for the day. A quick paddle ahead of them, the group proceeded up the lake with leisure. Once on Churchill Lake, the boys rejoiced at upon seeing

the campsite. Theo and Bryson steamed ahead, along with Noah and Conner.

Arriving at the campsite first they helped to direct everyone through the unloading process. Once at the campsite, everyone was able to relax, and Devon asked for the soap to tub in the lake. Joined by everyone else in the cabin, the boys enjoyed a good tub session before relaxing and reading.

For lunch they ate chicken salad wraps and everyone was ecstatic, able to enjoy fresh vegetables for the last time on the trip. Alex and Noah were especially pleased with the lunch and asked for seconds. After a brief nap time, the boys gathered around the fire and talked for a few hours. Sam asked to look at the stars and Ellis led the group out to the top of the point in order to see some of the best stars in the country! Afterwards everyone headed to their tents and proceeded to sleep.

July 28th – Churchill Dam

The boys awoke at eight at Scofield Point, enjoying a relaxing morning at the campsite. Once everything was packed and the boys were ready to go, everyone enjoyed a breakfast of oatmeal. Alex helped to clean up after the meal along with Jasper and Theo. Once everything was set to go, the boys set off around nine thirty.

Quickly arriving at Churchill Dam, the boys prepared themselves to do Chase Rapids. However, upon talking to the rangers, Ellis and Nick discovered that poor weather was rolling in and decided the best thing to do would be stay the night and complete a long next day. Andrew and Noah were able to quickly help set up the tarp at the campsite while the others got their tents in order. As the afternoon extended, many people began to show up at Churchill Dam.

Everyone relaxed while eating some grilled cheese and tomato soup at the campsite, anxious to begin paddling the next day again. Relaxing at the campsite Theo and Bryson led a game of president with the other campers, winning many hands together. After a while the boys enjoyed cheeseburgers for dinner and got some sleep in order to be ready for the long day ahead of them.

July 29th – Chase Rapids

We woke up at 6:45 as we had to get out early because of our mini rest day the previous day, but it also meant we got to do Chase Rapids nice and early. With the rangers taking our gear we got to run Chase Rapids dry. We ran the rapids for about an hour and a half and it was amazing. Finally on the river everyone was relieved.

After getting our gear and starting to get under way, we realized that this day was far from over. Getting down to Umsaskis Lake meant we were almost at our campsite, Ledges, that we were supposed to stay at the night before. We had strong headwinds going up Umsaskis Lake but the boys paddled through and made it to Ledges just in time to put on rain gear as the clouds got ominously dark. It strangely only rained for about 15 minutes before it cleared up into blue skies.

Our next challenge was completing Long Lake to get to our campsite Long Lake Dam. The name is absolutely correct as the lake is extremely long and with no moving water, it was quite the task. Finally, after a day and a half worth of paddling we made it to Long Lake Dam and, of course, had to portage around it adding more work to an already big day.

Finally we finished and got to have PB&Js and swim. Right next to the exit from the campsite is a great swimming spot as it goes 10-20 feet deep out of nowhere. Alex, Sam, Theo, Bryson and Jasper, had a lot of fun for a long time swimming.

Sadly the rain had ruined our chance of a fire, but instead we all sat in a ring and talked. Noah was extremely helpful and filled most everyone's water bottles with help from Andrew. After discussions of wrestling and if the WWE was real or not, everyone was pretty exhausted, so we hit the hay ready to be back on track and have more river to run.

It was an amazing day, not because of the events that happened during it, but because it showed the willpower and perseverance that the cabin had to have to complete it and for those reasons it is one of my favorite days to remember.



July 30th – Long Lake Dam

The morning at Long Lake Dam was an early one as we had a big day ahead of us. We had Pop-Tarts so that we could get onto the river quicker.

The river paddling was uneventful except for the fact that we saw a moose and a couple of eagles. Alex, Devan, Owen and Nick had a debate about who was the best athlete currently and Nick believed it to be himself and not LeBron James. We were all tired, but we saw dark clouds start to roll in so we picked up the pace. We made it into camp in the nick of time, as we got out all tents and the rain tarp as it started to really come down.

Despite the rain, Alex, Devan, Ellis, Jasper and Andrew played cards together under the rain tarp and chicken noodle soup with a hoagie roll was the perfect lunch. Everyone read or napped in their tents as there wasn't much else to do in the rain.

For dinner we had chili and rice with way too much rice meaning everyone was absolutely full. Right after dinner a thunderstorm started meaning everyone had to do a mad dash to their tents. In the scuffle Jasper, Sam, and Devan's tent stakes came out, causing even more of a calamity. It was funny to watch from the outside but I'm guessing it was a little bit stressful for them in the moment.

Everyone wanted to stay up till 12 to wish Sam a happy birthday but we had an earlier morning tomorrow as we wanted the amazing Allagash Falls to be the perfect birthday gift for Sam. Everyone went to sleep with the rain still coming down hard, hoping tomorrow would be sunny and thankfully it was!

July 31st – Five Fingers

We woke at Five Fingers Campsite and congratulated Sam on his birthday! We quickly got away, anxious to reach Allagash Falls. We paddled hard and fast but also got to enjoy two moose closer than ever before. One moose was giving Alex and Ellis a good stare but both eventually ran off.

We checked in at Michaud Farms and we did last stretch to Allagash Falls. At the Falls Theo, Bryson and Owen soloed their canoes while everyone else got gear to our campsite. After some cleaning

dishes that the heavy rain the day before had postponed, the sun had come out and we knew now was the time to swim.

The waterfall there is an amazing sight that took our cabin by surprise. After some swimming we made it to a cool place where we could swim a rapid safely and everyone did it twice with big smiles on their face.

After getting some great pictures, we went back and had ravioli for lunch. Jasper, Bryson, Sam and Theo played cards to pass the time while everyone else either slept or read.

For dinner we had beef stew with rice and for Sam's birthday we had maple bacon strips (not a bad substitute for cake if I do say so myself). After that we played a game of Indian poker with pasta shells. Alex won the game taking everyone's shells and then Alex, Jasper and Andrew played Texas Hold Em' with Andrew winning that game. Finally everyone went to sleep, exhausted from an action-packed day.

August 1st – Allagash Falls

We woke up, had Pop-Tarts and cereal bars, and finished our Allagash Falls portage. Owen, Andrew and Devan helped carry wannigans while everyone else collected our gear and started packing our canoes.

We left and said goodbye to the Falls and made our way to our next campsite. On the way we Gash-paddled and Theo, Bryson, Andrew, and Jasper debated whether it was better to get to the campsite early or better to relax on the river. There were also debates on who the greatest athlete is.

We arrived at Evelyn's Field after a small detour where some of the campers thought the turn was much earlier than it actually was. Evelyn's field is really just a field which is bad for shade but awesome for Ultimate Frisbee.

After a PB&J lunch an Ultimate game for the ages was about to go down. Conner, Nick, Devan, Bryson and Noah vs. Ellis, Alex, Jasper, Andrew, Sam and sometimes Owen. It was an intense game with the final point lasting for almost thirty minutes and a lot of controversial calls but ultimately the former team beat the latter by one point.

After everyone went under the bridge and Theo, Bryson Alex, Andrew and Sam went swimming. The current was so strong you could swim a lap and not go anywhere. For dinner we had pancakes but had forgotten the Pam spray so they were scrambled and also took very long to cook, but this gave the chance for Jasper, Noah and Theo to cook for themselves. After a wild night of cooking, bugs and the cold, everyone made it to bed ready to finish the last bit of paddling tomorrow.

August 2nd – Evelyn’s Field

We woke up later than normal, about 8:30, and had granola for breakfast. We said goodbye to Evelyn’s Field and got on our way to finish the paddling for the trip once and for all.

Andrew and Jasper decided to mix it up and switched places before paddling. Ellis and Noah, Conner and Sam were also new canoe partners just for the day. It was only about 9 miles to our next campsite and the St. John River had amazing rapids and was surprisingly fun. There were some headwinds which everyone felt was unfair to have on a river.

After a quick stop at the Allagash sign, where Bryson Owen and Andrew had a photo shoot, we made our way to our last campsite Pelletiers. After a bit of a portage up a hill and unpacking everything, Bryon, Devan, Alex, Sam played cards and everyone got PB&Js for lunch.

It was then everyone started to realize that the trip was basically over, but these thoughts didn’t last too long as pizza had arrived. Everyone got half a pizza and devoured them. Into the night there was a large fire and s’mores. It was a little melancholy but also quite relieving to know tomorrow we would be all back at camp. Everyone slept really well knowing a bed and shower awaited them tomorrow.

August 3rd - Kieve

We woke up around 7:15 and packed down our tents. We had store bought Frosted Flakes and milk for breakfast, then finished packing everything into our trailer. We got in the van and said goodbye as we finally finished our trip.

The drive was long and everyone was

anxious to get back but we knew we had to stop at Big G’s for lunch because it is the best. We arrived into camp around 3-4 and unpacked our trip gear and our cabins and finally we were finished one amazing trip.

Nick Speranza, HBC
Ellis Cooper, HBC
Connor Thomas, Counselor

Allagash III

Allagash Wilderness Waterway July 23rd – Hannibal’s Crossing to Oulettes

In what would become a theme for the trip, this morning began with a later-than-scheduled awakening. Eddie’s inability to hear his alarm led to him being awoken at 5:45 AM by none other than Reid Anderson himself whom he was supposed to have met at Buck at 5:15 AM. Nonetheless we packed our things efficiently and hit the road by 6:45 AM.

It is a very long drive to Hannibal’s Crossing, where the trip begins, and the drive was broken up by stops in Palmyra for Walmart necessities and Dunkin Donuts, and again for gas and to use the bathroom at Indian Hill Trading Post, in Greenville near Moosehead Lake.

Soon after departing Greenville we were on the Golden Road, a long dirt logging road that is infrequently trafficked and runs about 100 miles East-West in Northern Maine connecting Millinocket to Canada. It takes a long time to get to the river from the start of the Golden Road since the conditions are so poor that the van must drive much slower than it can on a paved road. Fortunately, the long boring drive was interrupted by an exciting moose sighting. But when we finally arrived at Hannibal’s, we unloaded the trailer and the van, said goodbye to Reid and officially began our trip.

After our blundered wake-up this morning, we were eager to make up some time, so we immediately started paddling, and had a floating lunch of cold cuts. It was about an 8-mile paddle to Oulettes, our first campsite, during which we saw Wavus LVI, and talked about the trip.

When we arrived, we said hi to the LVIII boys who were at Big Island,

right across the river, and then prepped dinner. We ate pasta with marinara sauce and chicken to fuel up for the long day ahead, and went to bed early with full stomachs, ready to take on tomorrow's challenges.

July 24th – Oulettes to Mud Pond Portage Trail

The trend continued this morning of oversleeping, but we were still up by 6 AM. After eating some delicious parfait for breakfast, we were paddling by 7:30 AM.

We had a long paddle ahead of us, which began smoothly. However, we quickly realized that the day would be long when Thompson fell ill. He was unable to paddle, and to make sure he was getting the rest and hydration he needed we would have to take frequent breaks.

The beginning wasn't too difficult, as we were still on the Penobscot River, which has a slow current. The river gradually becomes the lake as it widens and the current slows, and this transition became quite difficult for Thompson, which slowed the group down considerably. Paddling across Chesuncook could have been much worse though, we were blessed to have very light cross winds. When we were North of Gero Island, we saw a group of canoes paddling towards us, which turned out to be LVIII after they had missed their turn on Chesuncook. We felt bad, but it was great to see them one last time.

When we said goodbye to them, we continued northeast until we reached a bridge crossing. We paddled under it and onto Longley Stream. The water in the stream was incredibly high, which was another blessing in disguise because it meant that the current was slower (we were paddling upstream now) and we didn't have to drag at all.

When we finished the stream, we pulled our canoes through the gate, and onto Umbzoosus Lake. On the other side of the gate, we beached our canoes to eat lunch. We had Rocket Fuel with fluff, which was incredibly over the top, but delicious, nonetheless. While we ate, we watched a moose walk peacefully across the lake, until it noticed us and began

running awkwardly for shore. After having a good laugh about the moose's strange running, we packed up lunch, and paddled across the pond to the start of the daunting portage trail.

After landing at the rocky shore where the trail starts, we portaged our gear up to the campsite, about a tenth of a mile into the trail. That tenth of a mile represented the rest of the trail well. There were downed trees to go around, mud to trudge through, puddles, and countless branches to smack you in the face or knock you off balance. Once we got all of our gear up to the campsite, we did a Bon De Lay Lay chant to get our energy up for the portage, we organized it, set up camp, and began the long walk.

Tristan took the first canoe, with Luca spotting for him. He was followed soon after by Aidan soloing, with August spotting for him, Hallsey soloing with Eli spotting, Luke soloing with Dan spotting, Sean and Lucas taking a canoe tandem, and finally Eddie soloing with Thompson spotting for him, and carrying the snack barrel. It is great to have a plan in place when doing Mud Pond, but Mud Pond always ruins your plans.

By the end of the day Luca had taken Eddie's canoe, and soloed to the end without a spotter while Eddie checked in with the other canoes, and Thompson spotted for Tristan. Everyone was struggling through the difficult terrain, but we were making it through.

About 8:30 PM we decided that there was not enough daylight left to continue. Aidan, Tristan, Hallsey, and Luca had finished, but the other two boats had not, which was not a problem. We left those two boats halfway down the trail and turned around to head back. The last bit of the walk we had to do in the dark unfortunately, but luckily Eddie had the foresight to bring his headlamp, so we all walked by that light. Thoroughly drained from a long day, we ate bagels and cream cheese for dinner instead of Mex bowls and went right to bed.

July 25th – Mud Pond Portage Trail to Boy Scout

Knowing we had another long day ahead, we did, in fact, manage to wake up at the right time this morning at 6:30

AM. We broke down camp, packed up quickly, and had oatmeal for breakfast, before beginning the second leg of the portage by 7:30 AM.

Luca, Eddie, Hallsey and August took the coolers and wannigans, with the rest of the light gear being distributed equally amongst the cabin. It probably took us all about 2 hours to get all of the gear to the other end, except for Aidan and Eli who finished faster, and went back to get one of the two remaining canoes. When we were finally all back at the end of the trail together, we enjoyed a break, and the feeling of completion that comes with seeing the end of the trail, which only a few of us got to experience yesterday.

After our break a few people stayed to start flipping and loading the canoes, while Sean, Lucas, Dan, Eli, Luke and Thompson went back with Eddie to get the canoe that was still halfway down the trail, as well as the remaining paddles, loose gear, and the snack barrel which were all with it. As they walked down the trail, sharing the load of the canoe Eddie was hacking and sawing away, doing a little bit of trail maintenance, and making it a bit easier for them. Thompson took the snack barrel and felt very accomplished to have carried it the whole way, despite not feeling 100%.

Towards the end Sean and Lucas decided that they wanted to finish what they started, and so everyone else became spotters, and encouragers, while they finished tandem carrying the canoe to the end of the trail. When we all reconvened at the end of the trail, everyone was proud of what they had accomplished, and ready to leave the Mud Pond Portage behind us.

We got into our boats and began the short paddle across Mud Pond. At the opposite shore we found our outlet, but quickly realized that the stream that would take us into Chamberlain was dammed by beavers. We had two options, portage around the stream, or break the beaver dam. Given that we had just completed a grueling portage, we opted for the latter. Breaking the dam was difficult work, but actually quite fun. It was also really cool to watch the water level in the stream rise so rapidly.

Once we had cleared a section wide enough for a canoe, and the water level had risen to equilibrium with the pond, we sent it down the stream one at a time. It was quite a fun short paddle, and in about 5 minutes we were all floating into Chamberlain Lake.

We took a short break to regroup, and then calmly paddled about 45 minutes to Gravel Beach, where we would stop for lunch. When we got there, we were happy to see that Gash II was there awaiting our arrival. We caught up with them, and then had a late lunch of grilled cheese and tomato soup.

After lunch we were all tired, but nonetheless made the collective decision to push on to Ledge Point. This ended up being a great decision because it was a beautiful evening for a paddle. The lake was like glass, and the sky was cloudless, and beginning to turn a beautiful pink-orange shade as the sun lowered in the sky. We also took advantage of the silence and lack of wind by paddling close together and playing many rounds of Contact.

When we arrived at Ledge Point, we were surprised to see another group camped there, and there was only one group site, so we were forced to push on. No one was really upset about this though, because we were really enjoying the paddle, and it would mean that we could sleep in later tomorrow morning.

We finished the day paddling around 7:30 PM at Boy Scout, which was completely empty. We quickly unloaded and set up camp while Eddie started cooking fully loaded CBRs for dinner, which, in some cases, stacked about 6 inches tall. We enjoyed dinner around a fire graciously built and lit by Thompson, and went to bed late, completely full, and exhausted.

July 26th – Resupply: Boy Scout to Gravel Beach

Today was our resupply day, and it would be at Chamberlain Bridge at the south end of Chamberlain Lake, a very short 10-minute paddle from Boy Scout. We woke up a bit later than usual, since our resupply point was 10 minutes away, and wasn't until 10 AM. We enjoyed delicious breakfast burritos and hit the

water by 9:45 AM. When we arrived at the bridge, Walter was patiently awaiting our arrival. Eddie checked in with the ranger, and then we restocked our food, read mail from home, drank some sodas, and picked up some ramen for LVI who we would be seeing out on Chamberlain shortly. We said goodbye to Walter, knowing we would see him again in 9 short days, and began loading boats.

As we were loading our canoes about 30 yards in front of us on the water a massive bald eagle swooped out of the sky and caught a fish. It was an epic sight. In awe of what we had just witnessed we paused temporarily, but were soon back to work loading the boats, lathering up sunscreen and preparing to depart again.

Unfortunately, the lake was not as calm as it was last night, and we had to battle headwinds on our way back north to Gravel Beach. About halfway through the paddle we noticed a large island that looked like a brown boulder that we did not recognize from the day before, as we approached, it grew rapidly. Once we were close enough, we could tell that it was LVI sailing towards us. We shouted encouragements as we passed each other rapidly, and they were very pleased to receive their ramen.

Soon after the encounter we stopped at Ledge Point for a bathroom break, and to eat a snack of berries that we got on the resupply. From Ledge Point it took us about an hour to reach Gravel Beach, where we met a nice family who was wrapping up a 6-month sabbatical. We ate CBR wraps for lunch at Gravel Beach, and discussed whether or not we would stay, or push on to Donnely Point. Ultimately, due to the fact that the winds still had not let up, we decided to stay.

We spent the afternoon getting a little bit rowdy in the water, doing the Pirates of the Caribbean underwater walk with the canoes and a canoe tilt (Gunnel Wars) tournament. Afterwards we had some quieter fun, playing the first of many games of Polish Horseshoes on the beach.

We treated ourselves to some delicious cheesesteaks for dinner, and then skipped rocks as we watched a beautiful sunset. It was another long, eventful and

incredibly fun day in the wilderness, and we were all loving it.

July 27th – Gravel Beach to Farm Island

Chamberlain Lake is known for its dramatic winds and weather changes, as we experienced yesterday. To avoid paddling in strong headwinds we tried to wake up early to beat the winds, but we continued the theme of the trip and woke up at 7. We were efficient though, and packed up camp, ate breakfast of granola and almond milk, and were on the water just before 8 AM.

We paddled northeast across the lake, fortunately with almost no wind, to Nugents Point. From there we continued north along the east shore all the way to Lock Dam. The dam had been rebuilt in the last year and was looking really great. This also made the carry around it a bit easier since the trail was wider, and freshly covered with gravel. We carried around the dam quickly, had a snack and then put our helmets on for the short, but fast stream into Eagle Lake.

It was a really fun set and a good first challenge for the sternsmen who had to avoid many rocks and strainers. At the end we regrouped and paddled north up Eagle Lake. On our way up we saw two guys paddling together who asked us about where we planned on staying, and little did we know at the time, but we would see them almost every day for the rest of the trip.

We continued north until we took a break to look at the old abandoned locomotives. They were really interesting, and everyone enjoyed climbing on them. We all had a snack before departing to finish the last 20 minutes of paddling.

We arrived at Farm Island at about 2 PM and immediately started preparing lunch which was chicken quesadillas. For the rest of the afternoon we hung out, napped in hammocks, read, or played Polish Horseshoes until about 4:30 when we decided to divide into two groups: Chillers, and Hardos. The chillers just stayed at camp and kept on chilling, while collecting firewood and prepping dinner.

The Hardos meanwhile, paddled with Eddie to a small island between Farm Island and Priestly Point. On our way



to the island a bald eagle flew out off of its perch on a tree on Farm Island, directly over our heads. It was awesome. The island we were headed to had steep rock faces for shores, and incredibly deep water: perfect conditions for rock jumping. We spent about 30-40 minutes there jumping from a few different places, and swimming. It was a lot of fun. When we were done, we paddled back towards Farm Island, stopping to inspect a cliff to see if we could jump from there as well, but the water was too shallow.

When we got back to our campsite, Eddie finished prepping dinner, and then we all cooked veggie steamboats over the fire. We added the steamboats to rice bowls and enjoyed a hearty and healthy meal. Afterwards we cooked s'mores over the fire, and reflected on what was a really awesome, action-packed day.

July 28th – Farm Island to Scofield Point

We woke up late yet again and scrambled to get camp broken and boats loaded while Eddie cooked delicious sausage, bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches for breakfast. After finishing breakfast Luca and Eddie observed the lake and conditions and decided that they were optimal for sailing.

We pushed off from the beach and paddled across the wind to begin sailing from the optimal spot. Once we felt we had paddled far enough out, we rafted up and threw up the tarp. Lucas and Thompson took the first shift as the masts while Eddie and Luca steered. The winds were quite strong, and we sailed for a long time. As we were sailing, we played many games of Movie Hints, and took shifts being the masts and the steerers. Somehow a conversation about the existence of God came up and Thompson remarked that if there were a God that there would be “blue skies and hurricane winds.” We were able to get all the way through Eagle, and most of Round Pond before we had to stop sailing.

The weather had turned, and we were hearing thunder in the distance, so we took our sail down and began paddling hard towards the Johns Bridge (separating Round Pond from Churchill Lake) where

we regrouped. We made a plan to paddle hard to Scofield Point, following the left shore, and to stop if the weather became inclement. It did.

The winds were strong and constantly shifting, making it difficult to stay on the shore. The rain began as a gradual drizzle, but quickly elevated to a downpour. At one point we were stuck in one place, battling headwinds so ferocious that our paddle strokes were neutralized by them. Fortunately, it was short lived, and we were able to continue paddling normally. We were still under dark cloud cover though, and when we turned around there were blue skies not far behind us, validating Thompson's ultimatum.

At camp we set up, ate PB and J for lunch and quickly retreated into our tents as it started raining again. When the rain let up, some people continued napping or reading, but some people emerged. Hallsey fished on the point with August and Thompson while the Brits chatted on the beach. Later in the afternoon the two guys we saw on Eagle Lake arrived, as well as a group from Chewonki, so the campsite was packed. We ate Pad Thai for dinner prepared by Eddie, August, and Dan, and went to sleep hoping for a drier day tomorrow.

July 29th – Scofield Point to Ledges

We awoke with anticipation of a very fun day ahead. It would be our first day on the river, and would feature Chase Rapids, some of the best on the entire Waterway. We packed up camp quickly and had oatmeal for breakfast so that we could get on the water early.

We made it to Churchill Dam at about 9:30 and checked in with the ranger who loaded our gear into her truck to drop it off downriver for us, so that we could paddle the rapids with lighter boats. After she left, we walked across the dam to check out the museum which had loads of historical objects from the logging era, but also had a photo of Kieve boats paddling at the base of the dam in the 1950s!

When we were ready to go, we got in our boats and set out to paddle the rapids one at a time to give each other room. The rapids were so much fun, the first wave train was definitely the most

exciting, but after that there were some really technical sections that were very entertaining. The end of the rapids was indicated by an old washed out bridge, where we stopped to pick up the gear that the ranger dropped off for us. After loading our boats back up, we had a quick snack and headed out.

After about an hour of paddling, as we were passing Chisolm Brook campsite, it began to rain lightly so we stopped there, set up a tarp and had lunch. After lunch, when it stopped raining, we finished the short paddle to Ledges. Although we only had to cross Umsaskis lake, the paddle was exhausting due to the high heat and humidity. We made it though, and when we did, we had the campsite all to ourselves, as another group was just departing from their lunch break.

In the afternoon we played a lot of Polish Horseshoes, tubbed in the lake, and Thompson, Hallsey, and Lucas went fishing and caught a ton of fish. We had an early dinner of chicken parms and we did trivia to see who would eat first. When Thompson was the last remaining person, his trivia question was “name three Renaissance painters,” which he failed to do, but miraculously was able to name all four Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. After a good laugh about the trivia, Thompson was served.

We decided not to have a fire tonight, and instead hung out on the beach admiring the sky, playing a few short games of Polish Horseshoes and just talking. It was a peaceful end to a busy day.

July 30th – Ledges to Sweeney Brook

This morning we slept in a bit, knowing we had a short day ahead. When we awoke, we broke down camp and loaded the canoes efficiently and were rewarded with a delicious breakfast of home fries that Eddie made.

The beginning of the day was not too difficult, and we were able to paddle as a tight group and play Movie Hints. Once we were on Long Lake, the winds had picked up, and were quite favorable, prompting the decision to start sailing. We didn't make it that far however, because the winds did not take us around the slight turn, we had to make

onto Harvey Pond. At the end of Harvey Pond, we arrived at Long Lake Dam.

At the dam we encountered another group, whose leader was on her 97th Allagash trip! She was a fountain of knowledge about campsites and the history of the Waterway, and also warned us that there may be thunder showers inbound. After their group departed, we were able to bring our gear around the dam.

The boys then made the group decision to continue on to Sweeney Brook, instead of staying here as originally planned. It was a short paddle to Sweeney Brook from Long Lake Dam, and the current was quite fast, so it was an incredibly easy paddle, and we arrived at Sweeney Brook around 1 PM. We enjoyed grilled cheese and tomato soup for lunch and spent the afternoon swimming/tubbing, chilling in our hammocks and playing Polish Horseshoes, until a brief rainstorm rolled in that drove us into our tents.

When we came back out Eddie prepared personal pizzas for dinner, which were delicious. After dinner we all went into a tent to play Uno, which took a really long time, and while we were in there, the skies completely opened up, and it was an absolute downpour. Everyone who didn't belong in that tent had to book it to their own tent. It continued raining overnight, along with lightning and thunder that was incredibly loud.

July 31st – Sweeney Brook to Turk Island

We woke to gray skies this morning; it looked like it would rain again at some point during the day. We had pita and hummus for breakfast because our avocados had still not softened. After breaking camp and loading canoes, we were on the water quickly.

Minutes after we started paddling it began to drizzle, so most of us donned our raincoats. The rain, however, did not lower our morale. In fact, today was one of the most fun days of the trip. As we paddled, Thompson made up an absurd story about an octopus that stole our K-Wan, and knocked over a tree, crushing Luke and Dan.

The story prompted Eddie, Aidan, Thompson and August to compose an

album in which each song told the same story of the octopus, but in a different genre. The Reggae, and Punk Rock versions were the two best. Writing the Octopus album kept us in great spirits, and by the time we were done, we had arrived at Round Pond, and the rain had stopped. It was a short paddle to the end of Round Pond, and our campsite: Turk Island.

We set up camp and had pep and cheese for lunch. After lunch there was another brief rainstorm, but when it ended, we left our tents to enjoy the sunny afternoon. We played a lot of Polish Horseshoes, played some cards and chilled in our hammocks. About 3:30 Wavus Allagash II paddled by, headed for Five Finger.

Later, Eddie showed Hallsey and Dan how to prep mac and cheese for dinner, and then let them finish cooking it on their own. Meanwhile, he paddled out into an eddy across the river with Tristan to catch long drives thrown by Luca, Luke, Aidan and Thompson. He ended up catching only one and paddling to retrieve all the others. The mac and cheese for dinner was fantastic, and afterwards we enjoyed some hot chocolate too before heading to bed for the night.

August 1st – Turk Island to Allagash Falls

Today we had a long day ahead and were intent on getting to Allagash Falls early enough to enjoy swimming, and to make sure we got one of the four group sites (a competitive goal given that there were so many groups on the water). So, we woke up early, broke camp, skipped breakfast, and started paddling by 7 AM. After the easy set of rips, we had a floating breakfast of Pop Tarts and Kashi Bars.

We paddled hard for a while through several short stretches of minor whitewater, but when we got to the dead water section we decided to chill and Gash paddle for a while. We ended up only Gash paddling for about half an hour because another group was going to overtake us, and we were worried about overcrowding at Allagash Falls.

We turned the boats back downstream, and resumed paddling normally all the way to Michaud Farm Ranger Station

where we checked out of the Waterway, and ate PB and J for lunch. The next stretch of river between the Ranger Station and the Falls is absolutely beautiful. The river widens into what looks like a delta with a series of islands and shallows surrounded by tall grasses and oaks.

As soon as the river begins to narrow again past this area, the portage trail around the Falls on river right comes into view. At the trailhead we divided the load and began the portage. Eli, Dan, Sean, August, and Luca all soloed, with Tristan, Eddie, Hallsey, Aidan, and Lucas spotting them respectively. The last canoe was tandem portaged by Thompson and Luke.

The trail is significantly shorter and much more well maintained than Mud Pond, and the majority of it is downhill. Consequently, we completed the canoes quickly, and then finished bringing the paddles, life jackets, and helmets so that we could flip the boats on the rocky shore below the falls. Once we had flipped our boats, we portaged all of our personal and group gear to the last remaining campsite. The one at the end. Past Wavus Allagash II. Next to the toilets.

After setting up camp we all went down to enjoy the falls. We did some rock jumping and floated with the strong current downstream. Afterwards Wavus wanted to join, so we showed them the safest way to do the rock jumping. We sat on the rocks for a while after to dry off in the sun, and then headed back up to camp.

We enjoyed some rich pasta alfredo for dinner, and then went to join Wavus at their campfire. It was a really nice evening of getting to know each other and talking about our shared experiences on trip. We were all enjoying the conversation so much that we stayed until almost 10 PM before heading back to our campsite for the night. It was a good day.

August 2nd – Allagash Falls to Evelyn's Field at Allagash Village

This morning we awoke later than the group camped next to us, but earlier than Wavus, so we felt pretty good about ourselves. We quickly broke camp and brought our gear down to the shore below

the Falls where our canoes were. We ate dry granola for breakfast, lathered up on the sunscreen, and started paddling.

The river after the falls widens a lot, but it also gets a lot shallower, so we were dragging a little bit today. But when people found the right lines, they were able to skirt the sections that they would otherwise have to drag, which is a pretty satisfying feeling. The paddle wasn't super long, but it was pretty exhausting, and we arrived at Evelyn's Field at about 1:30 PM.

We had delicious pep quesadillas for lunch soon after arriving, and then rested and relaxed for a while in our tents. Later in the afternoon we left our tents to play a big game of Ultimate Frisbee in the field.

When we finished, we were all super hungry, so we started cooking tortellini for dinner immediately. When it was ready some people chose to top it off with marinara sauce, while others went traditional with just olive oil. Either way it was an excellent dinner, and we all went to bed with full stomachs.

August 3rd – Evelyn's Field at Allagash Village to Pelletier's Campground

Eddie and Luca woke up at about 7:30 this morning for a quick trip into town. When they returned, they bore gifts of chocolate chips for pancakes. As Eddie cooked breakfast, people broke camp, and loaded boats.

After a slow breakfast we were paddling by 10:30 AM. We paddled under the bridge, and officially off of the Allagash River and onto the St. John. The St. John River is significantly wider, and also features several short sets of great rapids. We donned our helmets and ran them one by one. After we passed the sections of whitewater, we paddled on calm, slow moving water the rest of the way to Pelletier's Campground.

When we arrived, we quickly unloaded boats since it seemed like a storm was rolling in. In about 15 minutes we had all of the gear and boats up at the campground which is about 200 yards uphill from the river. 5 minutes later we had our tents set up, and just as we were finishing setting them up, the skies opened up. Thankfully the rain was short

lived, and we were able to emerge from our tents to hang out.

We played Polish Horseshoes and ate lunch, which was PB and J. When lunch was done, we were all hungry in about 20 minutes, and spent the rest of the afternoon eagerly awaiting Mark's arrival. He finally arrived about 6 PM. He left the trailer for us to load, dropped off our pizzas for dinner, and headed back to town. After loading the trailer, we absolutely chowed down. Luke ate strictly Hawaiian.

After dinner we enjoyed a nice campfire, and talked about our favorite moments from the trip, our struggles, and what we were looking forward to. As the temperature dropped, we all faded out from the fire and got into our tents.

August 4th – Pelletier's Campground to Kieve

We awoke today to the sounds of the two other groups breaking camp early; they were starting their trips. We slept a bit later, not getting out of bed until 7 AM. When we did, we all shared a bittersweet feeling. We were all very anxious to get back to camp and be reunited with our friends and brothers, and yet we would all miss the free feeling of being on our own in the wilderness.

Mark arrived to pick us up promptly at 8 and we had already loaded the trailer and were ready to go. It was a long drive back, but the music made it enjoyable.

We consumed burgers at Five Guys for lunch, and about an hour and a half later we were headed back home down West Neck Road, with fond memories of the trip, and anticipation of a great last week at camp.

Eddie Fischer, HBC
Luca Perper, Counselor

Long Voyage I The Long Voyage July 19th

Today we got the final touches done on packing before heading out just after 10 am. During announcements at breakfast, we did a collaborative exit with North Glenayr, also leaving the same day.

Blasting music along the way, we made it to Moosehead Lake where we set up camp for the night and enjoyed a classic

first night meal of Philly cheesesteaks.

After dinner, we got creative in trying a new campfire dessert which involved cooking brownies inside hollowed out oranges by wrapping them in tin foil and placing them in the hot coals of our campfire. Although it was hard to perfect, the brownies generally seemed to be a hit. We finally tucked into our tents as we all got ready for an early morning to conquer the majority of Moosehead Lake.

Matthew Kellett
P.R.: 5/10

July 20th

This morning we woke up about 5 am and had a quick breakfast of tarts and bars while we packed up camp.

The paddle was about 14 miles long and took us just over four hours. We had some luck with the early start and even got some tailwinds at the beginning of our paddle. While crossing some coves we had some pretty rough headwinds especially towards the end, as winds tend to pick up throughout the day.

After a while we realized that we were right next to the two islands that served as markers for our campsite. After unloading the gear and setting everything up, we had some really good CBR wraps (chicken, bacon, ranch).

We immediately jumped off the nearest available rock into the crisp, refreshing lake. Before getting back into the lake to recreate a scene from Pirates of the Caribbean, some of the cabin played a quick game of hearts.

About this time it was time to start on dinner, prepared by Matt, Finn and myself. We then sat around the fire telling stories and sharing jokes before turning in for the night.

Campbell Holliday
P.R.: 9/10

July 21st

Today we woke up at 5 am again and had a breakfast of granola and cow-pow. We spent out last day on Moosehead racing a storm to the Northeast Carry. The storm won and forced us to pull over and wait it out on shore safe from lighting.

Once it passed, we headed over to the NE Carry trail for the first portage of the trip. The weather was still bad, but we pushed on. We took all five canoes in

one trip before going back for the second in which we took turns carrying the K-wan along with the remaining gear.

After crushing the 2.5 mile portage, we got onto the West Branch of the Penobscot River where we began our long and slow paddle to our campsite. We stopped for lunch at Hannibal's Crossing, the put-in for the Allagash trip, where we feasted on the popular power lunch, rocket fuel.

We arrived at our campsite where we were greeted by the Gash I cabin at Big Island right across from our site. We ended our day with a filling meal of chili and quinoa by the fire before turning in early as everyone was wiped from the long day.

Peter Del Col
P.R.: N/A

July 22nd

Today we woke up at 5 am and had a filling breakfast of oatmeal to get us through what would be our final long day of the first leg of our trip. We began paddling alongside Gash I until we parted ways as we carried on to the infamous Horserace Rapids.

We kept paddling until 1:35 when we made it to the start of Horseraces, which are incredibly strong, waist deep rapids, that we have to drag the canoes through making our way upstream to the next campsite. As we made our way up Horseraces, many of us fell on the wet and slippery rocks hidden in the deep water, but no matter how many times we slipped into the water, we continued to persevere.

We pushed on for a while until we came to a pivotal decision, go up a small but intense waterfall and drag the rest of the way, or take the portage trail. We decided to take the portage trail as it seemed to be the safer option and was less than a mile. Once we reached our campsite we all put on longs and longs and got a big fire going to keep away the bugs.

We had fiesta bowls for dinner which is fiesta rice, beans, pepperoni and summer sausage. We then relaxed around the fire for a while before turning in a little later than usual as we had a nice sleep in the next morning.

Finn Lyness
P.R.: 8/10

July 23rd

Today was our first slower day. We woke up around 9 and relaxed at Caucmagomoc Dam with a nice morning fire and delicious breakfast sandwiches.

We then paddled a leisurely 3 miles that included the Elephant Graveyard and a fun stop to jump off the bridge at the entrance to Round Pond. We arrived at Round Pond North Campsite around 2 pm and had PB&J on bagels for lunch.

We spent the afternoon writing letters to send at our resupply the next day, playing hearts and tanning on the rock overlooking the pond. Gunnar showed off his artistic skills and the snack trade was booming.

We had dank for dinner and sat around a fire. We went to sleep excitedly awaiting our resupply and Kevin's arrival the next morning.

Will Kaufmann
P.R.: 7/10

July 24th

Today we woke up around 8:30. After a tasty breakfast highlighted by honey glazed bacon and crispy pancakes, we began to pack up our sprawling camp gear. As we awaited our oncoming resupply, a record 6 campers collected helmets.

When Garrett pulled into camp at around 12:30, a sense of euphoria filled the group, eagerly opening letters and packages from friends and family. A lunch of fresh fruit and cold cuts fueled us for the day to come.

After loading the pickup truck with boats and gear, our first wave of campers shipped off towards today's short portage to the carry trail campsite. Accompanied by Gunnar, Campbell, Niall, and Kellett, we greeted the boys of LVII as they arrived at the campsite.

After getting dropped off at the portage and taking a quick group photo, we crushed yet another 1-mile portage. Following this, many of the campers and I posted up in our hammocks to read and discuss the past few days.

Later on, we tubbed in Allagash Lake surrounded by one of Maine's most remote locations. A dinner of Philly cheesesteaks crafted by Brooks and Niall was highlighted by a healthy dose

of Tony C's seasoning, a staple in the majority of our dinners. A fierce hearts game followed the evening meal which found Gunnar outclassed by Kaufmann, Peter and me.

Hitting the hay after a long fruitful day was delayed a bit by a late-night viewing of the best stars on any Kieve trip. We slept well, looking forward to a sunrise hike of Allagash Mountain early the next morning.

Sam Borggaard
P.R.: 7/10

July 25th

A 4 am wakeup call at Carry Trail had us walking like zombies up our sunrise hike to the fire-tower. One by one we took turns climbing the ladder into the tower where we were surprised to find Kevin waiting for us! We all munched on tarts and bars before we headed back down to camp.

A swift clean-up had us on the water and paddling before we knew it. During our paddle, we debated about hoagies for a bit even though we all know, Wawa always comes out on top... Speeding across Allagash Lake, we quickly arrived at our next stop, the ice caves.

A five-minute walk down a trail at the site had us looking down into a dark abyss that we were all a little rattled by. In a single file line, we ventured deep into the cave as we explored what was inside. After our exploration, we hopped back on the water and continued on with our paddle while passing bags of sunflower seeds around.

We finally got onto the river, although it was not much better than the lake due to low water levels. As Brooks and I attempted to paddle over a beaver dam, our boat took on so much water that it flooded and tipped right over.

Soon after, we rolled into our campsite for the night and set up camp. After a long day, we were all looking forward to the CBR wraps that followed. After lunch, we swam in the river for a bit until Brooks slipped, getting a pretty bad cut on his knee. Luckily, we were able to bandage the cut and everything turned out fine in the end, but we decided to put a pause on swimming for the day to be safe.

The rest of the night we hung around the campsite and feasted on some double bacon cheeseburgers. We then roasted apples covered in crushed graham crackers and honey over the fire. To cap off the night, we watched the sunset over the river before turning in early to rest up for the long day we had ahead of us.

Gunnar Young
P.R.: 8.5/10

July 26th

With a 6:30 am wake-up call, we were greeted by steaming bowls of oatmeal. After packing up, we departed the Little Gash Falls campsite around 8.

After about an hour of some morning rapids as we paddled down Allagash Stream, we came to the never-ending Chamberlain Lake. An hour and a half into the tiresome lake paddling, we took a quick snack and sunscreen break before continuing our journey.

About another 2 hours of paddling later, we took a quick break for lunch at the famous Gravel Beach Campsite where we munched on a classic trip meal of pep and cheese. During our break, we met a family of four who were setting up camp for the last night of an impressive 6-month trip.

After departing from Gravel Beach, we were greeted by some nice tailwinds for a change, allowing us to raft up and sail just over half of the way to Boy Scout Campsite where we would be setting up camp. On our sailing endeavor, we passed by Allagash III who tossed us ramen, a key ingredient in tonight's dinner.

As we pulled up to Boy Scout, we were welcomed by a familiar face. Surprisingly, Kevin had climbed all the way up a tree where he was awaiting our arrival! About an hour after getting settled into camp, we were greeted by a Wavus Gash cabin sharing the campsite with us.

After eating a delicious stir fry dinner cooked by Doink-Doink, we kindly invited Wavus over for a campfire. Later in the night, Kellett showed off his impressive moose call. We then headed off to a comfy night in our hammocks awaiting the journey ahead.

Brooks Walker
P.R.: 9/10

July 27th

The boys woke up at Boy Scout around 7 am to a breakfast of granola and cow-pow. We said goodbye to our pals from Wavus and had a short paddle, filled with sunflower seeds, to Telos Dam at the end of Telos Lake. We had a short carry around the dam and took a quick snack break before the rapids.

Although we were told not to underestimate the rapids, we were still blindsided by the power of Webster Stream. Both of the non-counselor boats flipped on the drop, highlighted by some questionable recovery tactics from Will and Finn. Fortunately, all of the group gear was recovered and the boys made it out just fine.

The boys regrouped at the end of the rapids before crushing the paddle across Webster Lake to arrive at the Webster Outlet campsite around 1:15.

After PB+Js for lunch, the afternoon was filled with games of hearts and swimming. In order to determine cleaners for the night, the boys did skits and Kevin even made a guest appearance in one! For dinner we had gato-gato followed by sitting around a fire telling jokes and stories.

George Janvier
P.R.: 10/10

July 28th

Today we got up around 7:30 at Webster Outlet and quickly packed up our gear. Over a breakfast of New York style bagels and cream cheese, we discussed our plans for the day and went over whitewater protocols.

Around 9 we set off for Webster Brook, one of the longest and most demanding sets of rapids we do at Kieve. The skies were clear for the beginning of the day, and we spent the first few hours of the day under the sun warming up on some rapids of the intermediate difficulty. We stopped every so often in eddies to regroup and confirm that everyone made it down okay.

Eventually, we reached our most challenging rapids; Indian Carry and the final drops of Webster Brook. Both involved several ledge drops and a number of difficult obstacles requiring advanced techniques, some finesse, and



sheer will power to navigate. Although Sam and George went for a swim when their canoe flipped, we were quickly able to recover their gear.

As storm clouds gathered, we arrived at the Grand Pitch Portage Trail where we were surprised to find Kevin once again. As the boats got moving, the clouds blocked out the sun and it began to pour. After several grueling trips up and down the rough terrain of the mile-plus portage, we got to the end, loaded up the boats and got out of dodge.

Sometime later we arrived at Little East Campsite and pitched our tents and proceeded to enjoy a delicious dinner of Chef Boyardee's beef ravioli. Afterwards, Kaufmann took charge of the dish sanitizing process and we built a fire before turning in early.

Niall McDonald
P.R.: 6.8/10

July 29th

Today we had a nice morning with a semi-sleep-in, waking up at 7:30. For breakfast we had corned beef hash seasoned with lots of garlic powder and Frank's Red Hot, followed by a cleanup by Sam, Kaufmann, and myself.

We had a relatively short day with about 8 miles of paddling ahead of us. After stumbling across an abandoned firing range thinking it was our destination, we finally ended up finding the dam. On our way, we got to go rock jumping for a few minutes, where we encountered a MASSIVE spider.

We arrived at Matagamon Wilderness Campground around lunch time, however many of us decided to wait until dinner for our next meal as it was a rather filling pot of spaghetti with bacon and red sauce. In the meantime, we encountered both Reid and Bank II within a span of just 30 minutes.

Matagamon was great with lots of cover from a small midday drizzle. After it stopped, many of us went for a nice swim in the river. After dinner, we shared a quick campfire with Bank and got an early night's sleep as we were all exhausted from a fun day.

Campbell Holliday
P.R.: 7/10

July 30th

Today we woke up at 7:30 to go to our breakfast at Matagamon. We had an amazing breakfast cooked by Mama Bear which consisted of pancakes, sausage, bacon, fresh o.j. and hot chocolate.

We then went outside where Kevin, along with our fishing guides, taught us how to tie knots as well as the basics of fly fishing. We split up with the guides in the morning to practice casting. Only one group caught fish in the morning.

We then returned to Matagamon for lunch which was amazing. We met Garrett for our resupply and feasted on the candy from the resupply before splitting up again for our second fishing expedition. One group went out in a motor boat, and another went to Baxter. My group went to two different locations but came up short.

We ended the night with a large dinner, again provided by Matagamon, filled with steak, potatoes, corn, homemade bread rolls, and to top it all off, brownie sundaes for dessert. Finally, we had a fire with LV II before ducking into our tents for the night.

Peter Del Col
P.R.: 10/10

July 31st

Today we started at Matagamon. We slept in and had a breakfast of bell pepper eggs on toast. We then said goodbye to LV II and made our way to Stair Falls which we scouted before going down. Then we went through a few rips and rapids.

Shortly after this, we proceeded to do our first of three portages for the day. After a short paddle, we got to our next portage, crushing it as always.

We eventually made it to our campsite and hung out and swam in the water fall. We then had a dinner of crunch wraps followed by cinnamon rolls on a stick roasted over the fire for dessert before hitting the hay early anticipating a busy day to come.

Finn Lyness
P.R.: 3/10

August 1st

Today we woke up pretty early, focusing on the fact that this was our last hard day of trip. We had double meat breakfast sandwiches before finishing

the Grand Pitch Portage.

We then did the Hulling Machine Portage, eating lunch at the end, before sending it down Bowlin Falls. We then leisurely Gash paddled our way to the Big Seboeis campsite, but because there was another group at the site, we pushed an extra three miles to meet Bank and share the Lunksoos campsite with them for the night.

We were happy to pump our water from a nice cold and refreshing, yet still mysterious, spigot with no need to filter it. We then got away from the bugs with a nice fire when Brooks suddenly spotted Kevin hiding in the dumpster! Otherwise the night was pretty uneventful. Today was a good day.

Will Kaufmann
P.R.: N/A

August 2nd

Today we took our time getting up as we had already done the paddling the day before and were in no rush. I got up first and began by getting a nice morning fire going to ward off the bugs before starting to cook a hearty breakfast of an egg scramble with peppers, onions, sausage, and even some homefries to go with it, obviously seasoned with a healthy dose of Tony C's. Once breakfast was ready, I woke the boys up around 9:30-10 and they were all happy to be able to take it slow. We then cleaned up after breakfast and gave the boys some time to relax and play hearts before lunch.

We then made BBQ chicken quesadillas with a wonderful sauce from Renys, courtesy of George's brother Will. After lunch, we rallied the boys to go on a short fun paddle upstream where we went for a nice swim away from the mud at the campsite, and even practiced our T and Parallel rescues for saving flipped canoes.

After our swim, we returned to the campsite when LV II suddenly paddled up as they had similar problems with the other campsite and wanted to share with us. We wrapped up the night with a fire alongside LV II before turning in for the night early as we had a long day ahead of us.

Matthew Kellett
P.R.: 10/10

August 3rd

An early wake up at Lunksoos had us ready to take on our 21-mile day. At the last second, we filled our Nalgenes with the ice-cold water from the spicket up the hill. We pulled out of the campsite silently so we wouldn't wake up Long Voyage II and enjoyed some peanut butter bagels on the river.

We quickly paddled to our first rapid, Whetstone. After Whetstone came Grindstone which was particularly low at 650 CFS. We scouted part of Grindstone and feasted on some pep and cheese.

The rest of the day was long so we embraced it and enjoyed the sunny day by Gash paddling most of the way. Kevin even fell asleep during our lengthy Gash paddle session and fell into the river.

Sooner or later we arrived at our final river campsite, Pinegrove. We all hung out playing cards and people watching all the local hill people. Eventually we grubbed on fiesta bowls and called it a night.

Gunnar Young
P.R.: 8.7/10

August 4th

We had a lovely sleep-in till 8 AM and feasted on some delicious oatmeal. Then we started out on our 4-mile paddle to Medway which we leisurely Gash paddled. After we arrived at Medway and had some Rocket Fuel, Kaufmann attempted the 100 second hangman challenge for \$100. Sadly, in the end he failed only getting about 45 seconds in. We also played woodchips on the playground, spun on the vortex, and swung on the swing sets.

Soon our van arrived and we loaded up canoes and headed out on our hour-long drive to NEOC. Upon arriving at NEOC and setting up camp, we had a cabin wide volleyball game which ended with Kevin's team coming out on top.

For dinner we enjoyed some four cheese dank which was delicious. Later on that night we met up with Wavus playing a volleyball game with them and enjoying a nice campfire with s'mores.

Brooks Walker
P.R.: 7/10

August 5th

After a night by the campfire, we

stumbled out of our tents looking forward to the day ahead. Following a light breakfast of tarts and bars, we proceeded to take the bus to the top of the Penobscot.

Our rafting guide John prepped us as well as he could for our initial rapid, we dropped into the Exterminator. From the front of the raft, Gunnar and I led the rest of the cabin down the gorge. The initial hit rocked my core and I found myself hanging on for dear life, but the raft pushed on.

Despite this fear-filled initial rapid, we anticipated the following class five rapid, Crib Works. Paddling under serious bridge we ripped around a corner and were confronted by waves bigger than I had ever seen. Loud commands from John helped guide us through this hazardous area of river until the final drop where he told us to celebrate.

This rush of adrenaline from the last two rapids slowly subsided as we found ourselves in a slightly calmer patch of river before pulling the boats out to circumvent three hours of slow river. After putting back in, we drifted towards the falls. The fourteen-foot drop rivaled the earlier rapids but we failed to surf the infamous little hole.

After this we ate a delicious lunch of steak and chicken. Following lunch a few more small rapids highlighted the post lunch paddle but we reminisced about the trip behind us.

After a short bus ride back to NEOC, Long Voyage was finally completed and we headed back to camp.

Sam Borggaard

P.R.: N/A

Matt Kellett, HBC

George Janvier, Counselor

Niall McDonald, Counselor

Long Voyage II

The Long Voyage

July 20th – Birches

Our trip began with a long drive north up to Moosehead Lake where we camped at the Birches campground with great views of the lake and Mount Kineo. We prepared for our big day of paddling by eating tin-foil dinners and apple pie on a stick for dessert.

July 21st - Seboomuk

We woke up today and had some granola and almond milk. As soon as we began to pack up, a huge rainstorm hit us and forced us to stay under a tarp for around two hours. When the rain finally let up, we set off on our first real paddling day. The waves in the beginning were pretty vicious, but as we neared our campsite, the water became more calm.

When we arrived at the campsite, it looked like it would start raining again so we set up hammock city and put the tarp over hammock city.

But in the end there was no rain and for dinner we enjoyed alfredo pasta, bread, and salad to carbo load for the Northeast Portage. We ate on a rock where we listened to a little bit of everything and took in the view. After dinner we jumped of the rock and tubbed a bit, then we settled down and had a nice fire until it was very dark. Then we slept.

July 22nd - Big Island

We had a hearty breakfast this morning of eggs, hash browns, and peppers in order to prepare us for our big portage. We paddled to the Northeast corner of Moosehead Lake and there began our portage. The Northeast Carry is the longest portage at Kieve, at 2 miles long, but it follows a logging road most of the way. The bugs were out in force but everyone did well and showed a lot of true grit as we were able to portage everything in 3 hours.

We stopped and had drinks at Raymond's Country Store and then put in to the West Branch of the Penobscot River. We paddled downriver to Big Island Campsite which we shared with an Allagash cabin. We had chicken quesadillas and Mexican rice to top off a big day.

July 23rd - Horserace

We woke up a little later at Big Island. Allagash had already left for the day, leaving us alone at the campsite.

We had a long day of both river and lake paddling. We made a wrong turn at one point and went a few miles in the wrong direction. Once we realized our error, we had lunch and turned around to continue on to Horserace Rapids.

We arrived at the bottom of Horserace

Rapids too late, so we decided to camp at the bottom and save the drag for the next day. We set up camp, made a fire, and had a mac and cheese dinner, with and incredible Oreo pudding for dessert. Finally, we went to bed early to prepare for the drag and portages the next day.

July 24th - Round Pond

We woke up pretty early and tackled the challenge of the Horserace Rapids, an upward moving river where we were forced to drag our canoes up the rapid. Despite Harris and his eagerness to face the challenge the night before, we did Horseraces in the morning. During the rapid we had an abundance of falling, tripping and stubbing toes. We finished with our only casualty one of Max's Crocs. We were in high spirits because we expected worse.

Then we had an approximately one-mile portage. The portage was a nice dirt road leading to a dam where we would start to lake paddle. Considering the fact that the bugs were horrendous, and we had already exerted ourselves physically, this was a very painful portage.

We took a quick snack break and continued our journey. We paddled across a lake towards "Elephant Graveyard," a stretch of river with a large amount of sticks coming out of the water looking like elephant bones, hence its name. We saw a very large male moose, sadly it was rather far away.

After leaving Elephant Graveyard, we entered Round Pond. We paddled across and were very excited to get to our campsite as it had been a long day. When we spotted our campsite, we saw a group of people throwing rocks. We hoped it was Wavus, yet it was just Voyage I as we expected. It was great to see some of the boys and talk to them about their trip.

Considering we had conquered Horseraces and our resupply was the next day we were all in high spirits. We set up hammock city and our day came to an end.

July 25th - Allagash Lake

We woke up slow this morning and enjoyed some hearty pancakes as we packed up camp and got ready for our resupply.

Our resupply came around 11:30 and

we enjoyed getting mail and treats from camp and then began our drive/portage to Allagash Lake. The portage was directly under the noon-day sun, but the boys did a great job and we had a relaxing afternoon on the shores of Allagash Lake. We had fresh berries with hummus wraps for lunch and delicious chili and biscuits made on the fire for dinner.

July 26th - Little Allagash Falls

We woke up at a normal time and got ready to hike up Allagash Mountain. The hike was just under a mile long and was very steep after we passed the ranger station. Once we got to the peak of the mountain, we climbed the old fire tower. From the windows you could see very far out. Many of the lakes and rivers we paddled along were visible from it.

We then hiked back to the bottom where we ate breakfast and loaded boats. We crossed the length of Allagash Lake and stopped at the Ice Caves Campsite. Along the trail into the woods was an entrance to the cave. We climbed inside with our headlamps and felt the cold and wet walls as we went farther. We came back out and got back into our boats, then started back across the lake.

We had strong enough tailwinds to sail across most of the lake with our rain tarp. We got into the entrance of Allagash Stream and saw some rips. We arrived at our campsite, Little Allagash Falls, and set up camp. We went swimming, rested in hammocks, and had a big fire, until we went to bed after lots of gado gado.

July 27th - Chamberlain

We woke up a little bit early in preparation for a long day of lake paddling. We got out to the water and had a fun two miles of stream paddling. Most were very low water level and not very fast, but there were a few fun features.

After that we got out onto Lake Chamberlain and stopped at a campsite for bathroom and snacks. After we relieved ourselves, we began the long journey across Chamberlain Lake. After a few hours of uneventful lake paddling we had peanut butter and pita on an island close to the campsite.

After finishing, we continued to Boy Scout Campsite for that night. We set up our tents and hammocks and swam over



to explore Thoroughfare, the campsite across the lake. Later Wavus came to stay at Thoroughfare. We had pesto pasta that night, it was good and filling but light on pesto. After that we had Wavus over for a campfire and s'mores, before going to bed that night.

July 28th - Webster Outlet

We woke up at Boy Scout Campsite for a day that would consist of some lake paddling and our first set of rapids. We packed up camp and had oatmeal before heading out. We paddled for a few minutes before stopping at the ranger station to sign in before heading out.

We entered Telos Lake and paddled for a bit before coming to an abandoned railroad bridge. We continued paddling until we stopped at Field Campsite for a snack and bathroom break. After doing so we continued on out journey.

Eventually, we came to the dam that would lead us to the rapids. We arrived safely at the bridge and unloaded our gear. Then we portaged around and across the dam while fighting against the winds. Once we had portaged all of our gear, we had a snack. Next, we scouted the rapids and Lars taught the cabin about "WORMS."

Once we had decided on a safe route, we began the set, sending the boats down evenly spaced from each other. On the way down Harris and I filled with water from the high wave train until we reached the point where we could no longer control the boat. This and poor judgement resulted us in being pinned. After about thirty minutes, with the help of our counselors and the rest of the cabin, we got the boat unpinned and ready to proceed.

After we completed the rapids, we continued on Telos Lake until we encountered an incoming thunderstorm. We safely stopped at a vacant structure and ate snacks as we waited out the storm. About thirty minutes after the last sign of thunder, we continued to paddle.

Once we got about a mile from the campsite, the thunder began again. We started to paddle hard in hopes that we would beat the storm to the campsite. Unfortunately, that was not the case, and we got drenched before reaching the

Webster Outlet Campsite. We ran and hid inside the lean-to that the campsite had.

Once the rain stopped, we unpacked and set up tents and hammocks. That evening we tubbed, ate ramen and enjoyed a nice warm fire.

July 29th - Webster Brook

We woke up at Webster Outlet and began practicing our morning routine of packing up, sweeping the campsite and preparing to paddle. Our clothes were still hanging up damp from yesterday's rain as we ate granola.

We headed out, excited for a day we have been anticipating, and began paddling through the river, ready for some rapids. First was Indian Carry, in which we followed the path decided on during our scouting. It required quick reaction times and sharp turns to dodge the rocks and not flip.

After five more sets of rapids, we got to the Grand Pitch Portage, and ate peanut butter and honey tortillas. Then we carried our gear past the falls.

After that, we arrived at Webster Brook to eat cheddar couscous and hot brownie mix. There was a nice lean-to which some boys slept in, and clotheslines to hang wet clothes. We had a campfire and slept well after an eventful day.

July 30th - Matagamon

We woke up fairly early in the morning and had oatmeal and quinoa for breakfast. Then we packed up our gear and swept the campsite for any loose trash and we left.

The river we were on opened up to a large lake on which we paddled for an hour or two. During this time we told stories and also discovered that one of the boats had a hole and was leaking. We then had a little stop on an island to address the issue to no avail and also had a small snack break.

We paddled a little further till we reached a point and turned right to see a dock which meant that there was civilization and we were close to the Matagamon Dam. We then did a little more paddling past some coves and arrived at a small beach where we unloaded and did a small portage. Then we entered the beginning of a river and reached the Matagamon campsite where

we met Voyage I.

We were told to eat whatever was left in the wans since resupply would be the next day. We split up and did different activities like floating down the river with life jackets. Later that day we got delicious hamburgers straight from Mama Bear's kitchen and even later that night shared a campfire the Voyage I. Then we went back to the campsite and slept.

July 31st - Matagamon

Today we woke up and had a huge pancake breakfast cooked for us by the kind folks at Matagamon. Then we met our fly-fishing guides and they began to teach us the basics of fly-fishing. We split up into groups and started practicing the basics of the cast on the river in front of the campground and in surrounding areas. Some of us caught a few fish in the morning.

Our resupply arrived while we were having lunch. In the afternoon we went with our groups to different fishing locations and all had fun spending the afternoon fishing and learning from our guides.

After we came back, we enjoyed a wonderful steak dinner with brownie sundaes for desert and then shared a campfire with another Long Voyage cabin that had come in that day.

August 1st - Grand Pitch

We woke up early and ate egg sandwiches for breakfast so we would have a full stomach for the hard day ahead of us.

We left Matagamon and started down the river for about 2.60692765 nautical miles until we arrived at the first of three portages that is about 80467.2 centimeters long. We quickly finished the portage and quickly got back to paddling.

After a short paddle of 0.86897408249469 nautical miles, we arrived at the second portage for the day. This portage was the longest of the three portages at a whopping 120700.8 centimeters with a bad trail.

After finishing the portage and a quick snack break, we were once again back on the river for a very short paddle of 0.868976 nautical miles and arrived at our final, and easiest, portage. This portage trail was generally level and our

cabin only had to carry our canoes down to the end because the campsite at the beginning was way nicer than the one near the middle.

After the portage, we ate peanut butter and pita bread for lunch as a cabin and chilled for a couple hours. After a couple hundred games of Cover Your Assets, my cabin went swimming in the river for a while until we all tired out and came back for dinner.

Dinner was delicious - stir fry that had peppers, onions, broccoli, rice, and chicken. We all ate together and sat around a fire playing Cover Your Assets for a while until we all retired to our hammocks and tents to talk until we slept for the night.

August 2nd - Lunksoos

We woke up at a normal time, not too late and not too early. It was a cold morning and it took a little while for us to wake up, but once we were up and on the river things seemed to move quickly.

After about a half mile on the river we got to the beginning of the Hulling Machine Portage; this portage was about 3/4 of a mile. Although the portage was much shorter than some of our other ones, the trail made it almost as difficult as some of the longer ones.

We finished the portage relatively quickly and ate lunch in the canoes and played cards for some time while Lars went to rescue a canoe that had been stuck in the river since first session. We got back to paddling to the campsite on the slow-moving river, and soon got tired. We gave up on paddling, and rafted up the camper boats and floated down the river. Sam got mad when the toilet paper didn't show up to the rest spot on time.

We stopped for a snack after his woods adventure and decided to do a double day, because the next day of paddling only included about 3 miles of paddling. We got to the campsite around 4 in the afternoon and greeted LVI. We set up hammocks and tents, made dinner and fell asleep to the sound of mosquitoes buzzing.

August 3rd - Lunksoos

We had a lazy and relaxing rest day today at Lunksoos campsite. We enjoyed French toast for breakfast and then spent

the day reading, playing cards, playing canoe tilt, and resting from all of our long portages. The only downside to the rest day was the bugs at Lunksoos but we tried our best escaping them.

We had delicious harvest rice bowls for dinner and had an early night so that we could tackle our last day on the river head on.

August 4th - Pinegrove

Our last full day on the river was a blast. We got an early start and headed out of camp and paddled to Whetstone Rapids where we stopped to have breakfast on the side of the river.

The boys crushed Whetstone and the next few miles flew by until we got to Grindstone. We stopped and had lunch there and then scouted our last rapid of the trip. The water was pretty low so the rapid was bony, but it was a fun challenge choosing the best line. No flips and all smiles as we finished our last set of rapids.

We quickly paddled the last few miles to Pinegrove Campground where we had fun making personal pizzas and enjoying a nice campfire with a cool clear evening.

August 5th - NEOC

Our last day on the river. We paddled the last few miles to Medway where we got picked up and driven to New England Outdoor Center. We spent the day playing volleyball and then shared a final campfire with Wavus.

The next day we went whitewater rafting and drove back to Kieve.

Lars Larson, HVC
Sam Czaja, Counselor

Long Voyage III

The Long Voyage

July 21st - Birches

The day began with a quick pancake breakfast at camp. Shortly after, the van and trailer were loaded up, and we began our journey.

During our 3-hour van ride to Moosehead Lake, Griffin M. and Henry "Krusty" Holt were hammering out jokes per usual. When we arrived at our campsite, we saw multiple seaplanes take off on this clear summer day. The initial tent groups included Mitch, Collin, and

Griffin W, the second group included Lachlan, Vince, and Dillon. Finally, the last group included Krusty and Griffin M.

Once the tents were pitched, we ate an early cheesesteak dinner. As the sun set, we were greeted by crisp shooting stars. Following this, we regrouped for a fire where we collectively pondered our position in the universe and considered how lucky we were as a group.

July 22nd - Seboomic

On the second day of the trip, we were greeted by a long lake paddle. It was during this time canoe groups were formed. The boats included Griffin M. and Collin, Mitch and Nick, Dillon and Krusty, Lachlan and Vince, and Griffin W. and Matt.

During our paddle, we endured mild headwinds, and thanks to our early start, we arrived comfortably early at Seboomic Campsite. At this site, the island boasted spectacular hammock trees as well as rocks to jump off of. Griffin M. and Krusty began by jumping off the rocks and were quickly joined by the majority of the cabin in a canoe capsizing and subsequent sinking frenzy.

For lunch, we enjoyed loaded chicken crunch wraps with bacon. Due to the early start, the group was tired, and many napped before dinner. On one tree Griffin W, Collin, and Krusty created a triple hammock setup all under the same rain tarp. This site was particularly buggy, and everyone was wearing their buffs and longs and longs.

Before we knew it, night had struck and we all gathered around the campfire and sang "Country Roads" as well as "Ironman." We rested early in anticipation of our longest portage the following day.

July 23rd - Big Island

After a short paddle to the take-out spot, we dived into the longest portage of our Kieve careers - the Northeast Carry, at a staggering 2.5 miles.

Without hesitation, the group sprung into action and began hauling group gear and hefting canoes. During this portage Krusty, Griffin M, Collin, Vince, Dillon, and Lachlan all soloed canoes. Griffin W and Mitch carried wannigans and bridged

for the boats. During the portage, the bugs were brutal and only added to the challenge. Halfway through the portage, our group was greeted by Wavus LVI.

After the long buggy portage, a long river paddle to Big Island was before us. Our goal was to beat Allagash to Big Island, which was successful.

Once we arrived at our campsite, small fish began feeding on the dead skin on our feet. After a long well deserved nap, we then regrouped for a hearty ravioli dinner. Similar to the night prior, the group was anxious about the most challenging trip being the following day. At around 9 pm, without a campfire, the day ended early.

July 24th - Horserace

On this challenging day, our group was scheduled to paddle approximately 20 miles, making a wrong turn which resulted in a “scenic route” (and paddling nearly to Mud Pond). This was our earliest day starting around 4 am.

In the morning the conditions were perfect. However, this quickly changed at Black Pond where the most aggressive headwinds barred us from the base of Horserace Rapids and the campsite. Everybody was able to cope with this difficulty by singing a vast variety of songs such as “Hooked on a Feeling,” “Firework,” “Mo Bamba,” and a song about wizards the boys made up.

When we finally reached Horserace, another challenge was placed before us in carrying our boats and gear up the class II rapids. The boys were tired but persevered through the hardship. Mitch, in particular, led the group up the rapids, followed by Vince and Lachlan. Unlike years prior, water levels allowed us to drag the entire way to our campsite.

At the infamous waterfall, Matt passed canoes up the shoot one at a time to be received by the group waiting at the top, and no trail portages were necessary. A bald eagle swooped down, symbolizing our destination had been reached, and our campsite at the dam was waiting for us, offering a stunning sunset.

After 14 hours and just shy of 30 miles, we had reached our destination, feasted on pizza and crashed. This was by far the hardest day of the trip, and

everyone enjoyed a well-deserved sleep in. It was during this day where the boys persevered past hardship and struggles and bonded, growing individually and as a cabin.

July 25th - Round Pond

After an excruciating day at Horserace, the boys enjoyed a sleep-in on a clear blue day. Collin was fishing in the morning and hooked five large perch. Breakfast sandwiches got the boys going, and we packed up and began the shorter paddle to Round Pond.

On this day our group saw our first moose of the trip swimming in the marsh. This moose was closest to Mitch and Nick and Lachlan and Vince. Matt lost a bet with Griffin M when he didn’t get stuck in the marsh grass when taking a “shortcut.”

When we arrived at our campsite, large bullfrogs occupied the shore in abundance. Collin caught nearly seven of these frogs, as well as Dillon and Griffin W. At this campsite the majority of the cabin decided they would rather occupy hammocks instead of tents for the trip.

The highlight of this day was double bacon, egg and cheeseburgers. The cabin unanimously considered this their favorite meal of the trip. Krusty even ate scraps with trail spice to satisfy his hunger.

As the night rolled around, we grouped by the campfire and listened to “Stairway to Heaven.” On this clear night, the stars poked through the trees, and we stargazed on the rocks until bedtime. Everyone saw some incredible shooting stars, and the group was excited for our resupply the following day.

July 26th - Allagash Lake

As our group waited for our resupply driver, a rebel yell could be heard in the distance. We knew that could only mean one thing, Walter. Walter was as enthusiastic as ever, exchanging mail and resupply items for our group. Collin and Mitch both received “pantries” of snacks for this resupply. Griffin W. and Griffin M. enjoyed sports updates and sunflower seeds. Dylan received day-by-day updates of the Tour de France and was surprised to see some impressive upsets.

After packages were opened, we loaded the gear on the trailer and embarked on the 1-mile portage to Carry Trail. During this rocky portage nearly everyone soloed at one point, and this was our most efficient carry. Krusty even took two boats as well as our heaviest wannigan.

When we reached the Carry Trail campsite, tubbing was well overdue. Shortly after, fresh cheesesteaks were scarfed down. The group decided to hike Allagash Mountain during the spectacular sunset. Griffin M. and Dillon both took iconic selfies with the camera during the sunset.

Tired from the hike, the group passed out, looking forward to a sunrise hike the following day.

July 27th - Little Gash Falls

Starting at 3:30 am, the boys started with a beautiful sunrise hike up Gash Mountain. Griffin W, Lachlan, and Dylan led the group up the steep 1-mile hike. The view was breathtaking as the red sphere slowly emerged over the horizon.

After returning to camp, a brief power nap was in order. Once recharged, our group enjoyed a great deal of lake paddling up to the ice caves. The ice caves were muddy and cool compared to the hot summer air. Mitch and Griffin M. climbed the furthest in the caves, and Matt nearly got stuck. After venturing in the caves, a chicken queso lunch was quickly consumed, and we continued.

The later half of the day included rough rapids with low water levels. This afternoon was full of dragging canoes. Lachlan and Vince were the only boat not getting stuck on the rocks. Fortunately, the campsite was spectacular offering a stunning waterfall and pool to swim in. Griffin M. and Matt were covered with leeches, while Vince somehow avoided them. The ambiance of the waterfall afforded us an early rest in anticipation of another long day on Chamberlain.

July 28th - Boy Scout (Chamberlain)

One of our early days, we started at 4 am to avoid storms and headwinds. During this peaceful paddle, we saw multiple eagles, five otters, and two moose. Headwinds were nonexistent, and we were blessed. The sunrise paddle was spectacular and everyone

appreciated the scenery. Matt and Mitch hugged the shore alongside Griffin M. and Collin. The remainder of the group remained centered in the lake.

Lachlan and Vince led the group throughout the day to Boy Scout. We arrived at our campsite just in the nick of time, as a brief thunderstorm emerged. The conditions sent a park ranger to our campsite to wait out the storm. At this campsite the cabin discovered chess. Griffin W. and Griffin M. were the most dominant other than the counselors, of course.

Overall, the group crushed the paddle allowing an early arrival to the campsite. The group was well-rested and ready for the intense rapids to come.

July 29th - Webster Outlet

On this day we enjoyed crisp water from the ranger station before our paddle. During this day, we paddled across two lakes and portaged across Telos Dam. During the portage, Griffin W. and Mitch completed their first full solo from start to finish.

After a quick snack break at the dam, we embarked on our first stretch of "real rapids." This day had by far the most pins and flips. This was a wake-up call for our group as Griffin M. and Collin and Lachlan and Vince both flipped and flooded wannigans. Griffin M. and Collin also flipped and were pinned under a small strainer. Matt went diving in the strainer and retrieved multiple water bottles and gear from other cabins.

At midday, we finally arrived at our campsite. Hungry as ever, we enjoyed crisp grilled cheeses with tomato soup. Unfortunately, the rapids cost us toilet paper and some snacks. After a quick tub, the entire cabin floated in the small rips at the beginning of Webster.

Another starry night was cast before us, as the group nervously awaited Webster Brook the following day.

July 30th - Little East

To everyone's surprise, there was no guide, old maps, and we were entirely on our own. This was an early wake-up once again. The sun was scorching hot, and the conditions were ideal. To everyone's surprise, every boat flipped except the counselors'.



As the day progressed the rapids gradually got more and more aggressive. Dylan and Krusty were the most technically sound through these challenging parts. Lachlan and Dylan were swamped, which cost us the river rice. This was exhilarating as Griffin W. and Mitch sent the rapids the hardest in the counselor boats. Many campers thought Webster Brook itself was “overhyped.”

Despite that, our campsite was favorable and a large fire was built. We were all looking forward to Matagamon. A sleep-in was well deserved, and a few restful days were on the horizon.

July 31st – Matagamon

On this day the group enjoyed a sleep-in. For breakfast, we ate M&M pancakes. Collin and Griffin W. both ravaged their pancakes. In the distance, it became clear a storm was on the horizon. We were in the heart of a downpour, outrunning a thunderstorm in the distance. As the day progressed, we beat the storm and enjoyed a clear second half of the day. It is worth noting this was the only day of trip paddling in the rain.

After a short portage around a dam, we knew we were getting close to Matagamon. When we arrived, we were greeted by LVII. This was a refreshing change of pace, especially seeing some familiar faces along the way. The dogs Deisel and Maisi were fond of our cabin and frequented our campsite our entire stay. Although this wasn't our longest day, the group was exhausted and opted out of a campfire with LVII. The boys were excited about breakfast and the fishing the following day.

August 1st - Matagamon

Starting with spectacular pancakes and bacon breakfast from Mama Bear, our group knew this was going to be a good day. Stuffed from pancakes, we were all excited for fly fishing. Collin and Vince caught three large bass. Nick, Griffin M, and Lachlan caught four bass. Matt, Griffin M, Dylan, and Krusty all caught five fish. To everyone's surprise, Mitch caught twelve fish, setting the cabin record.

After a successful day of fishing, the boys were ecstatic for the hyped steaks.

Everyone enjoyed a crisp medium-rare steak exceeding everyone's expectations. Not a single person left a piece on their plates. The meal was spectacular, and the Matagamon hospitality made everyone feel at home.

As the Wavus LVI cabin arrived, we organized an enjoyable campfire with both cabins. Both cabins sang “Country Roads” and “The Lion Sleeps Tonight” in unison. As the last ember went out, the night was cast before us, and a long night of rest was needed for the multiple portages the following day.

August 2nd - Grand Pitch

On this day the sky was clear, and the temperature was high. This was a day consisting of 2.5 portages. We left Matagamon around 9:15 and were excited for the continuous river paddling.

Stair Falls was the highlight of the day, and everyone's paddling skills had improved tremendously since Webster. Mitch and Krusty, in particular, made tremendous strides during this time.

For Mitch, this was his biggest day, as he soloed three boats. The remainder of the cabin traded off, but Matt pushed Mitch to complete all three portages.

This campsite had no picnic tables and was not ideal for hammocks. The Grand Pitch Waterfall was impressive and the eddy below was refreshing. Lachlan, Griffin M, and Griffin W. all got bruised on the rocks when swimming.

After a brief nap period, CBR double downs were the go-to meal, and everyone was full and satisfied. Collin caught nearly 10 fish at this site, along with Dylan catching a few as well. Griffin W and Mitch also played a few games of chess later in the day. Because of the long day and portage to follow, the group called it an early night.

August 3rd - Big Seboeis

On this day, our group got a reasonably early start. The Hulling Machine portage was challenging with the varying incline, however, Griffin W. and Mitch especially persevered during those parts finishing soloing their boats.

Big Seboeis was by far the buggiest. Krusty and Griffin M. decided to chef our meals during the buggy conditions. Lachlan and Collin were out on the water

to avoid excessive bugs. The bugs were so bad the majority of the time everyone was protected in their bug nets within their tents. The largest fish of the trip was caught by Dylan, however. In desperate efforts to avoid bugs, everyone went swimming and floated around on canoes. Lachlan and Mitch climbed on canoes and propelled them forward using only a bouncing motion.

For a site filled with mosquitoes, this group entertained each other and made the most of the unfavorable conditions.

August 4th - Lunksoos

With a 3-mile paddle downstream, our group decided to raft up and float downriver, capitalizing on the tailwinds. This was the only day on the river where not a single stroke was taken by any boat.

At this site, everyone created a "hammock city" afforded by the surrounding trees. The pump at the campsite provided the best tasting water anyone in the group had ever had.

For dinner, the boys enjoyed quesadillas followed by brownies. During the campfire, Krusty and Griffin M both created interpretive dances to amuse the cabin.

It was at this point where the group began to realize the trip was coming to an end, and we began to truly value the presence of each other. After a long discussion about the stars around the campfire, it was time for bed.

August 5th - Pinegrove

On this day our group left Lunksoos at 7 am. During this time we were slightly behind the Wavus LVI cabin. Another long day on the river, Vince and Lachlan, and Dylan and Krusty led the group downriver.

When we arrived at Grindstone, the water levels were unfavorable, and everyone nearly had to drag on multiple occasions. Lachlan even Gash paddled the entire Grindstone set. There were also no flips or pins this day.

When we arrived at our campsite, we immediately went tubing. After a quick power nap, the group enjoyed a meal favorite, double bacon, egg cheeseburgers. The boys were stuffed. During this time we revisited old

pictures we had taken over the course of the trip. To top off the night, we enjoyed scrambled M&M brownies, which were delicious. We enjoyed a late campfire and were beyond excited for the NEOC rafting the following day.

August 6th - NEOC

On this day our group enjoyed a sleep-in. Another meal favorite, M&M pancakes, started the day off.

After a short paddle, we arrived at our take-out spot at the playground. Griffin M. and Mitch were paired in canoes this day and flipped on one of the smallest rapids on the entire trip. This truly was hilarious, as Mitch struggled to climb back in the boat.

At NEOC's campsite, LVII greeted us, and we swapped campsites. For dinner, we enjoyed penne a la vodka, and we were beyond full. Also, we scheduled a campfire with Wavus LVII, where Vince and Griffin M. stole the show. This was the most enjoyable campfire. It became very clear both groups were excited for the rafting to come. After the fire, both groups went to the docks to watch the stars and appreciate the Katahdin night scenery. This was truly something special that would resonate with both groups.

August 7th - Kieve

On the final day of our trip, we woke up at 6:45 and began to gather together all of our gear in preparation for our pick-up. As we packed up, everyone put together the best breakfast we could with what little supplies we had remaining. The most popular and viable choice this morning was peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. By 7:40 am we were ready and packed up and walking down to the NEOC visitor center. As we waited for the guides to begin safety talks and distributing gear, we played a couple of games of pool, and chess.

The rafting groups were split between Kieve and Wavus evenly. To say the least, the rafting was exhilarating. There were multiple dump trucks, and nearly everyone was thrown from their boats at some point in the day. The class 4 and 5 rapids were awesome.

For lunch, the group enjoyed a river lunch with steak, river rice, and coleslaw. Nearly everyone got seconds. As the day

began to wind down, we finished the last sets of rapids and eventually began to watch the slideshow. Griffin W. and Collin easily made the funniest faces on the rapids.

After tipping the guides, we rapidly departed NEOC, with Big G's on the horizon. After an excruciating 3-hour car ride, we finally reached Big G's. Everyone got a full sandwich with a side, and everyone was filled to capacity.

In aggressive food comas, we began our trek back to Kieve. Before aggressively making our presence known, we unloaded boats at Leech field. We then sped up the hill swinging open the door waving the yellow Don't Tread on Me flag. As we began to cruise up the hill, the horn sounded and we were greeted by everyone pouring out of their cabins to greet us. There is no sensation like returning from a long trip.

We then began unloading and sanitizing all our gear. In a matter of time, all tasks were completed, and it was time to return to the cabin. We had returned to Kieve, with bright smiles, returning with the experience of a lifetime. This is what Kieve is all about.

Matt Conley, HBC
Nicholas Giandrea, Counselor

Maine Trails I Appalachian Trail

July 18th - Kieve to Pierce Pond

My alarm went off at 6:30 a.m. sharp, and around 7:05 I managed to actually get out of my tent on Buck porch to rouse the boys. By 8 we had packed all of our non-trip belongings into storage and cleaned our "cabin" so we could make it to flag on time, which we knew would be our last for a while! Bagels and cereal were for breakfast, which were enhanced by the fact that it was the last meal for a while we weren't cooking ourselves. We reenacted "the last supper" for our exit, which most people thought was pretty funny and Reid thought was hilarious.

We departed at 10 a.m., stopping briefly at Wal-Mart for supplies before beginning our hike at 2:30ish. We took one break to check our feet for blisters and arrived at Pierce Pond at just before 4:30. It was crowded, and only got more

crowded after a group from Alford Lake Camp joined us.

After setting up our tents, we went for a swim in a waterfall nearby. Ledges were jumped off, "signs" were investigated, fun times were had by all before we got back to cook dinner. Sam, Charlie and Gavin whipped up some bacon cheeseburgers with extra woosh for the rest of us, and after dinner we cleaned, reflected, enjoyed the sunset, had a photoshoot and retired for the night, pleased to have made it through 1 of 22.

Hayden "Unibomber" McKee
Thousand Mile Journey

Today was just the first step

I got my 8's back

July 19th - Pierce Pond to Pleasant Pond

At 7:30 a.m. the men of Maine Trails I woke up, somewhat ready to face the longer day ahead of them. After deconstructing our not-yet-disgusting tents and packing our backpacks, the lads and I fueled with a breakfast of granola and powdered milk.

After leaving our campsite at Pierce Pond around 9 a.m., MTI began its smooth 3.5 mile hike to the Kennebec River ferry. Along the way we met many fellow hikers, including "Traveller" and "Crazy Bear," and considered a "waterfall detour."

After spending close to an hour getting transported across the river by Greg aka "Boatman," and playing fetch with his dog Maggie, of course, we journeyed to the town of Caratunk. My following hour of leisure included a lunch of chicken wraps, surprise milkshakes, a visit to "Caratunk Band B," arguments over Game of Thrones, and much confusion over the name of an animated character.

Water bottles and stomachs full, we left Caratunk and proceeded to hike for about 3 miles straight in only one hour. Once we reached the first of three crossings of Holly Brook, we ended up taking a hefty break of about 40 minutes before continuing down the trail around 2:50. The final 2.7 miles of the day were especially tiring, but the boys pushed through, reaching Pleasant Pond at 4:03 p.m.

Following a quick dip in the pond and many hours of chilling, MTI ended the

first long day of many with a feast of burrito bowls.

Charlie “Truman” Niccolini

July 20th - Pleasant Pond to Bald Mountain Brook

We woke up at 6:45 a.m. today to prepare for an almost 10-mile day. Unfortunately, we left about 10-15 minutes late, but all of our estimated hike times remained about the same.

After a short flat section, the trail became very steep. This continued for only one mile; however, it was very difficult because it was only day 3, and we were not yet used to the steep hikes. Once we reached the top, we munched on protein bars and took photos for about 20 minutes.

Following the peak, we marched on to the second peak and then made our way down the mountain and to the old logging road (with only about 2 breaks as well). We met Reid Anderson, who was there to pick up Charlie, who needed to go to an audition in New York. Reid was also very nice and brought us Gatorades.

After choosing to eat lunch at the road instead of the campsite, we whipped out the tortillas and chomped on PB&J with honey in a tortilla. Somehow, we ended up spending 1h 45m there, which set us back timewise, but it was nice to rest.

The hike up to Bald Eagle Lean-To was relatively fast, only taking about an hour and 15 mins, factoring in breaks for blisters and chafing. With a forecast upward of 95 degrees Fahrenheit, we were nervous about the heat, but luckily it did not quite reach so high (only about 80-90).

We lounged around a bit, took turns at the bathroom, and took a quick dip in a freezing mountain spring. The formations of the rocks were pretty awe-inspiring and created a neat little shower where we bathed quickly. Dinner was quesadillas, and we went to sleep early to rest for an early wake-up and sunrise hike.

Felix “Encyclopedia” Vlack

Saw a bird today

A grouse or turkey maybe

Nothing like nature.

July 21st - Bald Mountain Brook to Moxie Pond

The boys of MTI woke up at 2:30 in

the morning in total darkness. They promptly broke down camp with the exception of one tent consisting of one Sam “Linus” Gardiner, and one Gavin “POW” Reid; two devilishly handsome young men, the latter projectile vomiting into the dense wood.

After the stragglers completed their pack up, Sam, trip leader of the day, began the cabin excursion to the peak of Moxie Bald Mountain for an extravagant, pulchritudinous sunrise.

Due to the pitch black darkness, the journey upwards proved perilous for all, particularly to heroic trip leader Sam “Linus” Gardiner, who found himself without a headlamp. However, Sam, as well as his compatriots at the front of the group, proved very speedy and very productive.

In fact, many of the breaks were requested by members in the back of the group. Many of these slower group members greatly hindered hiking speed under the guise of “sickness.”

As the group progressed, it seemed they were racing the sunrise, which became far closer due to a wrong turn taking the group briefly down a bypass trail. However, the group finally reached the top to experience an awe-inspiring sunrise; its beauty dusted only by cloud cover.

After approximately 40 minutes on the peak of the mountain, the cabin began a somewhat leisurely descent to the Moxie Pond campsite. Arriving loudly at 7 in the morning, the group woke up a dormant MTII. After greeting one another, and also followed by a brief social hour, MTII was off, leaving MTI alone for the entire day.

The rest of the day proved rather uneventful and chock full of relaxation. Campers were mostly restricted to naps and games in their tents due to a lengthy downpour. During this time around 12 in the afternoon there was a brief luncheon of PBH + J under the tarp.

Leisure activities resumed until 6 o'clock. When Sam and Gavin, arguably Michelin star worthy chefs, “cheffed the dank” and “summoned them to flavortown” with pizza night.

Then the campers, after a brief session

of Moon Moon which deemed Nate Chestnut, the campers went to bed smiling and satisfied.

Sam "Linus" Gardiner

July 22nd - Moxie Pond to the North Shore of Lake Hebron

MTI woke up at 6:30. We ate a satisfying breakfast of oatmeal. As the lads broke camp, Wavus' Trails III arrived. We became engrossed in conversation with this amicable group. Shortly thereafter, the two cabins parted ways.

The day's hike, 14 miles long, seemed daunting at first. Nevertheless, guided by our indefatigable leader of the day, Caleb, we took down the beast with ease.

Arriving at Horseshoe Canyon Lean-To after much fording, the party took out tuna, which coupled with mayonnaise, made for a fantastically protein-rich lunch. After an hour's rest, the group proceeded onwards to Lake Hebron.

Three snakes and several miles later, we arrived at our destination. Several members pushed another 3 miles into the town of Monson, where they found comfort indulging in junk food from a gas station that no longer sells gas. Upon returning to camp, we feasted on alfredo.

Caleb "Hydra" Packard

July 23rd - The North Shore of Lake Hebron to Northeast Whitewater

We woke up at 7 and delighted our stomachs with some warm oatmeal. We cleaned our bowls, packed up and moved on with the day. Today was the last day of the first leg, and we only had 4 miles to hike in the morning.

With Mark as leader of the day, we moved at a quick pace and arrived at the re-supply location where trip director Brian and camper Charlie awaited. Brian drove us to Northeast Whitewater, where we enjoyed our day and night off.

We finished the re-supply business, played some volleyball, and caught up on some sleep with some naps. Then, after a delicious dinner consisting of rice and chicken/steak, a guide drove us to Moosehead Lake, where we paddled out to see a moose drinking water. We drove back, admired the beautiful sunset, and went to bed.

Mark "Booboo" Shapiro

July 24th - Northeast Whitewater to Leeman Brook

MTI arose at 7:30 to begin the second leg of our marvelous trip in the wilderness. After eating a hearty and delicious breakfast and dividing our re-supply food evenly amongst all campers, we set forth with our day.

Alex "Dash" Unruh was leader of the day, and he guided us through our first 3 miles of the 100 mile wilderness. It was a light day of hiking with just the three miles, as we arrived at our campsite early to cook quesadillas for lunch.

We lounged around for a few hours before cooking CBRs for dinner. We went to bed following our meal and moon-moon, feeling relaxed and well-rested.

Alex "Dash" Unruh

July 25th - Leeman Brook to Wilson Valley

We woke up at 7, ate some breakfast sandwiches, and packed up camp before departing on our hike. Nate was leader of the day today, and he led us to some falls, where we went swimming in the ice cold water. We hung out at the falls and ate PBJ&H as we soaked up the sun.

We cruised to our next campsite, which was crowded when we showed up. Nonetheless, Sam, Charlie, and Gavin cooked up some scrumptious pizzas, which we devoured. We completed moon-moon and went to sleep.

Nate "Fiend" Cimral

July 26th - Wilson Valley to Cloud Pond

The boys of MTI woke up at 6:15 with the hard day ahead of them well in their minds. They broke down camp quickly and had a filling breakfast of oatmeal. After bowls were cleaned, the boys left Wilson Valley shortly after 8.

At a rapid pace, the group was able to reach the base of Barren Mt. on schedule after departing camp slightly late. With minimal breaks and rapid speed, they reached the Barren Ledges, a beautiful look-out area on the way up. Tired and sore, the campers and counselors loitered around and ate lunch for an hour and a half. Giggles, a member of the ATC, came in very helpful, fact-checking many of the stupid disputes between the group.

When everyone grew restless, they left the ledges, near to the summit. Now on a



less steep portion of the mountain, they made good time. The old fire tower on the summit was a fan favorite, being climbed by Gavin, Hayden, Caeb, and Alex U.

After spending some time to catch much needed breath, they left for the campsite at Cloud Pond. In no time, the boys finished their day around 5 p.m. After a delicious dinner of alfredo pasta with broccoli, carrots, and pepperoni, the group indulged in some games of mafia. Shortly after a few eventful games, the gang went to sleep, excited for the sleep-in morning ahead.

Gavin "POW" Reid

July 27th - Cloud Pond to Chairback Gap

Our generous leader blessed us with a 10 a.m. wake-up. Breakfast was cow-pow. We talked for around 45 minutes with an interesting through-hiker who gave us his demo. Then, we broke camp.

Today was a three-peaks day. On the second summit, we mucked some PB&J wraps. We arrived at the campsite around 5:30, where we ate pep dillas.

Caleb "Hydra" Packard

July 28th - Chairback Gap to Carl A. Newhall

We woke up at the campsite, then we hiked up a ½ mile mountain. Then, we hiked down 4 miles. We got to a river and got water. It was the first water we had all day.

We hiked 1 mile, then we ate lunch and half the cabin of Fiff, Gavin, Charlie, Alex and Alex jumped off a cliff. We hiked 4 miles in rain.

Then we got to our campsite. There was the palace, the best toilet of the trip. We ate dinner and went to bed, for the next day was 4 peaks.

Mark "Booboo" Shapiro

July 29th - Carl A. Newhall to East Branch

The boys arose from a night after we grubbed on pizza which we let loose in "the palace." We dipped from Carl A. Newhall and started on the pain in the butt four peaks.

We started on Gulf Hagas mountain. There was no cool summit, but there was a sign. We, the young kids of Maine Trails I, climbed West Peak; however, dumbfounded Alex missed the sign.

The 3rd mountain also didn't have a cool summit, just a sign. Finally the boys hiked White Cap Mountain. We got to the summit and saw two Chewonki groups. We grubbed on tuna sandwiches which got really old for most of us. We also saw Katahdin from a side trail.

Alex wanted to send it to East Branch first so he and his motivated peers booked it down the mountain. We dusted the Chewonki group and got there first. We rolled in at around 5, and posted up.

The majority of us were gassed and just wanted to chill. Fiff and Mark cooked up some beet alfredo which made the pasta pink. We hit the hay and Sam was trip leader on our re-supply day.

Alex "Dash" Unruh

Run run run we run

Chewonki we passed, they last

Beet beet beet we eat

July 30th - East Branch to Cooper Brook

We woke up at 6:30 in order to reach the re-supply at an acceptable time, 11:30. We ate oatmeal and then began the hike.

We speedily passed Chewonki and Tanglewood and then began to ascend Pond View Mountain. There was a mile long flat which led in to Little Boardman Mountain. We then descended to the resupply road. Unfortunately, the resuppliers were late by two hours, preventing us from swimming at Sand Beach and reaching the campsite first.

The hike was a boring five miles and rather vexing due to the weight of the bags. Cooper Brook was very crowded so there were no tent sites that were good.

Everyone played in the rapids and enjoyed the cold water jacuzzi. We dried off for a couple hours and then we ate bacon burgers with veggie scramble. We then ate brownies and went to bed.

Sam "Linus" Gardiner

July 31st - Cooper Brook to Antlers

Deciding to give the gents of MTI a bit of needed extra rest, LOD and very handsome man, Charlie, allowed for a 7:30 a.m. wake-up. After awakening from a deep slumber and beginning to pack up their gear at the increasingly less crowded Cooper Brook Falls, MTI munched on breakfast sandwiches and Sour Patch Strawberries, which had been

secured at the previous day's resupply.

At 9:30 a.m., we left the site and travelled an easy 4 miles to Jo-Mary Road, where we caught up to the groups from Frost Valley and Tanglewood. Leaving said competitors in the dust, we reached Antlers Campsite following another 4 miles of cake.

After reaching the beautiful site, chicken quesadillas were made and hours of leisure, conversation, and swimming began. The day eventually concluded with a dinner of Mex Bowls and a storm of lightning.

Charlie "Truman" Niccolini

Lightning on the lake
The Golden Eagle will rise
The fish went "Omp, bleh"

August 1st - Antlers to State Campsite on South End of Nahmakanta Lake

Today, the boys of MTI woke up at 7:30 at Antlers Campsite, ready to tackle another day of hiking. After a slightly disappointing breakfast of cold oatmeal, we embarked, heading towards Potaywadjo Ridge.

At mid-morning, we stopped at Potaywadjo Spring lean-to to fill up water and go to the restroom. We then trekked onto an unsuspecting gravel logging road, where we had a lunch of PB+J. The next five miles to our campsite (state campsite at Namakanta Lake) felt like a painful eternity.

All was worth it, however, when we arrived at the beautiful site. We then ate pizzas, went for a swim, and admired the beautiful sunset.

Nathan "Fiend" Cimral

My dogs are barking
When will this long trail end yo
Ow ow ow ow ow

August 2nd - State Campsite on South End of Nahmakanta Lake to Rainbow Stream

We began our day with a lovely 7 a.m. wake-up (4:15 actually, because another group decided to be very loud when they woke up). Brekkie was some yummy cow pow, and we started hiking around 8:50 a.m.

Our first stop of the day was the Sand Beach, where we soaked up some dope rays and played with a hookworm. After shifting gears and getting back

on the trail, we ascended the famed "Nebuntabunt Mountain." We chilled, ate Builder's Bars, and admired the sick view of Katahdin.

From there, we made our way down through some roads, Crescent Pond, checked out the view at Pollywog Gorge (crazy!) and ate a lunch of tuna burritos.

From there, it was a simple but tiring walk to Rainbow Stream lean-to. Because of a shortage of pep and fuel, our dinner was cheesy emergency rice with three pieces of landjagger (courtesy of Fiff's parents). A good day overall.

Felix "Gandalf" Vlack

Not much food today
My feet also hurt a lot
But they spoke football

August 3rd - Rainbow Stream to Hurd Brook

The group woke up at 7:30 and gathered for a delicious breakfast of cold oatmeal. They took down the rest of camp and departed the campsite a little after 9.

The boys crushed the first half of the day, reaching our lunch spot, 6 miles in, in 3 hours. We had an eventful lunch, watching each other construct PBH n' J's while Charlie made a fortune teller out of a tortilla.

The rest of the day dragged on a little slower, and after an abrupt uphill, we reached the top of Rainbow Ledges. The cabin loved this break, as they spread across the boulders, piling blueberries into their hands.

After leaving, the downhill proved easy, and the group made it to the campsite on time, despite a late start. After a slow evening, Sam and Gavin cooked an amazing meal of pep, beet, alfredo pasta. As the meal was finished, the rain came down hard, and we huddled under a tarp eating. When we were finished, we retired to our tents.

Gavin "POW" Reid

August 4th- Hurd Brook to Katahdin Stream

At a prompt 7 a.m. wake-up, the boys ate quick breakfast bars. With a long day ahead of them, we felt a little adrenaline to stop at the Abol store at which the cabin of Maine Trails I feasted: Chips Ahoy, Doritos, Pringles, and sugar donuts.

After this quick pit stop, we hit up

natural water slides which were dumb exciting. Lie flat on your back and the flow of the water drifts you down, and you don't even feel pain!

After this long break we hit up Big Niagara Falls and ate PBF&J. A lot of our cabin went cliff jumping including Gavin, Alex B., Caleb, Nate, Charlie, Mark, Fiff, Hayden, and Alex U. The boys had another 3.7 miles till Katahdin Stream Campground.

We grubbed on spank which is mashed potatoes and tuna where we used Frank's Red Hot in great thanks to Mr. Sam "Linus" Gardiner. The boys called it an early night in anticipation of climbing the greatest obstacle of Katahdin where we climb to 5,267 miles high.

Alex "Dash" Unruh

August 5th - Katahdin Stream to Round Barn

Rise and shine! The boys of Maine Trails I woke up before 4 a.m. to tackle the beast of Mount Katahdin. After munching on some warm oatmeal, the crew strapped on their packs and began their quest to finished the northern end of the Appalachian Trail.

An easy first mile on the trail paved way to a more tumultuous second mile, as the sun slowly trickled in through the trees. Then, one of the most striking moments of the trip manifested: the view after hitting tree line. We paused our hiking to revel in the sun cascading over the mountains and the copious lakes humming beside them.

With the wind picking up and the cold air beginning to surmount us, we continued around to the bouldering section of the mountains, filled with monstrous rocks and keenly placed monkey bars. This, we knew, was the toughest section of the climb. We were sure to take plenty of breaks, as we were eager to summit the mountain with the close distance between us in tact. We completed the boulder section and were 2 miles away from the top, our muscles and minds fatigued but our hearts warm and excited with the prize that awaited.

Shortly thereafter, with the sun out in full force and the winds thankfully tapering, we reached the summit! We noticed the Katahdin sign and

walked over to the pile of rocks, which theoretically adds 13 feet to the mountain to make it 1 full mile (5280 feet). After snapping group and individual pictures and enjoying the majestic view, we proceeded down the mountain, with the jubilant feeling of summing in our hearts.

The climb down was quicker, but we were forced to slide down the bouldering section on our backs. On our way down, we came across numerous people, including Book Bag, a very friendly lady whom we had seen multiple times before on the trip. We hit tree lines and cruised on the way down. We reached the bottom of Katahdin shortly before 1 p.m., and saw the Frost Valley group, who was graciously cheering us on.

Then, we saw Garrett! He was there waiting with the van and a cooler full of Gatorade. Then, it was time to hit the road. Garrett drove us to McDonald's, where we indulged our screaming stomachs with burgers, chicken, and fries. The mere act of writing about the food teases my stomach and launches those delicious memories.

With our stomachs more than full, we hit the road again to travel to Round Barn. A four-hour car ride was desperately needed to rest our bodies--calves, knees, and yes, stomachs. We pulled up at Round Barn around 7 p.m., where we completed the third and final re-supply.

We set up camp, enjoyed a delicious alfredo pasta dinner cooked up by Mark, Caleb, and Nate, did moon-moon and hit the day. What a day, and I'm so thankful to have spent it with such an amazing group of people.

Alex "Patient Zero" Bensley

August 6th - Round Barn to Little Bigelow

We rose at 7 a.m., hoping to break camp as soon as we could considering breakfast was breakfast sandwiches. However, we were all tired, and we left 2 hours and 40 minutes later.

Finding the correct side-path to the AT was surprisingly hard, but eventually we got there, and made our way to the trail junction. Our original plan was to take a left to climb Little Bigelow, but since it was Hayden's last time on the trail, we

took a right to go to the “Avery Peak” of Bigelow. We were pretty excited about this because apparently it is the first time a Maine Trails cabin has ever climbed Bigelow with Avery Peak.

We sped back down the mountain for a late lunch of chicken wraps. After filling up water at the nearby campsite, we ascended Little Bigelow, which proved to be more challenging than expected; however, we crushed it and reached the 3,040 foot summit.

On the way down, I, Fiff, was walking along when suddenly I heard some cracking, and a huge tree fell right across the path, mere feet in front of me. In slight shock, I waited for the rest of the group (most of them, at least), and we carried on our descent to the “Little Bigelow Lean-To.” The campsite was already hosting a family and three thru-hikers, so we were slightly tight on space. Luckily, the people were very nice and the family enjoyed s’mores with everybody.

Furthermore, one of the thru-hikers, named Flatlands, had met our Cloud Pond friend Ear Bud at “Shaw’s” in Monson, and we exchanged funny stories about the fellow. Excitingly, Earbud was only one day behind us, so after a quick dinner of quesadillas and moon-moon, we decided on a late wake-up in hopes of seeing our peculiar friend.

Felix “Gandalf” Vlack

We climbed Bigelow

We didn’t have to; who cares?

The view was worth it.

August 7th - Little Bigelow to West Carry Pond

Once again, our leader of the day, Caleb, let us sleep in until 10. We had oatmeal for breakfast. We left the campsite at 12:30. We had lunch beside a road, where Mark practiced some LNT.

We got to a crowded campsite around 4:30, set up our tents, and ate pizza as it started to rain.

Caleb “Hydra” Packard

August 8th

We woke up at 6 and left at 7. We hiked 5 miles. We got picked up by Sally, then went to Big G’s.

Mark “Booboo” Shapiro
Hayden McKee, HBC
Alex Bensley, HBC

Maine Trails II Appalachian Trail July 18th

This morning the men of Maine Trails II woke up in the Buck building to make final preparations for our departure after breakfast. After organizing our gear and heading up to flag, we enjoyed what would be our last meal in civilization for the next three weeks. After breakfast we announced our departure and had the van and box trailer fully loaded by 10:30. We said a few final see-you-laters and then hopped in the van to start our great adventure.

During our ride, we enjoyed some groovy tunes courtesy of Andrew Robinson and made a quick stop at Walmart for a few last minute food and gear items. In no time, our friend and driver Mark pulled over at our drop-off point on ME highway 215 at Caratunk. We quickly organized gear and distributed food.

With our packs full and our spirits high, we stepped onto the trail and into the wilderness. We had a solid five-mile trek to our first campsite at Pleasant Pond lean-to, and everyone started to get accustomed to walking around 40+ pounds heavier. After our first couple hours on the trail, we arrived at our campsite, set up tents and walked down to Pleasant Pond itself for a nice swim and some sunbathing.

After a fine day’s work the boys cheffed up a satisfying dinner of super sangys, a.k.a. double bacon barbeque chicken breast sandwiches. Nuff said. With our bellies full and our minds ready for the first full day of trip tomorrow, we retired to our tents for our first night of sleep under the stars.

July 19th

After a steady 5 miles on day 1 we were all feeling our legs a bit as we broke down tents on our first full day on the trail. Dray and Brennan were leaders of the day and after breaking down tents around 6:30 in the morning, they got to work cooking up bacon, egg and cheese sammies for the group. The hot breakfasts take a little extra time, but man were they good; and with a little leftover tangy BBQ sauce from the night before, these

sandwiches really got the people goin'.

Yet to hit our rhythm, we didn't get hiking until about 8, but with the packs loaded up, we set out on our 9-mile day with our first real peak waiting for us: Pleasant Mountain. Although not a terribly long ascent it was steep, and we quickly realized this would be no walk in the park; however, the men persevered and, taking breaks as needed, we made it to the summit before the full heat of the day set in.

We decided to do our lunch of rocket fuel just past the summit to find some shade and the rest was welcome. We had a long stretch with limited water and conversation dwindled as we made our way down the other side, but spirits immediately soared once we reached a brook and filled up our Nalgens.

Dray and I decided to loosen up our arms and chuck a few rocks in the lake trying to get a good "schouunk" sound. The trick is finding a flat rock and throwing it high with a lot of spin but making sure it doesn't turn sideways. We greased a couple and got pretty amped about it, and our skills were noticed by a former section hiker who had a nearby camp and offered to take our trash. It was only day 2 and we didn't have much, but we were still grateful for the trail magic.

We pushed on through the mid-day muggy weather and shared stories and jokes on the trail until we rolled into camp around 5 pm. A long second day and the men were feeling it, but they were also ready to eat and after setting up tents and taking a quick dip in a sweet little natural shower.

Dray and Brennan got right to work cooking up Mex bowls. The rice, peppers, onions, and chicken hit the SPOT...man after working hard and sweating all day, food hits different. We went to bed pretty early that night after pumping water because we had a very early start the next day to get up Moxie Bald Mountain for sunrise. Day 2 was a wrap, 20 more to go!

July 20th

This morning we woke up at the crack of the crack of dawn, a.k.a. 2:30 a.m., to sunrise Moxie Bald, a small but formidable mountain that we heard had

a great 360 degree view on top. By the light of our headlamps we broke camp, smashed a quick breakfast of Builder Bars and Pop Tarts and hit the trail with pep in our step.

It was a warm morning, and as the trail grew steeper, we were sweating bullets. Even with a short night of sleep, the boys continued to cruise up the trail and in no time the trees began to thin out and a cool mountain breeze tickled the backs of our necks. The last half mile of trail before the summit was very steep and technical, but the fellas were determined to reach the top before the sun peeked over the horizon.

In the last hundred yards of trail before the summit the trees gave way to an open, rocky bald littered with sun bleached tree skeletons and scrubby brush. In the pre-dawn light the bald cast an eerie glow around us. Even before the sun peeked over the horizon, our view was incredible. A few low clouds curled around distant ridges and peaks, and several lakes and ponds stood out in the midst of a sea of dark trees.

After a few photos and some snacks, we gathered on the east side of the bald to watch the blood red sun climb over the distant hills. The sunrise was amazing, and well worth the early wake-up.

After chilling on top for an hour or so, we put packs back on and hiked a quick 2 miles downhill to our campsite at Moxie Bald Lean-To. It was a real treat to be done for the day before 8 am, and we wasted no time with setting up camp, going for a swim, and lying down for some much needed nap time. The rest of the afternoon was full of reading, eating Boboli pizzas, napping, swimming, and playing cards.

In the evening we enjoyed a delicious dinner of pep alfredo pasta, prepared by none other than Lucas Falezan and Andrew Bolz, a.k.a. The Frog and Terminator, respectively. After an awesome day three, we retired to our tents for another night of sleep underneath an open sky.

July 21st

After a long chill day at Moxie Bald Lean-To we woke up just before 7 am to the sounds of MTI rolling into camp after

doing the sunrise hike themselves. We chatted for a bit as we broke down camp and started boiling water for oatmeal, and even though we only had a few days to discuss it was still great to see some of our fellow Kievers.

We got on the trail around 8, planning for at least a 9-mile day, but considering a 14-mile day to make the following morning a little easier before our resupply. The day of rest at Moxie Bald gave us new energy and even though it was already muggy by 9 am, we were making great time down the trail.

All of a sudden, we found ourselves in a total downpour, but rather than be down about the weather, the boys were fired up that the humidity had finally broken! We were mobbing down the trail, which was basically a stream at this point, singing songs and doing bon-de-lay-lay chants. It was one of those moments where the boys were tested, and torrential rain on day 4 on an already long day could've broken some spirits, but showing true resolve, they took it in stride and looked on the bright side.

We decided that an additional 4 miles to a campsite we weren't familiar with wasn't the best idea given that it could be swamped so when we pulled into Horseshoe Canyon Lean-To in the early afternoon, we decided to call it home for the night. We had jet fuel for lunch in camp and proceeded to either take naps, write letters, or swim.

Patch, Michael, Dray, Begin, and Rego found a sweet spot to jump from near a waterfall upstream and they were having so much fun Lucas heard from the lean-to way above the swimming spot and scrambled down to get in on the action.

After cooling off in the river, we got dinner going and it was our first night having quin-woah (quinoa with yams). With the rain threatening to start up again, we decided it could be a council cook night so Lawton and I cheffed up a dank meal that many of the boys described as healthy fuel. It was fire; we just had far too much of it, too much for yum yum even, so we decided to pack it out since we had a resupply the next morning anyways.

Shortly after dinner we got in our tents

to call it a night because we had to be hiking by 5 am to bang out 9 miles before our resupply.

July 22nd

This morning the men of MTII woke up bright and early at 4 am to begin our 9-mile trek to Maine Highway 15, where Brian would pick us up, transfer us to Northeast Whitewater, and resupply gear and food.

The boys crushed the day's hike without issue, and we enjoyed a nice view on top of Buck Hill before walking a few easy downhill miles to the highway. We arrived at the parking lot right on time, and minutes later Brian arrived to pick us up. After a short ride we pulled into NEWW and carried out the resupply. We sorted gear and food and then enjoyed ice cold Gatorade and delicious brownies while we read mail.

When Brian left, we treated ourselves to a shower, had a great lunch of chicken parm sandwiches and then had an afternoon full of chilling and volleyball. We then enjoyed an early "river lunch" dinner before piling in a van to embark on our moose safari.

During our ride to a remote pond, we listened to our guide, Ted, tell us interesting facts about wildlife and Moosehead Lake. Before the safari officially started, we saw whitetail deer, a red fox, and a wild turkey. Shortly thereafter we arrived at the pond, piled into canoes, and quietly paddled the length of the pond with our eyes peeled. On our way back to the put-in point, we spotted a very impressive cow moose, but she slipped into the woods as we inched closer. A few minutes later we were back in the van and on our way back to NEWW.

When we arrived, it did not take long for the boys to get situated in our comfortable yurt shelters. Another successful day in the books!

July 23rd

Wow, it was cold this morning in the yurts. Someone got warm early in the night and turned the fan on, but the temperature seriously dropped overnight and we all woke up buried in blankets shivering; however the beds were comfy and the pillows were soft so we couldn't

really complain. We were blessed with a later than average breakfast (8:30) and the folks at Northeast Whitewater made us an awesome “Lumberjack breakfast” that consisted of scrambled eggs, hash browns, blueberry pancakes, and sausage. The boys got more than their fill and it was hard to believe that we had to leave the land of showers and volleyball to get back on the trail...all good things must come to an end.

The homie Russ who cooked our breakfast also drove us back to the trailhead near Monson and even though it was just 3 miles, we were reluctant to throw our packs back on and get back to work. NEWW had some complimentary coffee which was a treat, but the caffeine definitely got me going and I was super annoying on the trail. It must’ve gotten to Lawton a little bit, too, because we were singing like two parts of a barbershop quartet and making up songs, belting all 3 miles until we hit Leeman Brook Lean-To.

We passed a few groups on our way in, and one told us they would also be staying there so we picked spots that allowed us to group tents fairly tightly and when they were set up, many naps ensued. After naps and some reading we decided it was time to eat again, and with fresh resupply food we had a gas line-up for lunch that day: chicken bacon caesar wraps cheffed up by Lucas and Michael. Looking back that was definitely the best lunch we had on trip and after the big heavy breakfast, it was the perfect “light” lunch so we would still be hungry for dinner later.

Some boys took more naps after lunch, but Dray, Brennan, Begin and myself decided to start a game of hearts. Keeping a running score we played several rounds in the lean-to, but ultimately stopped because a few thru hikers popped in and wanted to set up camp for the night. We weren’t deterred from playing though and set up shop in one of the tents to continue our game there.

We almost didn’t want to come out for dinner, but decided it was probably for the best since Patch and Lucas were slangin’ double bacon cheeseburgers. The burgers were amazing and put everyone

in a food coma, probably for the best too because we had a hilly 7 miles the next day to Wilson Valley Lean-To. Even though the yurts were nice I gotta say it felt right being back in the tents.

July 24th

This morning we woke up at 6 and hit the trail after a nice oatmeal breakfast. We had a very manageable 7-mile day ahead of us, and we began to notice our legs becoming stronger.

A few steep ridgelines and deep valleys later, we had a quick river ford and then took a minute to relax and pump water. Energized by a snack or two, Andrew and Lawton went a little crazy and acted like chimps, beating the ground and scrambling up trees. After taking a few minutes to decompress, we pushed up a steep hill and over a set of railroad tracks to our campsite at Wilson Valley Lean-To.

Our afternoon was full of card playing and naps, and before we knew it was time to prepare a dinner of gato-gato. Despite a strong effort from our chefs of the night, Jack Lonergan a.k.a. Shazam and Jack Begin a.k.a. The Spilmeister/Norm, the gato gato was not the most popular meal of the trip. However, a group effort yum-yum session eliminated any leftovers. After dinner it was all anyone could do to crawl into our tents and get some much needed rest to prepare for a big day ahead.

July 25th

Big day today, it was time to tackle Barren Mtn. We got moving fairly quickly in the morning and the boys were pretty fired up, but something was off. Michael was still in the tent and when I went to check on him, he told me his ankle was seriously hurting and he hadn’t even put any weight on it yet. He eventually got himself up and moving and taped up his ankle and his boot to give him as much additional support as possible.

Even though Barren was a good 6 miles away I told him to take his time go at his pace and we would play it by ear, but less than a mile in I could tell from his gait he was hurting and when he turned back to tell me how bad it hurt, the look on his face said it all. He had been gritting his teeth uphill the first 0.75 and as badly

as he wanted to push himself, he had reached a point where outside help was needed. We got in touch with camp via the in-reach and made a plan for an evac that day; luckily we hadn't passed the first logging road yet (we were 0.25 miles away) and we had to hike about a mile down that road to get to a point where a vehicle could drive out and meet us.

We figured some of the boys would want to stay with Michael for the evac, but because there were several other groups in the same general area as us, we figured Cloud Pond Lean-To would be a very crowded campsite that night. We left the decision up to the boys, and they immediately got to work discussing logistics. Three minutes later they had a plan and were already splitting up group gear. Michael, Ali, Andrey, Begin, and myself (rescue team) were going to go with Michael to the evac and the others would push on to secure tent spots at Cloud Pond.

Rescue team made our way down the road and had to wait for a little over 2 hours for Garrett to come collect our wounded warrior. At 12:15 Garrett arrived and after some tough goodbyes that we hoped were just see-you-laters Garrett and Michael made their way back to camp and Rescue team now had a new mission: get to Barren before dinner.

Normally a 9-mile day, we were now facing 9.5 after already hiking 2 to get to the evac point but we put rubber to the trail and hauled ass crushing the first 5 miles in under 2 hours. We stopped to pump water bottles and after some quick hydration, we got right back to it with the goal of reaching the base of Barren for a late lunch of snickers and PB (we couldn't get all of our ingredients for rocket fuel since we split up). We fueled during a 20-minute break and then got right back to it trying to muster up all our strength to get up Barren as fast as we could.

It may not have been record time but we were cruising up the notoriously steep mountain making great time. There is a false peak where you can look out on the Barren Rock Slide and when we hit that point, we felt amazing because we knew there was only 2-3 miles until Cloud

Pond, but there was still the summit to deal with. We took a longer break at the slide to take some pictures and soak in the view, then threw our packs back on to try and close out our day and link back up with the boys at Cloud Pond.

The last stretch to the summit was no joke, but the view as worth it and we meet a friendly Aussie who taught us some fun Australian phrases and assured us it wasn't far to Cloud Pond. We pretty much jogged the final mile to Cloud Pond and when we got there, we were so stoked to see our brothers again.

They had a pretty smooth day and run up Barren and managed to get into camp before the other groups thus securing solid tent spots. We talked about our different adventures that day and how we were bummed to lose Michael, and having another long day tomorrow, we once again quickly called it a night after eating a tasty meal of rice, veggies and pep.

July 26th

A chilly morning at Cloud Pond kept us in our sleeping bags until about 6:45. After a quick breakfast of bagels and cream cheese, we broke camp and headed out for the day.

The Barren-Chairback range was no joke, especially after an intense trek up Barren Mountain yesterday. The warm temperatures coupled with little wind had us slugging water at every opportunity. Before we hiked our last peak of the day, Chairback Mountain, we stopped at a nice stream to fill up water.

We ran into an absolute character of a thru-hiker by the name of Mr. Took. Mr. Took shared stories of his time in the US military, life in general, and offered some sound advice on the important distinctions between grilling, barbecuing, and smoking meats. Needless to say we were thinking about food, so we cruised up Chairback Mountain and arrived at Chairback Gap Lean-To to destroy a hearty lunch of tuna pitas.

With plenty of fuel in the tank, we decided to push on to another campsite at East Chairback Pond to be closer to good water and to steer clear of a couple other large groups that we knew were in the area. The last 3ish miles to East

Chairback Pond pushed everyone to their limits, but we stayed motivated with a lengthy conversation about music and with thoughts about cooling off in the pond.

Finally we arrived at the site, and it was beautiful. We set up our tents on a bed of soft pine needles, swam and washed our clothes, and then chilled before Lucas and Andrey prepared a delicious pep and alfredo pasta dinner. With full stomachs and tired legs, we retreated to our tents for the night.

July 27th

Fake four-peak day was no joke. We had a quick breakfast of granola and powdered milk and made sure to fill up all of our bottles because it would be a somewhat limited water supply day until we got to Gulf Hagas.

It was pretty flat and downhill to Gulf Hagas and we made great time getting there, and once in that trail system, we veered off the AT to check out a cool swimming/cliff jumping spot at Screw Auger Falls. We spent several hours washing our clothes and swimming and jumping into the cold, refreshing water; and Dray and Brennan made some epic pizza dillas for lunch.

It was hard to pull ourselves away from the spot, but we knew we had to start the uphill grind to Carl Newhall Lean-To eventually so we got back to it. The long break made the steady uphill feel much tougher than it should have and we were exhausted by the time we got to camp, but being the true trippers they were, the boys immediately set up camp, pumped water, and stretched in preparation for tomorrow and Dray and Brennan got to work cheffing up some quin-woah.

The healthy fuel was a good call because the next day we had the real four-peak day which would also be no joke, but Lawton did a great job setting the tone for a killer mindset that would end up propelling us over all four peaks just after 9 am, but that's a story for tomorrow.

July 28th

This morning we woke at 4:45 to get an early start on "four-peak day." Once camp was broken down, we crushed Pop Tarts and Clif Bars and moved out.

After about 30 minutes of moderate uphill, the trail steepened significantly, and we knew that we had begun our ascent of Gulf Hagas Mountain. When we arrived at the summit, we all posed for a photo in front of the sign, hydrated and crushed a snack, and pushed on.

Next came West Peak, and then Hay Mountain. The boys established a consistent and strong pace, and we made quick work of both peaks, posing for a photo in front of each sign. After conquering Hay Mountain, we set our sights on our final goal: White Cap.

The boys maintained their unrelenting pace and motivated each other to dig deep. Before we knew it, we were emerging from the trees and onto the rocky bald that marks the summit of White Cap Mountain. The distant horizon was a bit hazy but otherwise we had spectacular views of neighboring mountains, lakes, and ridges. We hung out on the summit for a while, enjoying snacks and some nice sunbathing. On the northern side of the peak we saw the great mama K, a.k.a. Katahdin, for the first time. A distant but formidable smudge on the horizon, it was hard to believe that we would be there in a week on the power of our own two feet.

After soaking in the views one last time we began our descent. While our downward hike was steep, we were rewarded with a lunch stop at Logan Brook Lean-To, where we quickly made and devoured rocket fuel and washed it down with the freshest, coldest water of the trip. Many a Nalgene was emptied and refilled before we pressed on.

High spirits after a great stop pushed the boys to cruise down the mountain with minimal breaks, crushing some "meat and potatoes hiking." The last handful of miles took us through a variety of mini ecosystems, the most notable of which was an old growth pine forest full of massive boulders.

As we hiked along, the skies grew a bit darker and thunder rumbled in the distance. The boys picked up the pace in an attempt to beat the coming storm. Nature had other plans, however, and in the last mile before we made it to the lean-to at East Branch, the skies opened



and everyone got soaked. After a hard day's work the rain cooled us off, and spirits remained high.

We chilled in the lean-to with our hiking pal who was also named Andrew, and soon the rain was over. We set up tents, hung clothes to dry, and had another relaxing afternoon. For dinner we prepared spice kit pasta which was simple but an absolute hit. Our whole crew finished the day in a good mood, and everyone reflected on the fact that we achieved something special on another great day on the AT.

July 29th

Our last full day of the 8-day leg. Light packs, strong legs, man, we felt good. It was 8 miles to Cooper Brook Lean-To and we didn't start exceptionally early but got in before 1 pm and did our jet fuel lunch in camp.

The water was full of leeches, but it was so refreshing and well worth the quick dip. A friendly thru-hiker from Texas pointed out a spring to us that was very cold and put little to no strain on our filters (had to play it safe as it was downhill from the privy). This was a big nap and letter writing day since the resupply was tomorrow, plus we were tired from the long leg - it definitely wore on us.

Lonnie and Begin were the chefs tonight and they were tasked with making couscous. Their last dinner prep wasn't too successful (refer back to gato gato from day 7), but we had high hopes. Mixed feeling about the couscous...Lucas said it was flooded, and Begin said he liked it more than quin-woah which he really didn't like. Brennan said it was solid when you add a LOT of spices and I was inclined to agree. Either way we had tasty meals on trip from here on out and we went to bed so excited for our big resupply in the morning, Christmas in July!

July 30th

This morning we woke up early and ate a breakfast of bars and tarts to get moving and crush the 4 miles that lay between us and our resupply point at Jo-Mary Road. We cruised those miles in no time, and team Vacation had fun pretending to put on a newscast that covered local,

international, meteorological and sports news, complete with commercials.

We arrived at Jo-Mary at 9:15, and got our packs and gear ready for resupply. Andrew, Dray, Jack B and Brennan played hearts while Lawton climbed trees and the other boys soaked up some rays. As time wore on, the anticipation for Brian's arrival built up to the point where we felt it was necessary to carry out a summoning ritual for "Brigod," and incredibly, it worked. This was not the only miracle of the day as Michael Brackett got out of the car, revealing that he was back on trip.

After we carried out the resupply, we enjoyed Gatorades, berries, and cookies and read mail. Shortly thereafter it was time to push on and we said our goodbyes to Brian and Sarah, who also came along for the resupply. The boys crushed the remaining 4 miles to Antlers Campsite and spent the afternoon swimming and enjoying more resupply snacks after a hearty lunch of hot deli quesadillas.

In the evening the boys collected a huge amount of firewood which we put to good use while we gorged ourselves with a dinner of double downs. Most of the boys stayed around the fire to talk about the trip, other Kieve experiences, and life in general. We enjoyed looking at the stars for a while before it was time to retire to our tents.

July 31st

Oh man, day 14 was a sneaky grind. 13 seemingly flat miles on the map in brutal heat was pretty hard on everyone. The day had a pretty solid start thanks to Michael and Ali making us delicious BEC sammies, but the campsite was a mess and Lawton and I had to get on the boys a little bit about taking pride in how we leave campsites and remembering that we are representing the whole camp.

Somber moods after being called out made the first few miles pretty quiet, but nothing can keep these boys down and they were back to chatting and singing in no time. Michael was back on trip but definitely not close to 100% and unfortunately 4-5 miles in I could tell he was hurting again. We took breaks as he needed and all took a long break for rocket fuel at Nahmakanta Lean-To

which was incredibly new and nice. At the lean-to we met a 65-year-old hiker named Mustache Mike who had some incredible stories about raft guiding in Oregon and Alaska.

The break was much needed and the miles after Nahmakanta Lean-To were pretty chill, but I had to talk to Michael about the fact that we were likely going to have to evac him again. Taking it in stride he held his head high and looked on the bright side, the thought being that he could go back to camp and rest his foot then come back and finish the trip with us in the last 4-day leg. A true warrior, when he did roll into camp, he didn't want to shirk any of his leader of the day duties and got right to cooking Mex bowls for the boys. We ate well that night and slept well, too, and the only thing standing between us and some flatter days was Nesuntabunt Mountain the next morning.

August 1st

This morning everyone was woken up by Dray's birthday wake-up from Andrew and Lawton, who jumped into Dray, Jack B. and Reago's tent to ambush the birthday boy. We then smashed a breakfast of bagels and cream cheese with bacon before starting another day in paradise. Unfortunately our good friend Mikey Brackett's ankle had not recovered as well as we had hoped and he needed to hop off trip, but this time it was less sad because we knew it was for the best and we would see him soon.

Our first physical challenge of the day was trekking up Mount Nesuntabunt. Although Nesuntabunt has a reputation for being a pain in the butt, the boys cruised up its steep slopes with ease and the view from the top was a righteous reward. After eating a snack, we pressed on.

The miles between Nesuntabunt and Rainbow Stream Lean-To were no easy task, as everyone was hungry and the day was hot. The boys set an outstanding pace and we cruised into the lean-to to the sound of Highwayman. Tuna melts were on the menu for lunch (yes, please) and, to the entertainment of the whole cabin, some of the boys passed the time between melts by bartering snacks.

After lunch the last few miles before Rainbow Pond Campsite were smooth, and we were pleased to arrive at our campsite in the early afternoon. A lot of the boys cooled off in the lake and then read and took naps until dinner, which was a delicious trail version of veggie stir fry. Everyone went to bed happy as clams with full stomachs. Just another day in paradise.

August 2nd

After 10 long days in the 100 mile wilderness, we woke up knowing this would be our last full day in the root and rock infested stretch of woods that is known for being one of the gnarliest sections of the entire AT. We had a light sleep-in and woke up at 7:15 to start getting water boiling for some oatmeal.

The terrain was wearing on us, but we pushed ourselves the final 7 miles to the last campsite in the 100 mile, Hurd Brook. Sore as we were, our legs were still strong and we made it to Hurd Brook before lunch, which meant only one thing...PB & honey on tortillas straight into a nap.

The ones that couldn't nap were back on their card grind, and the hearts crew was nearing the end of their game started way back on day 6. It was tight down the stretch with Brennan and Begin both within 15 points of 100. Going into what would be the final hand Brennan had 90 and Begin was still holding on at 87. Mid-hand no one had been hit with the queen of spades yet, but Dray began his rendition of O fortuna signaling the end could be near for Brennan or Begin. Brennan played his cards right and Begin was out of luck as he took the queen and was at 100, but given that Brennan could break 100 as well we had to play out the round. Brennan is a wildman and likes to live on the edge, and missed breaking 100 by the skin of his teeth only collecting 9 hearts to bring his final score to 99. I'm getting fired up just typing about it.

After cards we got dinner going and we were all excited to chow down on LouLou and the Terminator's famous pep alfredo (sans broccoli this time). We mucked and laughed and bartered for seconds and thirds (pep alfredo is gas) and as the temperature started to drop,

we wandered to our tents to bunker down for our last night in the 100 mile.

August 3rd

Today everyone was pumped to wake up. A full 13-mile day lay ahead of us, but there was a lot to do along the way. We crushed a solid breakfast of granola and powdered milk and were Oscar Mike shortly afterwards.

We started the day off strong and pushed to the end of the 100 Mile Wilderness very early in the day. We strolled down a gravel road to cross Abol Bridge, where we got an awesome, close up view of Katahdin. That distant smudge on the horizon had transformed into a formidable beast, and we looked forward to scrambling up its rocky slopes the next day. But there was still fun to be had on our current day, and we jumped right into it by stopping at the Abol Bridge store for Gatorades, cookies, Doritos and all dressed chips before cruising into Baxter State Park.

We took a quick snack break at a waterslide that the boys were familiar with from part of Long Voyage the year before, but in minutes we were on the move again to make it to Big Niagra Falls to swim and eat lunch. Everyone enjoyed cooling off, climbing underneath a fun waterfall and sending themselves into the “dark room” underneath it, catching rays, and chilling out.

When everyone was mostly dry, we got our gear together and smoked the last three miles of trail to Katahdin Stream Campground, where we were surprised to learn that we had lean-tos reserved for the night! Everyone made themselves comfortable in the lean-tos and then we spent the remainder of the afternoon playing cards, writing letters, and hanging out. We prepared an early dinner of tortellini so that we could get to bed at a reasonable hour, because another big day lay ahead of us.

August 4th

This was it, man, the morning of Katahdin. We got up at 4:15 and luckily Reid hooked us up with lean-tos at Katahdin Stream so we didn't have to worry about breaking down camp. Everyone had the get-up-and-go mentality this morning and it showed as big packs were bomb-proofed and day packs were loaded for our 5,267 ft ascent before 5 am. We dropped our big bags at the ranger station and started our trek, not sure how long the journey ahead would last.

We made incredible time up to the treeline, but the boulder field stood between us and the table lands. Carefully but quickly we scurried up the rocks trying to stay moving so we wouldn't get too cold from the wind. The summit was still 2 miles away at the top of the



rock scramble, but with Baxter Peak in sight we found new energy and double timed it up the final stretch. The views from the top were breathtaking and despite the cold, we stayed up there for a while taking pictures and soaking in the moment. We made it to the top in 2 hours and 40 minutes and there were only two other hikers up at the summit with us before 8 am.

On the way down we went even faster and thru hikers we had seen from previous days couldn't believe this group of 16-year-old BEASTS beat them up the mountain; the boys gained some serious trail cred.

At the bottom we laid out in the sun waiting for Ryan to come transfer us to Round Barn for the final leg. When he pulled up we went nuts and threw our bags in the trailer, then piled in the van to mob down south. We stopped at McDonalds to muck chicken nuggets and big macs and got surprised by our boy Michael Brackett who was going to ride down the rest of the way with us. His foot hadn't gotten better and he was on crutches but I know how badly he wanted to put on a pack. We jammed and talked and laughed all the way down to Round Barn, enjoying the AC and the music.

At Round Barn we packed out the resupply gear and said see ya later to our boy Mikey who had to roll back to camp, and quickly found a good spot to lay our heads for the night. Since we had no leaders of the day, the counselors decided to chef up the super standard sangys that night and I think the boys were appreciative of that because they were DANK. The boys are pretty handy with the fry bake but they were missing one crucial ingredient, experience. After we were all fed, we realized how tired we were from waking up at 4 am and we all immediately knocked.

August 5th

This morning was a chilly one as we crawled out of our sleeping bags on the edge of Flagstaff Lake, so we warmed up with a hearty breakfast of bacon, egg and cheese sandwiches.

When camp was broken down, we started our day of hiking. Flagstaff Lake

is connected to the AT via a blue-blazed side trail, so we followed the blue blazes for a couple of miles before coming to an intersection that marked our reemergence on our home turf.

We hung a left at the intersection to hike north towards Little Bigelow Mountain, and soon thereafter we began the steady ascent up our last major peak. With 18 days of hiking behind us, our legs were strong and Little Bigelow didn't stand a chance. In fact, the boys were cruising so smoothly that our lead group passed the summit sign without even noticing it. A few of the guys in the middle of the pack called their attention to the sign, and we backtracked to a great viewpoint to stop for a snack.

After about 45 minutes we kept on rolling and arrived at our campsite at Little Bigelow Lean-To around 1 pm. We set up camp and enjoyed another great post-resupply deli quesadilla lunch before having another afternoon of chillin' like villains. For dinner we had our last batch of pep alfredo pasta. The remainder of our evening was spent reflecting on the trip and thinking about the passage of time in the woods.

August 6th

At the start of trip I said this trip wouldn't be a walk in the park, but by the time we woke up on day 20, we were coolin' big time. 9 miles was nothing to get worked up about and after we munched on some hearty oats for breakfast we threw the packs on for another day on the trail.

Leaving the campsite around 8:30 we cruised the 9 miles taking minimal breaks, which got us into camp sometime between noon and 1 pm. Of course, naps ensued. Lunch, naps, swimming, reading, and cards was our life now after our morning leg workouts.

Life was good and it was fun to reflect back on everything we had just done. Some of us were ready to get back and missed some of the little things (like showers), but for the most part we were very content. Food was great, conversations were better, and we felt physically and mentally tough as nails.

That night we had our final round of pep alfredo and we savored every last

bite, God that meal is good. We made plans for our solo section hiking the next day and then went down to the lake to watch a pretty perfect sunset. As we retired to our tents for the night it was hard to believe we only had 1 full day of trip left.

August 7th

We had a relaxed wake- up at about 7:15 this morning and then smashed our last granola and powdered milk breakfast. For our last full day of hiking, the boys wanted to do a solo section, so with Andrew in the lead, each member of the cabin left the site 10 minutes apart. We planned to meet at a creek to fill up water and eat lunch six miles down the trail.

When all of the campers were gone, Lawton brought up the caboose, and everyone had time to themselves for the first half of the day. We passed through beautiful sections of woods that were reflective of many of the ecosystems we'd walked through in the past three weeks - lowland bogs, quiet pine groves, and lush deciduous woodland. The boys cruised those six miles and in no time we were at our meeting point.

We deleted our last rocket fuel lunch and pushed on to our campsite at Pierce Pond Lean-To. We set up camp and then went for a swim in the pond because it looked like a bit of weather was about to roll in. A few friendly thru-hikers shared a fire they built outside the lean-to and we warmed up after our swim.

Once again, our afternoon was full of chilling, snacking, and reading. The euro squad had a superfruit fight after engaging in some conversation in Spanish. Que divertido! Our final dinner was a delicious batch of Boboli pizzas, crisped and seasoned to perfection.

To cap off our evening, we built a fire and went around the circle with rose, bud, and thorn of the trip, as well as something we'd learned. Everyone shared hilarious memories and offered good insights, and it was a great way to think about the epic adventure that we had almost completed. We would have liked to chill around the fire a bit longer, but as the last few people spoke the skies opened and some light rain came down

on us. With our hearts and stomachs full, we crawled into our tents one last time.

August 8th

Well, here we are. The final morning. This would be our last time for a while waking up in tents and packing all our belongings into a bag. After rain all night we got a lucky break and the storm delayed as we packed up our soggy gear. Like clockwork, as soon as we were done packing and getting ready to eat breakfast, the storm rolled back in, dumping buckets on us for our final morning.

We had 3 miles to the Kennebec River and it rained the whole time. It wasn't as welcome as the first time, but no one really cared and I thought it was pretty funny. We got to the Kennebec crossing just after 9 and hopped in the queue for rides across. Because it's a canoe, we could only do two at a time so the whole process actually took about an hour. We chatted with some thru-hikers and, just as we were getting used to the rain, it decided to stop again.

Once we were all across the river, we booked it for the last 500 yards or so to Highway 201, the very place we had been dropped off at 22 days earlier. We did it. It came full circle. Michael was waiting for us at the van to cheer us through the victory lap. We were fired up, man, completing that 22-day trip was a reward unlike anything else and we were freaking living it.

We tried to ditch some of our wet clothes and change into dry ones but pretty much everything was soaked and smelled nasty so we said forget it and piled in the van. Next stop Big G's. Gorged on sandwiches and saw the boys from MTI. It was a nice reunion, but nothing compared to the feeling we would get rolling into our final destination at the end of West Neck Road.

We pulled in blasting "Bohemian Rhapsody" and exploded out of the van to see our friends and brothers. A true hero's welcome. Readjusting would be a challenge in itself, but in that moment we were just so happy to be back...and ready to shower. That's a wrap, Trails II is out. Big Rig and Law Dawg signing off.

Andrew Robinson, HBC
James Lawton, HBC



2019 Session I — Junior Kieve



2019 Session II — Junior Kieve



2019 Session I



2019 Session II